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ENDING
AUG. 22, 1931

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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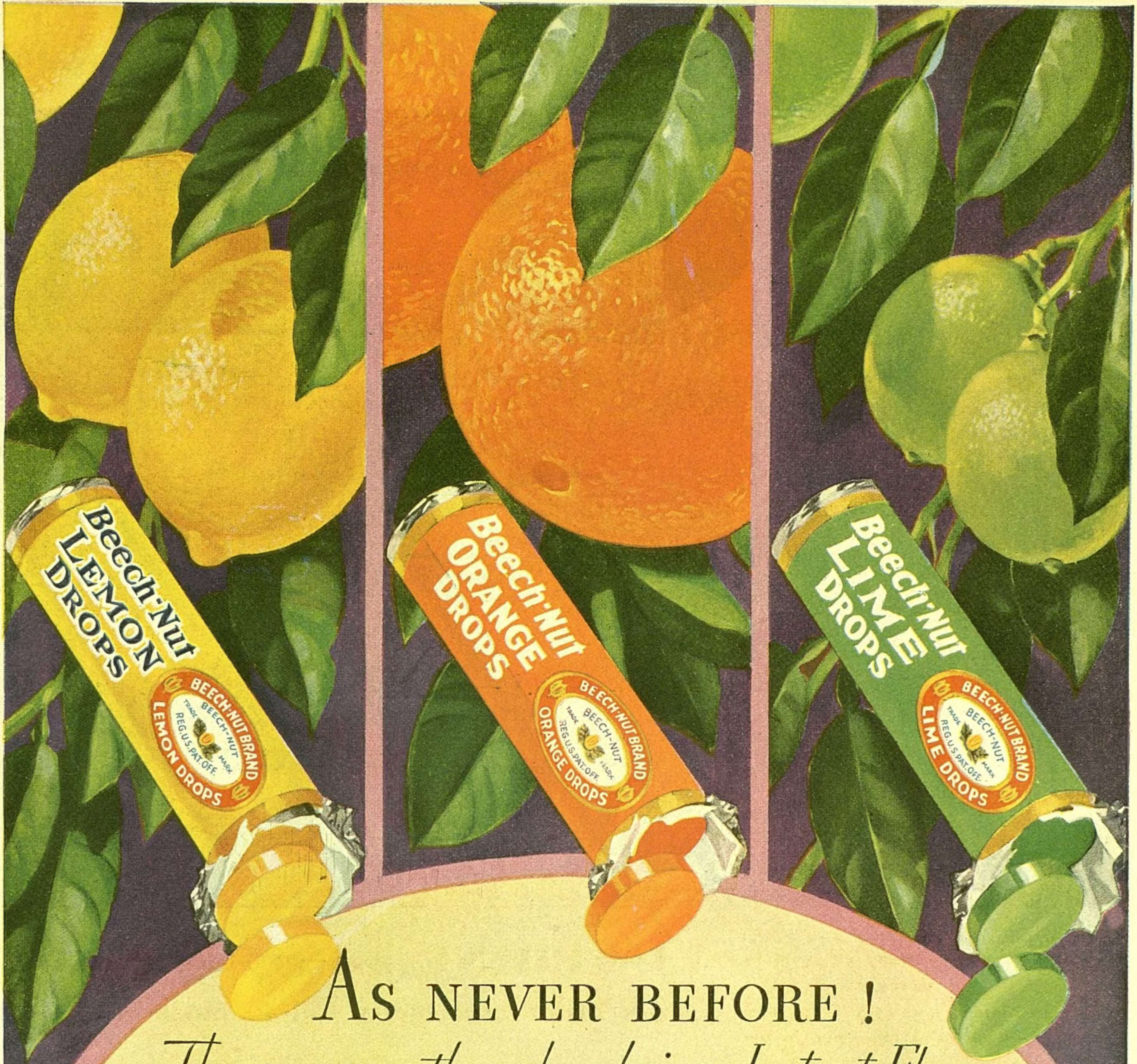
Leslie Thrasher

EMIL LUDWIG X-RAYS CHARLIE CHAPLIN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After dinner serve Beech-Nut Mints,
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She had "IT" [The wrong kind]

SHE was such a pretty girl, with so much fascination and charm, that if you didn't know her you would half-way suspect that every eligible man in the club was in love with her.

As a matter of fact, they avoided her. They dodged her on the course and in the club house, feeling that if they met her they would be forced to ask her to their parties. The women felt the same way about her. They admitted her charm, but they didn't want her around.

The truth is, the girl had "it." But the wrong kind of "it." The kind of "it" that people don't desire. The kind of "it" that the victim never realizes. In the medical world they call it halitosis. In plain language, it is unpleasant breath. Under any name, it is the one unforgivable fault. Unforgivable because inexcusable. There *is* a remedy, and it's simple and pleasant.

LISTERINE promptly overcomes odors other antiseptics fail to mask in 4 days

Medical men pronounce it ideal antiseptic because safe to use

Searching scientific tests show that Listerine, always the safest of antiseptics, is now the swiftest of deodorants—the ideal solution for oral hygiene.

It is your safest, surest, and most delightful aid in overcoming halitosis (unpleasant breath), the unforgivable social and business fault. Use it every morning. Every night. And between times, before meeting others.

Ninety-five per cent of all halitosis is caused by fermentation of tiny food particles the tooth brush has failed to remove. Another 5% is caused by oral infections. Listerine, because highly germicidal, instantly halts fermentation and attacks infection.

Immediate deodorant effect

"Listerine immediately overcomes odors that ordinary mouthwashes fail to conceal in 4 days," says a noted analytical chemist. "Such amazing deodorant power, coupled with swift, germicidal action, makes Listerine the superior solution for oral use."

Pleasant to taste

In addition to these qualities, Listerine has a pleasant taste and invigorating effect in the mouth.

What a delightful contrast to sickish, flat-tasting mouthwashes so harsh that they must be diluted before using.

Won't harm tissue or teeth

What a comfort to realize that, no matter how often Listerine is used full strength, it does not harm the tissue, nor attack tooth structure or metal fillings, as some antiseptic mouthwashes do. Indeed, Listerine's effect on both is beneficial. Send for our free Book of Etiquette, Dept. L.B. 8, Lambert Pharmacal Company, 2101 Locust Street, St. Louis, Missouri, U. S. A.

THE *SAFE* ANTISEPTIC . .
KILLS GERMS IN FASTEST TIME ACCURATELY RECORDED BY SCIENCE

AUG. 22, 1931

Liberty

VOL. 8
No. 34

A Weekly for Everybody

Editorial and Executive Offices:
Macfadden Building, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Advertising Office: Graybar Building, New York, N. Y.
Branch Offices—Chicago: 333 North Michigan Avenue.
Boston: Little Building. Detroit: Fisher Building.

Published weekly by Liberty Publishing Corporation. 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; Lee Ellmaker, Publisher; Orr J. Elder, President; Harold A. Wise and Carroll Rheinstrom, Vice Presidents, Wesley F. Pape, Secretary; Wm. Maurice Flynn, Executive Editor. Entered as second class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1931, by Liberty Publishing Corporation in the United States and Great Britain. All rights reserved.

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Five cents a copy. By mail, $2.50 a year in the United States, Canada, and Mexico. No subscriptions less than one year. Allow four weeks for change of address.

☞ **Address all communications to 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.**

"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth." —Abraham Lincoln.

UNEMPLOYMENT— A SERIOUS PROBLEM

Millions of people are out of work. There is real suffering in many homes because of this serious situation.

President Green of the American Federation of Labor maintains that difficulties should be remedied by Capitalism. He is inclined to blame some of our big financial leaders for the unemployment emergency.

Capital in many instances is suffering equally with Labor. Many huge businesses are being conducted with little or no profit.

During the boom period for the first time in history Capital and Labor worked together. But the present emergency arouses revolutionary spirit. A hungry man can hardly be reasonable, especially when his children are being denied the nourishment essential to their growth and health.

The World War brought us unprecedented prosperity. This country loaned more than ten billion dollars to foreign nations, requiring them to spend their borrowings in the United States. Not only has all of this business disappeared, but we are now calling on these countries to pay their indebtedness to us, and consequently their buying has greatly diminished.

Many manufacturers are lowering wages. President Green severely criticizes all those who are adopting this measure for a solution of their difficulties. In Germany and Italy recently wages were lowered with the hope that products could be sold at lower prices and sales increased, enabling manufacturers to employ more labor.

The lowering of wages is, naturally, fought with grim tenacity by the wage earners. The unions have fought for years for a wage that will enable them to buy not only the comforts of life but some of the luxuries. Consequently they refuse to give up the financial advantage they have won, and they cannot be blamed for this attitude.

But nearly everybody measures wages by so many dollars and cents. Money is not what we are working for, but the comforts and pleasures that money will buy. In some foreign countries, for example, the wages might be from 50 to 70 per cent lower than they are here, but in some instances these people are able to buy more of the comforts of life.

In this country at this time the value of the dollar is increasing very rapidly. We can buy practically everything necessary to the comforts of life for 20 to 50 per cent cheaper than we could during the boom following the World War. Therefore, if you are drawing the same salary you were earning at that time, you have actually had your wages raised in buying power from 20 to 50 per cent, depending upon the community in which you live.

Artificial fixation of values of any kind, whether it be wages or commodities, is bad business. Even the United States Government, strong as it is, when it attempted to fix the price of wheat, had to acknowledge defeat.

If wages, however, were measured by the comforts and luxuries of life that they might buy, then a certain standard might be formed, and to a reasonable extent could be maintained. But to assume that a certain price must be artificially maintained, regardless of conditions, is wrong in principle. American workmen should be entitled to the best there is in the land.

But the real tragic problem that is facing us at this time is to find work for those who want work. During the unprecedented prosperity following the war, great numbers of people living in the rural districts moved to the cities. They found work without trouble at that time, but now millions of idle men are looking for jobs, and the problem can be met in only one way.

Those unable to find jobs must go back to the land.

Small farms of a few acres will supply the food and the crude comforts essential for healthful living. To city dwellers, accustomed to the hubbub of a thickly settled community, the rumble occasioned by transportation, the honking of automobiles, and the contact with city crowds, the country may seem dull at first. But in the end they will usually be happier and healthier, and get more out of life. The children will grow up stronger and more vital.

And a family with a small farm does not have to ask for charity. A farmer can always raise garden truck, and if he has a cow and chickens he can practically support himself.

Capitalism cannot make work if it is not there; workers cannot get jobs if there is nothing for them to do; and charity is the last thing that should be considered. Reward without work represents a monumental evil, as has been clearly proved in England by the dole system. Hungry men should be given work of some sort. If they cannot have work, then there is land—millions of acres—that could be divided and turned over to those who need assistance of this kind.

Money should be obtained for building homes; for buying what is necessary to maintain these small farms. Here is where Capitalism could be effectively used. Here is where the Government could loan money advantageously. Such a method of remedying the unemployment problem would be constructive and permanent. Those who are installed on these small farms could become stable citizens—healthy, dependable units in this great nation.

IN THIS ISSUE

Emil Ludwig X-Rays Charlie Chaplin 7
The biographer of Bonaparte turns to the Napoleon of the screen
Cured—*A story* . . . . WALTON GREEN 9
Could You Answer These Questions When You Were Married? . . . . . . GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK 18
Civilization's Progress . . . . JOHN HELD, JR. 23
Silver Bride—*Part III* . . . . ETHEL M. DELL 24
Twice a Star—*Movie reviews* . . . . . FREDERICK JAMES SMITH 34
Are Americans Fools? . . . . JAY FRANKLIN 36
The Maroon Condor—*A short short story* . . H. D. OLIPHANT 39
Gold Star Father—*A story* . . . . VALMA CLARK 42
To the Ladies! . . . . . . PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN 48
Nurses . . . . FRANKLIN P. ADAMS 53
The Peril at End House—*Conclusion* . . . AGATHA CHRISTIE 55
The Murder Ship in the Sky . . . . . . PERRITON MAXWELL 60
$500 a Week for Limericks—*Some winners and a new offer* . . . 66
Editorial (p. 4); Twenty Questions (16); Bright Sayings of Children (33); Vox Pop (40-41); Cross Word Puzzles (50-51); For the Love o' Lil (52) Cover by Leslie Thrasher

FOOT-LOOSE AND FANCY FREE WITH TIME TO ENJOY YOUR CIGARETTES?

. . . choose the Clean Taste of Cooler Smoke!

Loafing under a cloudless blue sky, in the country or at the beach, don't you need a smoke to complete the peaceful picture? What better time to experience Spud's cooler smoke and the cleaner taste it leaves? Whether you are a once-in-a-while smoker or a 2-pack-a-day smoker...Spud keeps you continually mouth-happy. Your mouth and throat will be moist-cool and comfortably clean, no matter how long or concentrated your smoking session with Spud's lusty tobacco flavor. That's why Spud is the "new freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment!"

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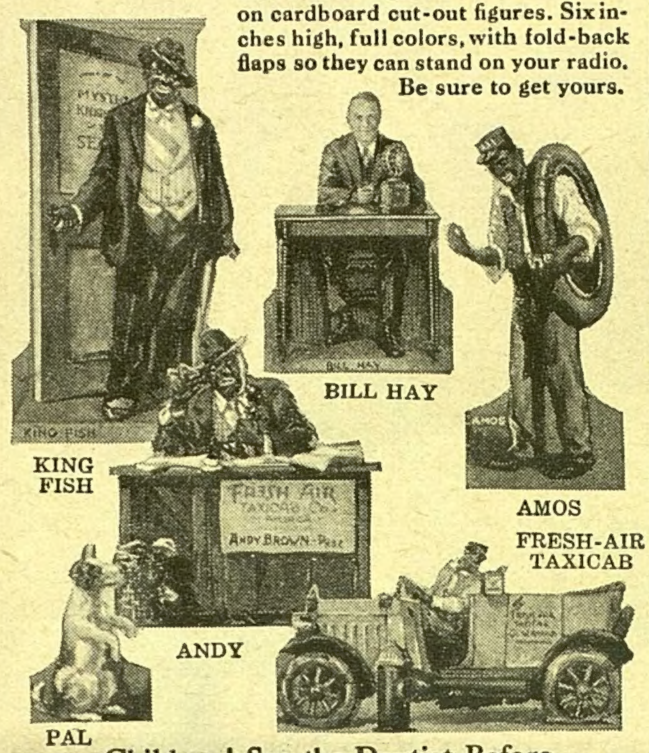
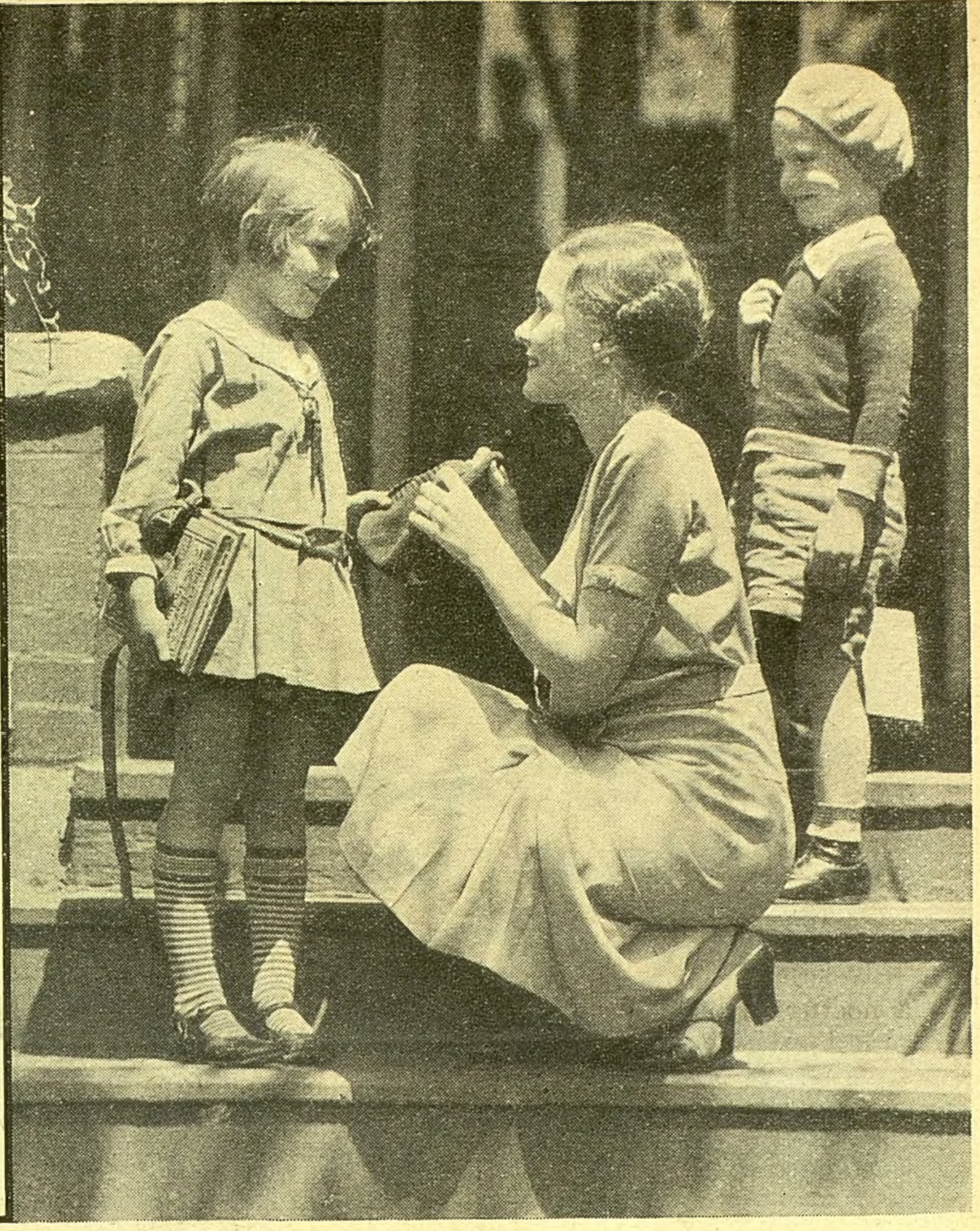
Have them right in your own home on cardboard cut-out figures. Six inches high, full colors, with fold-back flaps so they can stand on your radio. Be sure to get yours.



Children! See the Dentist Before October 1st. Win this free prize!

MOTHER: Simply write a note giving your child's name and address—also name of dentist and date of visit. Address the Pepsodent Company, Chicago, Ill. The free Amos 'n' Andy prize will go forward at once. (Expires October 1st.)



Don't start them to school until they've seen the dentist

Nothing is so imperative to children's health as keeping teeth in repair. Give them every chance this year in school.

BETWEEN now and schooltime your child *must* see the dentist! Surveys show 90% to 95% of all school children are found in need of dental care. That is a tragic situation. Mother, you can commit no greater crime against your child than to neglect his health.

Decay works rapidly

Children's teeth are softer and more porous than adults. Decay acts far more rapidly. That's why children should see the dentist often. Why teeth that were sound this spring may need attention now.

Many parents make the serious mistake of thinking first (baby) teeth don't matter. That belief is wrong.

Baby teeth when neglected impair second teeth. Once they become diseased they undermine the entire system. Therefore, keep them in repair.

Why we sponsor this advertisement

The Pepsodent Company publishes this advertisement because our business is built upon the principle of better teeth. We know that as people go to dentists they become "tooth conscious." They pay more attention to their teeth at home.

Hence our interest becomes partly selfish for it's those who are most concerned about their teeth that eventually turn to Pepsodent—the special film-removing tooth paste.

What film does

Your dentist will tell you about film on teeth. That it should be removed because it harbors destructive germs of tooth decay and other troubles.

Film glues germs to teeth so stubbornly ordinary ways cannot remove it. Film absorbs the stains from food and smoking and makes teeth unattractive.

Pepsodent tooth paste removes film—gently. It embodies the finest, softest polishing agent known. Pepsodent is safe, completely safe to the softest children's teeth.

Use Pepsodent tooth paste twice each day. It is the finest precautionary method known. Get it today, at drug stores.

Pepsodent

—Use Pepsodent twice a day— see your dentist at least twice a year.

Emil Ludwig

X-RAYS

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CHARLIE CHAPLIN

The Biographer of the Great Bonaparte Turns to the Little Napoleon of the Screen

(Reading time: 9 minutes 28 seconds.)

HE came toward me with a frank, open look—a small, closely knit man who, obviously, had won through to serenity—or at least an appearance of serenity—which, earlier, had not been his. There was in him a fresh vigor and in his eyes a lively sparkle which I had not expected.

One meets actors without searching their facial expressions for the rôles they portray on the stage, and without trying to analyze them from these expressions. They have worked facial transformations too many times. So many masks have passed across their features that when we see them in person we expect to see only a blank and empty tablet. And that, too often, is what we find.

But here, for once, was an actor with only a single rôle, and in it he has been seen a hundred times. In his case I looked for no double, no *alter ego*, no simulated rôle, taking the place of the man himself. With Chaplin, on the contrary, it is the individual himself who has, amazingly, concealed himself in the stage character.

Chaplin's case is unusual, too, in another light. Here is a man who comes to us from a world of poverty, and who on his portrayal of this world of poverty and suffering has founded his fortune—a man who is acclaimed by all the world because he allows the world to pity him.

Here is a man to whom this proud world acclaim is the strangest of anomalies. He plays only the rôle of a poor, kindly, awkward fellow, and, playing it, he has become the world's most famous man. What is the Gandhi legend compared to this legend of Chaplin?—Chaplin who, with a new Christly figure, staggers the world.

With him once more it is proven that the world gives its lasting love and loyalty to the artist rather than to the man of affairs. And the world is right!

I have never seen a man carry world fame with such unaffectedness, such sheer naturalness of demeanor. He leaps with avid interest into conversation, into debate. He is passionately interested in things of the spirit, the movements of the day which are vital in world affairs. So, swiftly, we found ourselves deep in earnest conversation which, after seven hours, was still going on.

It was on the Riviera, end of May. He seemed delighted with the healthy brown of his skin, with the warm sun, the blue sky, and the blue sea.

"But in spite of this," he said, "I am a man of the town. I was born in the city, I have lived in cities; they suit me and I suit them. In a city, London, I received the impressions of my childhood, tragic and comic. There, too, I created my first film rôle.

"How did that come about? Sheer chance, of course. A minor director had taken me from the talking stage to play, along with a crowd of others, the rôle of a comic guest in a hotel foyer. I told myself:

"'You must take clothes that do not fit, a hat that is too small, trousers that are too wide and too long, shoes that are big and awkward.'

"People laughed at the grotesque little figure I made. When I played the rôle a second time, there were some among the spectators who saw that there was something more in this curious figure than met the eye. Soon this tragi-comic little figure had impressed itself upon more people. Then it became famous.

"I was discovered by no critic. I was discovered by the crowd—the crowd from which I myself had come."

As he spoke, his voice wavered between confidence and modesty—a modesty which every true artist feels when his very fame brings to him a new self-doubting.

The confidence with which Chaplin, as man of the world, observes and enjoys the gifts of life springs from the unfailing pride of the poor youth who, by a miracle, conquered poverty and suffering.

"I do not come from the slums," he said. "From extreme poverty, yes, but not from the slums. My mother

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spoke two languages. She was very religious. When I became a bit known in the world, she never let this fame or wealth impress her.

"'It would have been better,' she told me, 'if you had done something for the service of your fellow man!'"

He spoke so softly now, and there was nothing more of his mother that I needed to learn.

"And still," I said, "you are one of the two greatest teachers of this generation."

Now he was curious.

"And who is the other?" he asked.

"The other," I replied, "is Bernard Shaw. In spite of the comic mask, both of you have been more effective and sincere teachers of your age than we who write biographies and tragedies and profound articles and learned statistics. Both of you have penetrated more deeply into the hearts of millions. Both of you have more truly aroused the masses and shaken them from their stupidities and lethargies."

"And still," he replied, "it is not Shaw who is my ideal teacher, but rather Anatole France. Shaw, no matter what you say, is fundamentally the preacher, the teacher of ethics. But Anatole France recognizes neither right nor wrong. That is my case.

"Ideals?" asked this great idealist, with skepticism. "Ideals are dangerous things, from which, too often, nothing comes. Ideals? They are usually false. To take the ideal morality of the bourgeoisie and make it laughable to them—to make them see its fundamental falseness and insincerity—that is to me the greatest joy. Not long ago a producing company offered me the rôle of Jesus. I said no. And still—perhaps I could play it better than some others could."

Suddenly his mouth drooped, and when the same expression repeated itself later, I saw it was his mouth which truly revealed him, which united the two Chaplins—Chaplin the actor and Chaplin the man.

In his drooping, sensitive mouth, when he leaves it for a moment undisciplined, is expressed all the resignation, all the renunciation which cannot be acted unless it has been experienced.

It is not the mouth of a lover of humanity. Chaplin is a fighter, for his passion against the smug and sated rich is deeper, it seemed to me, than his compassion for the suffering poor.

Chaplin's mouth is a tragic mouth; but it is a mouth that can bite.

He may be a person of melancholy temperament, but when he gives to his tragic, hopeless little figure a self-disparaging interpretation, as he is inclined to do, I must set my own interpretation counter to his.

As we sat before a delicate and delicious meal, he said with the utmost frankness:

"People wonder that in my pictures I allow myself to be made ugly and laughable. But suffering is beautiful, don't you think?"

For the inconsistency of these words I made no banal reproof. What pleases me most in Chaplin's character is the steadfastness with which he unites, unerringly, the two phases of his being. There are, of course, moments of depression within his nervous, finely organized soul, but they do not arise from self-reproach. And never will he let himself be shattered by the mad question: How can the rôle of the poor be adapted to the lives of the rich?

THE point at which these two worlds meet without conflict is at the entrance price to his pictures. He has stipulated a low price, and that delights him because it angers certain film folk.

He speaks with the greatest pleasure and with typical American frankness about his earnings, and also about the costs and difficulties of his work. He told me that his remarkable current film, City Lights, cost fourteen months of time and almost a million dollars. I could [illegible]ither of these stupendous facts.

"But, mind you," he exclaimed, "sometimes I think this film is a masterpiece, and again it strikes me as horribly distorted. It must be remembered, in judging a picture, how restricted we are in working with machines. We are not so free as the stage actor."

Silent or speaking pictures? That is a question which concerns him profoundly. His audiences, accustomed only to seeing him, derive their greatest delight from observing the smallest detail of his facial expression, his exquisite pantomime. For eighteen years he has been to those audiences a man without a voice. He believes that, to the millions of those world-wide audiences, a Chaplin who broke suddenly into speech would be as disconcerting, as shocking, as a Mona Lisa suddenly become vocal. He decries, too, the fact that the talking pictures have eliminated the restful interlude of the subtitles.

When I suggested to him the speaking rôles of the melancholy Jacques and King Lear, he acknowledged with a sigh that he sometimes cast wistful glances at the speaking stage. And he spoke, too, of his dreams of acting Napoleon, in a characterization strongly influenced by my interpretation of that great figure.

HE wants to write dramas and comedies which he would produce and direct. He asked me with boyish eagerness, as doubtless he had asked many others, exactly what was the process of bringing order from the chaos of ideas which weltered in the creative brain.

He spoke of his impressions and experiences as a real artist would speak. When he complained bitterly of the difficulty of his double rôle of participant in and observer of life, he found in me an understanding colleague. He believes that the films, which depend for their effect entirely on action, have much to teach certain writers who have let themselves be led astray by the glitter and glamour of words.

Unfortunately we had gone to a gigantic restaurant in Cannes. It was almost empty. But it echoed and reëchoed the blare of the great jazz band even more than if it had been filled with guests and gayety. In the tremendous din of that insistent band it was almost impossible to speak. And yet I am indebted to our chance presence in this disturbing place for my best, my truest impression of Chaplin.

Suddenly a little dancer appeared. In spite of the chill of the empty hall, she did her best to amuse and please us.

Chaplin's whole bearing changed. He ate nothing now, and although he was aware, as I was, of the small merit of this tawdry little performance, he was absorbed in the human aspect of this girl who danced bravely on, before six filled and a hundred empty tables.

His mouth was drooping again now. "Look!" he said softly, after she had acknowledged with deep bows our scattered applause and had withdrawn. "Look how gripping, when she bowed to the empty tables. I must open a picture that way: There will be a street singer who will sing up to a house full of windows; and later one will see that it is only a dead wall, with nothing—no faces, no smiles, no nods, nothing—nothing to hear and acknowledge the singing."

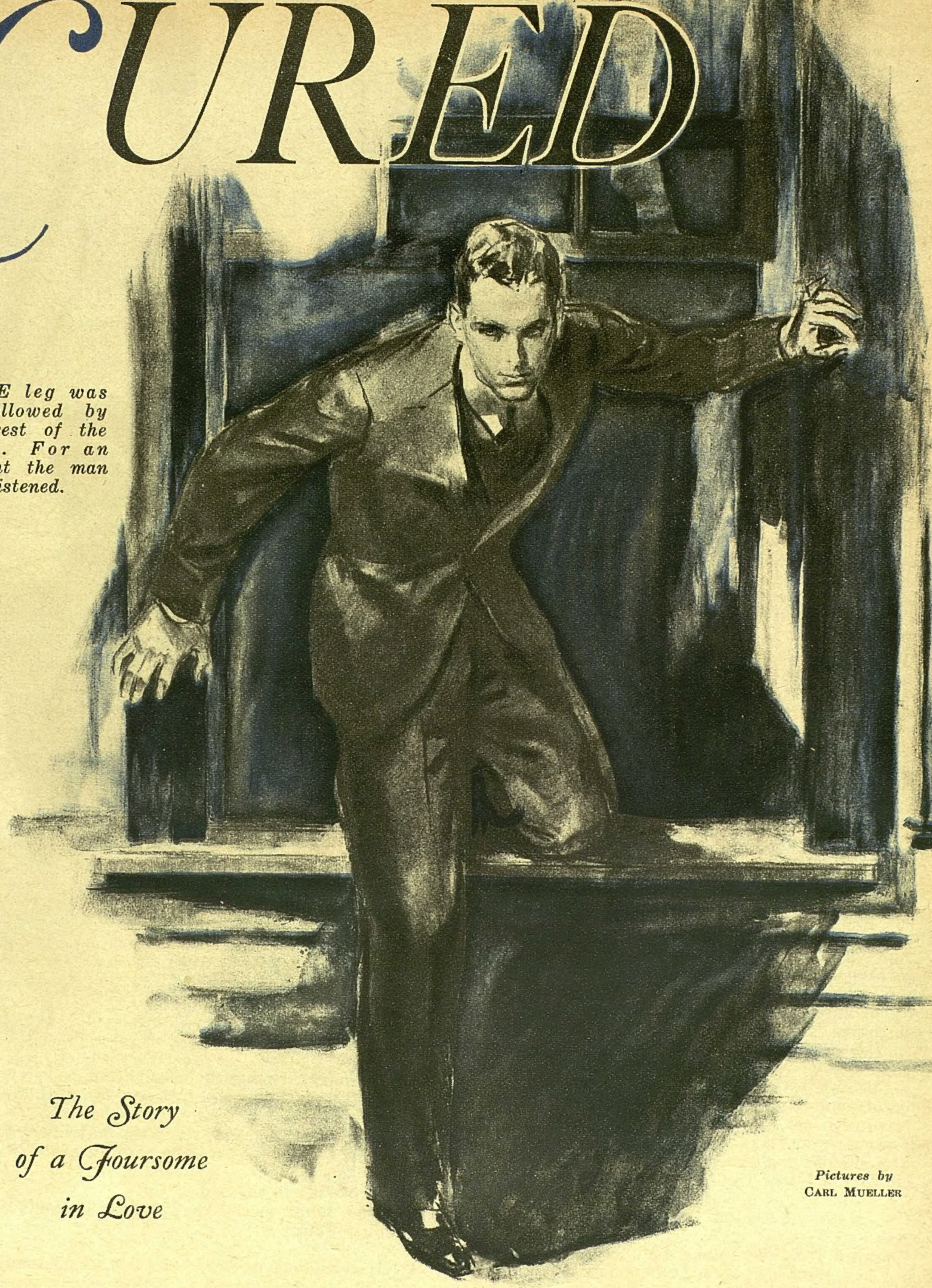
Two eccentric clowns came now, and one was a gifted droll. Chaplin followed their work, seemingly absorbed.

"How tragic, how poignant!" he said several times, very softly.

As he spoke, he was seeing in his mind's eye the suffering of humanity, the hopeless battle of the comic spirit against the tragic, of play against reality; he was seeing in those clowns the laughing, suffering adventurer that is man; and in the midst of the brilliance of this great hall, sitting before a table laden with champagne and iced exotic fruits, Chaplin was transformed once more into the luckless little grotesque, the bantered, battered fool, the tragic clown with pitiful drooping mouth.

THE END

CURED



THE leg was followed by the rest of the body. For an instant the man listened.

The Story of a Foursome in Love

Pictures by CARL MUELLER

By WALTON GREEN

(Reading time: 33 minutes 34 seconds.)

SKINNER was talking. Skinner should have been walking, because it was that hour of the afternoon when the schedule at Sterne's—which is a celebrated rest cure in the sand hills of Carolina—called for a social walk. Skinner had started on his social walk, but he had interrupted it.

He sat with his back to a log and sucked moodily at his great pipe. Beside him, with her back pleasantly to the same log, sat the young woman.

"The psychology of the thing is wrong," Skinner was saying. "They may have no printed rules here, but the place is just rotten with customs and taboos. Here we are at this very minute, breaking two of their pet 'DON'TS'—'Don't Twose' and 'Don't talk to other

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

CURED
Continued from page nine

patients about yourself or your sorrows or your doctor or your treatment or—' "

"Yes," she interrupted tranquilly. "Isn't it nice? And everybody does it—absolutely everybody."

"I don't," replied Skinner. "My dear Mary—if I really wanted—"

"Oh, pooh!" she interrupted. "I know more about you after two weeks, Skinner dear, than I know about a lot of people after two years. I admit it was my fault in the beginning. But you do seem to understand — much better than Dr. Friedmann does—"

"Shush!" whispered Skinner. "Two bits fine for mentioning any doctor's name—"

"Don't be silly," said the girl. "And please be serious for a minute. I—you know how I value your advice. I—I had another letter yesterday."

"Yes?" inquired Skinner dully. He sighed and relighted his pipe.

"He wants me to come back to him."

"Course he does. I'd want you to come back to me if you were my wife."

"I wonder," she said softly. "I wish I knew what you *really* thought of me."

"Eh?" demanded Skinner, the light of anticipation in his eyes. "You do, do you? Well, to begin with, I think you're one highly alluring and damn little fool."

"Sure," she agreed, not in the least displeased. She cuddled herself more comfortably against the log. "Go on."

"I SUSPECT, though I don't know, that you're a fool to leave your husband. But I do know you're a fool to come down here under your maiden name and pose as an unmarried woman."

"But not a soul knows besides you, Skinner—except the doctors, of course. And they don't know my married name. I didn't want him to know where I was. Or the family, or anyone. I wanted to get away by myself and decide things."

"But he found out, didn't he—or he wouldn't be writing you—huh?"

"Y-e-s," hesitatingly. "And it's not a bit like him. He has absolutely no imagination."

"Naturally not," growled Skinner. "It's only the other woman's husband that has imagination."

"You like me, don't you, Skinner dear?"

"Of course I like you. What's that got to do with it?"

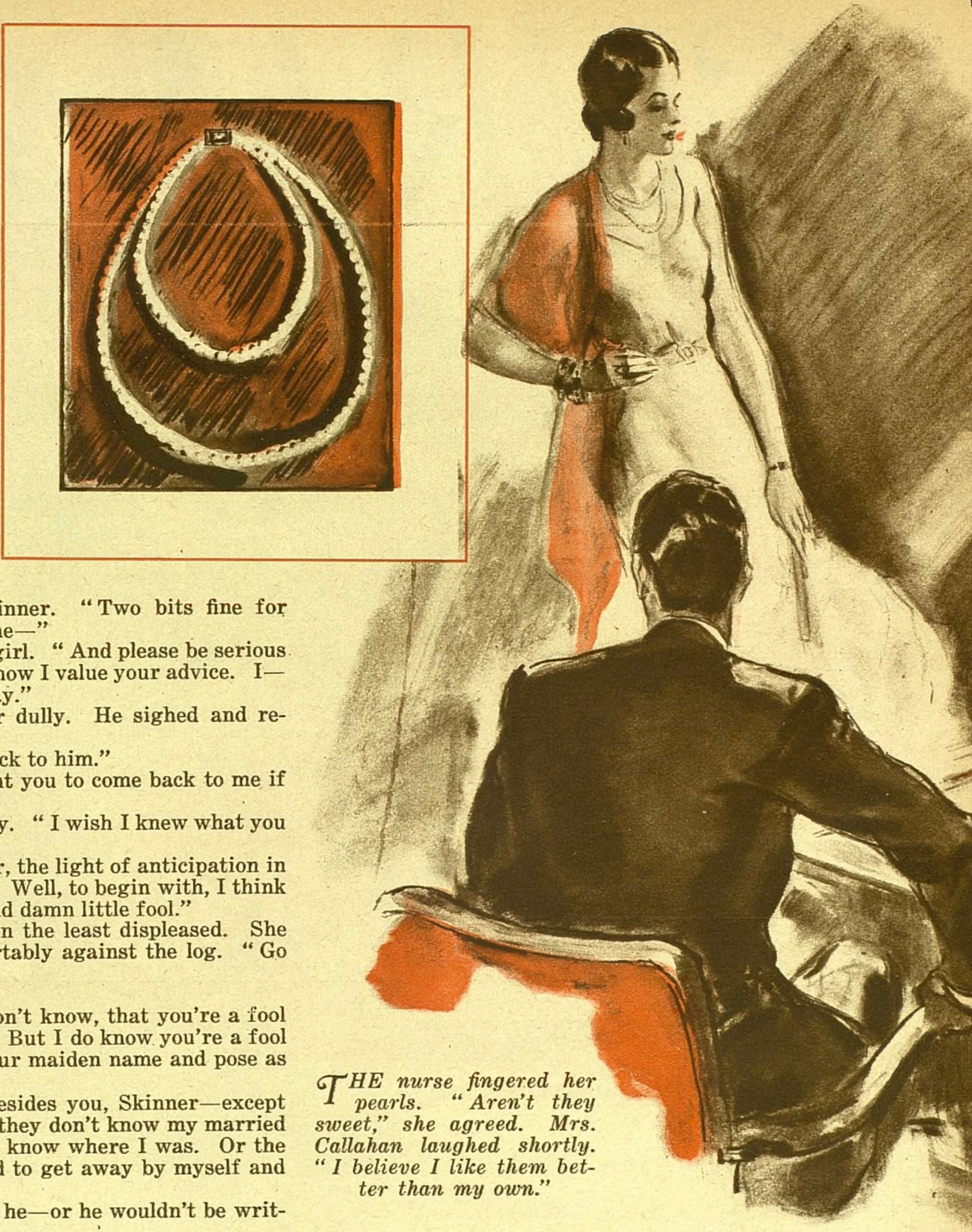
"Oh—nothing. Go on telling me why I'm a fool, Skinner."

"You're a fool," continued Skinner implacably, "because you've nothing to do, and enough money to do it with, and no children, and some cleverness, and no intelligence, and a fair-to-middling sort of husband—even by your own account. A husband who may be a trifle dull at times, but who has no particular vices—doesn't drink or beat you up or—"

"It might be better if he did," she hazarded darkly.

"Better for you, anyway," agreed Skinner. "Trouble is, you're spoiled. You're overcultivated and undereducated. You—"

"But, Skinner, that's not me at all. I—oh, I thought you understood! Don't you see—I did care for him—in a way, I still do. But he doesn't read, and he doesn't think, and he doesn't ever do anything—I mean, nothing out of the ordinary. He has no imagination, no spirit of adventure. It's terrible. It's just one dreadful day after another. It's—"



THE nurse fingered her pearls. "Aren't they sweet," she agreed. Mrs. Callahan laughed shortly. "I believe I like them better than my own."

"Of course you're bored with matrimony," observed Skinner, "if you've brought nothing to it but your own vanity."

Mary Walters giggled.

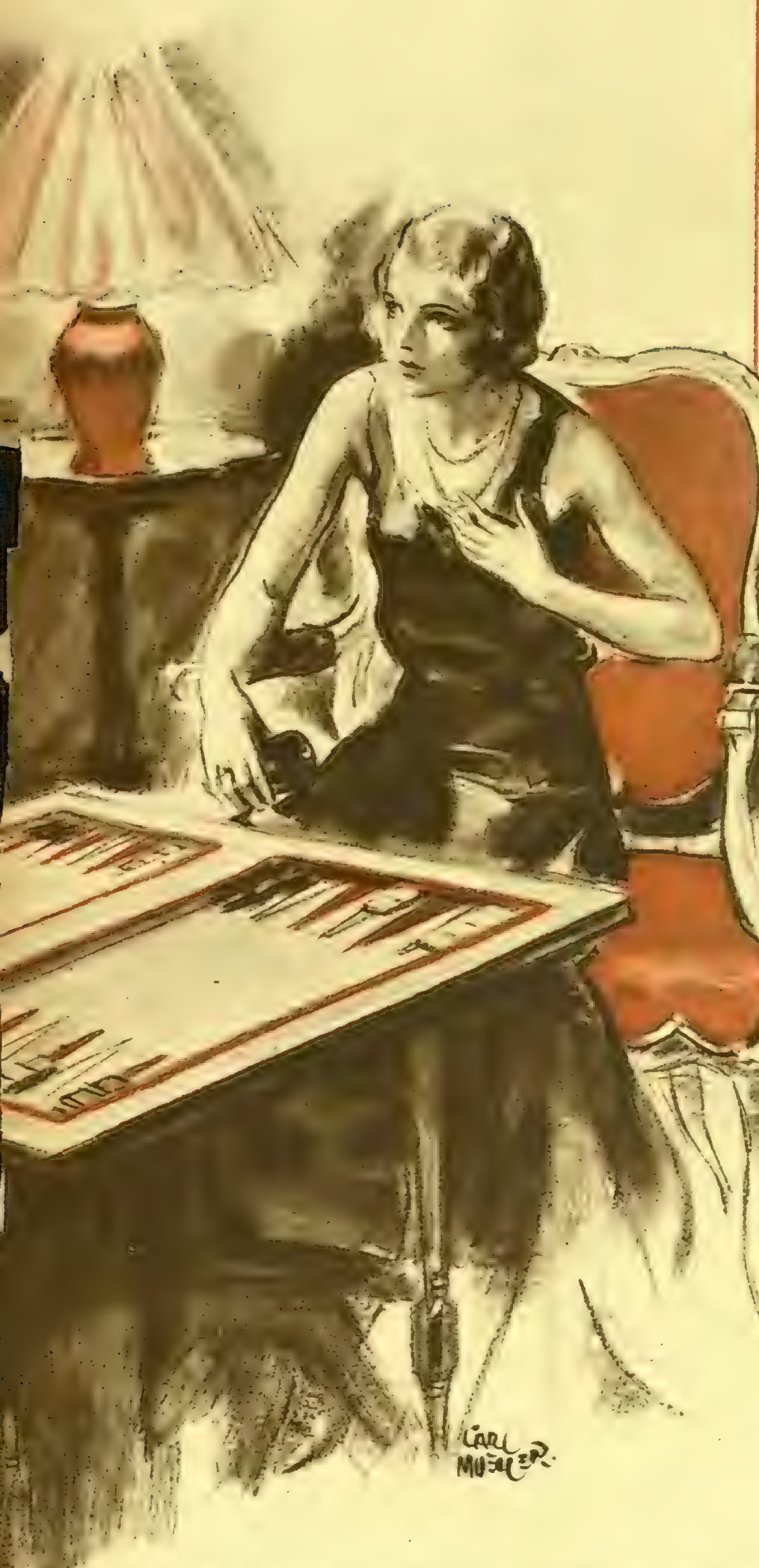
"You sound just like Talks to Patients—Pamphlet Number Four."

SKINNER looked aggrieved. He struck another match and sulkily applied it to his empty pipe. It was "Miss" Walters who spoke next:

"How old are you, Skinner?"

"Forty-four." He frowned. "I told you that the first day—what do you want to know again for?"

"Oh—nothing." She was regarding him sideways and smiling slightly. Skinner pulled abstractedly at one of his ear lobes. Undeniably he had bat ears, Mary decided. On the other hand, his profile was very saturnine and distinguished. And the set and sardonic quirk to his left eyebrow was positively adorable. "Forty-four," murmured Mary reflectively. "And I'm twenty-four. Do you know, Skinner, I didn't care for them much at first,



but I'm getting used to them now. They're really quite distinguished, in a way. They're sort of wild and dashing and romantic—not at all like sleek, close-fitting, conventional ears. They—"

"Well, upon my word!" exploded Skinner.

"You don't mind, do you, Skinner dear?" contritely. "We've known each other ever so long. Two weeks here—"

"—is like a lifetime outside," he laughed shortly. "It's the darnedest place I ever saw. Utter strangers ask you the most intimate questions and tell you all their troubles before they know your last name."

"Do you tell everyone your troubles, Skinner?"

"Certainly not. Except you, of course," he finished firmly.

"Never mind, Skinner," said Mary comfortably. "I don't believe you—but you're a dear just the same."

"Thanks," said Skinner stiffly.

"You've talked a lot, Skinner, but you've never really told me anything. What are your troubles?"

"If I don't look out," growled Skinner fervently, but very much under his breath, "you'll be one of them."

"What did you say?" she asked suspiciously.

Skinner looked at his wrist watch and frowned.

"Time to go. We'll be late for tea. You and Mrs. Callahan are teaing with me at the Gift Shop, you know."

Mary rose and brushed the leaves from her skirt.

"I don't like that woman," she remarked calmly. "And it's my turn to pay for tea, anyway."

"Fine," said Skinner heartily. "I never refuse money from a woman. And why, pray, don't you like the widow Callahan?"

"She's too rich, for one thing; she's one of the richest women in America, they say. And she's stuck on herself—and—and those perfectly enormous pearls she wears are real—"

"How disgusting!" drawled Skinner.

"—and she's dowdy. And anyway, I just don't like her."

"And anyway, she isn't dowdy," returned Skinner. "She's very smart, if you ask me. And also she's as pale as a ghost, and her hair is getting gray and she looks forty, and she isn't a day over thirty, and she doesn't care whether school keeps or not, and she's generally very unhappy."

"So's everybody else," said Mary with acidity, "or they wouldn't be here."

"Meow," said Skinner softly.

THEY started down the hillside, crossing a field of broom straw and a dung-brown cotton field, the straggling plants sere and unimpressive. They passed over the ramshackle footbridge that spans Hog Bottom Run, and came presently to Mrs. McFee's tea room on the outskirts of the village of Sandy Pines.

Mrs. McFee's is a pleasantly commonplace cottage, with low ceilings of plaster and beam, and random-laid floors of sixteen-inch long-leaf pine. Mrs. McFee is sixty, very short in stature and pleasingly dumpy, and the soft burr of her Scotch is quite devastating to the ear. She serves delicious tea, does Mrs. McFee.

Skinner and Mary Walters entered the tea house. It was a quarter before five, and the rooms were crowded. Mrs. McFee padded softly toward them.

"Hello, darling," murmured Skinner, bending over from his lanky six foot one.

"How are you, darling?" beamed Mrs. Mac, lifting her head and presenting her cheek.

"Fine, my love." Skinner saluted the cheek and patted her on the shoulder. "Waiting all day for that, eh?" Mrs. Mac chuckled.

"A'ave kept your table in the back room."

"We're expecting Mrs. Callahan," observed Miss Walters.

"She's in the kitchen making cinnamon toast," explained Mrs. McFee. "She's a grand woman."

"Perfectly wonderful," agreed Mary sweetly.

They went into the back room and sat down. From the kitchen, kicking open the swing door as she came, appeared the widow Callahan, bearing a tray of tea things. An astonishingly handsome woman, but pale and drawn. She wore an old and properly sloppy tweed skirt and a blue flannel shirt with the sleeves rolled above the elbows. The pearls were a bit startling—as if they had been worn with a bathing suit.

"My God—that kitchen's hot!" She plunked the tray on the table. "Hello, you two—who's got a cigarette?"

Skinner, watching inscrutably, said nothing. Mary offered her case politely.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

CURED
Continued from page eleven

They ate in famished silence. Mrs. Callahan's rolled-up sleeves and generally stove-side air provoked a strictly utilitarian attitude toward the food.

Mrs. Callahan, having forgotten the paper napkins, wiped her fingers on a corner of the plaid tablecloth and took another cigarette from Miss Walters' case. The girl rubbed out her own cigarette in the bottom of her teacup and arose.

"I've got to run along, if you don't mind. Some letters to get off before dinner."

"Sorry," said Mrs. Callahan negligently. Skinner said nothing. They watched the door close on Miss Walters' back. Into the eyes of the older woman there crept a look of amused disdain.

"The girl's crazy about you."

"Nonsense," said Skinner, pulling uncomfortably at one of his ears.

"Do leave your ears alone!" Mrs. Callahan's tone was irritable. "Well, what are you going to do about it, Skinner? Are you going to marry her and blight her fair young life and all that sort of rot? At your age you really ought to be ashamed! Or are you just going to keep on making love to her, so she won't marry someone else?"

Skinner looked sulky.

"I'm not making love to her. And I'm not so darned old, at that."

"Old enough to be—"

"Don't say it!" pleaded Skinner nervously. And then, with a more hopeful grin: "Anyway, she'd catch up to me by the time I was sixty."

"More likely she'd run off with some man of her own age."

Skinner filled his pipe and assumed his most oracular tone:

"A man of forty who marries a woman of twenty is—shall we say—ill-advised. But that's all. Society still tolerates him, and his relatives don't have to ship him off to the gaga house. He's not the blithering joke, the tragic ass, that a woman of forty is who marries a younger man. Say what you will, my dear lady, us old boys still have the edge on you old girls."

"I'm exactly thirty," said Mrs. Callahan with commendable dispassion.

"But you look—"

"I know," she agreed quickly and without heat. "I'm tired and just about all in. And I don't know whether this place is doing me any good or not. 'Balanced life,' they preach! How can I lead a balanced life when I've got two stepchildren as old as I am—and—and other things besides? These young things—what right have they to have nervous breakdowns, I'd like to know? All life before them, and—"

WALTON GREEN

lawyer, newspaper editor, major in the A. E. F., clubman, chief prohibition investigator—these are some of the activities that have provided Walton Green with material for authorship, which is now his vocation.

"People who come here have a lot of life behind them," observed Skinner somberly, "no matter how young they are."

"I suppose so."

SHE sighed and ran her hand quickly over her black hair—black hair strongly streaked with gray.

"You know all about me, Skinner. Everyone in America does, I expect. Ten years ago I married a widower who was—oh, I don't know how old—two hundred, I guess. And what did I get out of it?"

"You got the pearls," said Skinner impartially.

She laughed harshly.

"Yes—and I hate them. For two cents I'd give 'em away."

Skinner reached into the pocket of his trousers, selected two coppers, and pushed them across the table.

"Hand 'em over."

The widow Callahan laughed again. Then she looked at Skinner. The laugh faded from her eyes and a curious look of excitement took its place. Very deliberately she unfastened the clasp at the back of her neck and let the pearls coil down into the palm of one hand. She regarded them for an instant, then dropped them into Skinner's hands with the commonplace gesture of a street-car conductor returning change.

"What are you going to do with them?" she asked with composure.

"Sell 'em and buy a steam yacht."

"You almost could," she returned.

"I'm sick of the sight of 'em," enlarged Skinner. "You're better off without 'em. Part of your cure and all that. Well, Mary's paid for tea—let's go."

It was dark when they emerged from Mrs. McFee's. They walked the quarter mile to the ill lighted, unkempt village street. In front of the bright scarlet façade of the "25c-50c-$1.00" chain store Skinner paused meditatively. Finally he took his companion's arm.

"Come in here with me—I'm going to buy you a present."

Inside, he made his way to the jewelry counter.

"Have you got any nice pearl necklaces under a dollar?" he demanded.

"From a quarter up," answered the slatternly clerk. "Them there trays."

She indicated the trays with a tired wave and continued her gum-chewing. Skinner pawed over the seventy-five-cent tray and selected a string of magnificent baubles only a shade larger than the pearls in his pocket. He tendered the gum-chewing lady a dollar bill, and placed the beads in the same pocket.

"Got to wrap 'em up," objected the girl.

"Oh," said Skinner meekly. He withdrew his hand from his pocket, but the necklace he passed over was Mrs. Callahan's real one. "And could you do them up in a nice box for me?"

WHEN they left the store, the genuine necklace reposed in Skinner's pocket, inclosed in a convincingly shoddy box and wrapped in the gaudily familiar paper of the famous chain store.

Mrs. Callahan, laughing softly, took Skinner's arm.

"You're worth all the staff doctors put together, Skinner dear. I don't know when I've had my mind so taken off things. And I suppose the fifty-cent beads are my present?"

"Seventy-five," corrected Skinner. "And I particularly wish you to wear them tonight."

She laughed comfortably. "What next, boss? Is this all part of the cure?"

"I've one more errand, in the drug store," said Skinner nonresponsively.

They entered the drug store. Skinner left Mrs. Callahan by the news stand and went into consultation with the clerk behind the prescription counter in the rear. Presently he returned bearing a small parcel. They left the store and walked up the side street to Institute Inn. Skinner handed the package to his companion.

"There's rouge in there, and lipstick and eyebrow pencil—that's all I could think of. You're pale as a ghost, and drawn-looking. Don't come down to dinner until you've put on enough war paint to look like—I don't know what."

"Like an abandoned woman," supplied Mrs. Callahan.

"Precisely. Just what you need. Perk you up."

"My trouble is more than skin-deep, Skinner. Paint won't do me any good."

"It'll do me good."

"How do you mean?"

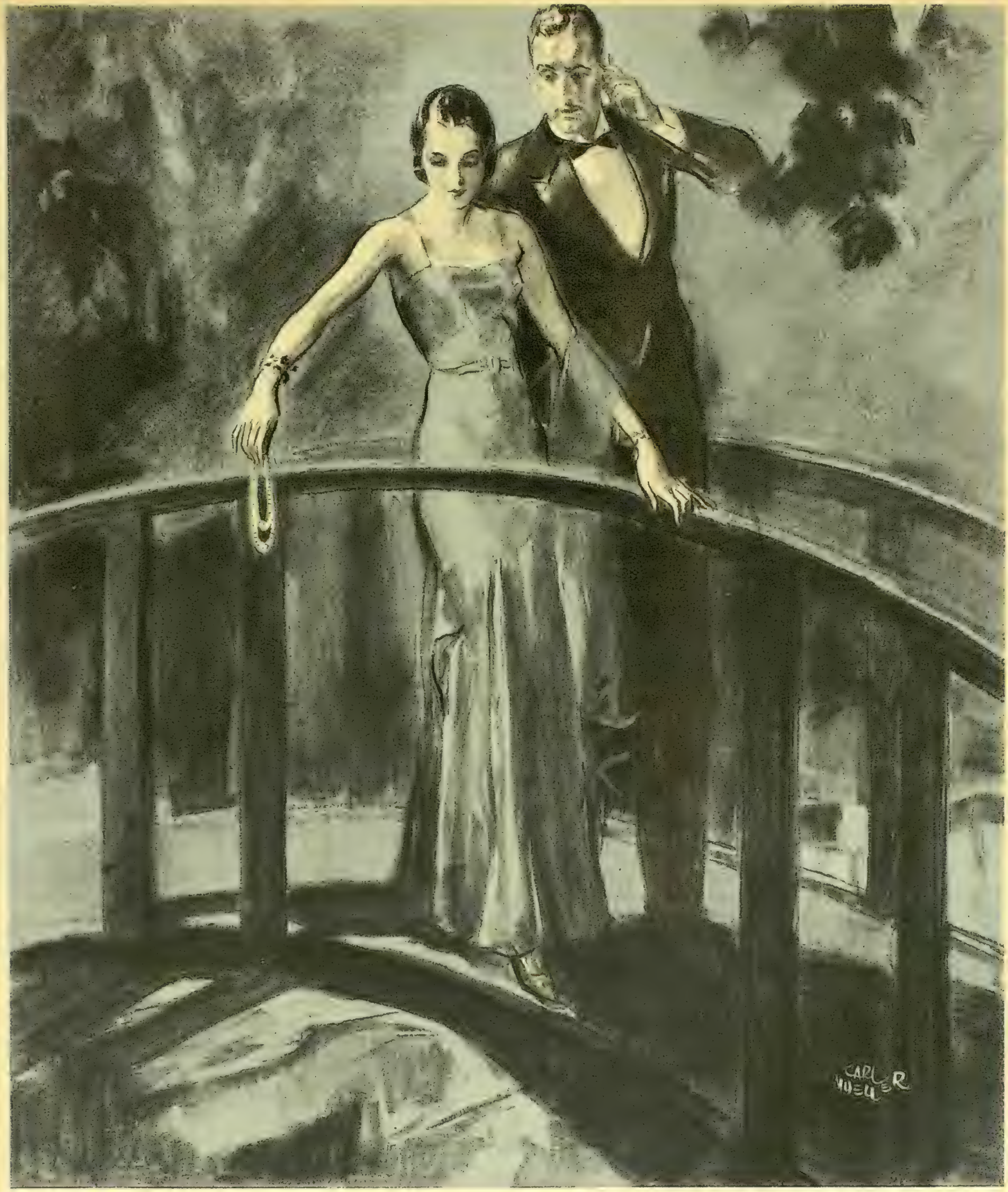
"Hair of the dog that bit me," replied Skinner cryptically. Mrs. Callahan turned this over in her mind and decided to let it lie—for the moment, anyway.

"Two men coming tonight," she observed reflectively. "It might be rather fun."

"New men? Fine stuff. Our end of the table is dull as dishwater. Who told you?"

"Amy."

Amy was Miss Amy Griffin, head nurse in charge of Institute Inn. "Amy" to all behind her back, including



A moment later she was holding both necklaces at arm's length over the rail.

the doctors, and " Amy " to her face by a favored few, including the intransigent Skinner.

" Hum," reflected Skinner. " Those must be the two chaps that have been trying to get shifted up to us from the Spanish House."

SPANISH House is the other and second habitat of the Sterne inmates. There is a vicious rivalry between the houses in such weighty matters as charades and social *éclat* and carpentry and weaving and ping-pong and picture puzzles. And if you don't think ping-pong and picture puzzles are weighty matters, then you don't know what a modern rest cure is—and that's that.

Skinner and the widow Callahan turned in at the old-fashioned driveway of the Inn and mounted the steps to the covered piazza. Mrs. Callahan was smiling slightly and secretly in the dark.

" Do you know, Skinner," she remarked thoughtfully, " I didn't especially like them at first, but now I'm getting used to them I think they're rather—"

" My ears? " interrupted Skinner in a frightened tone.

" How did you know? " demanded Mrs. Callahan.

Skinner did not answer.

" Before we go in, Skinner "—there was a hint of self-mockery in her tone—" I think you'd better kiss me."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

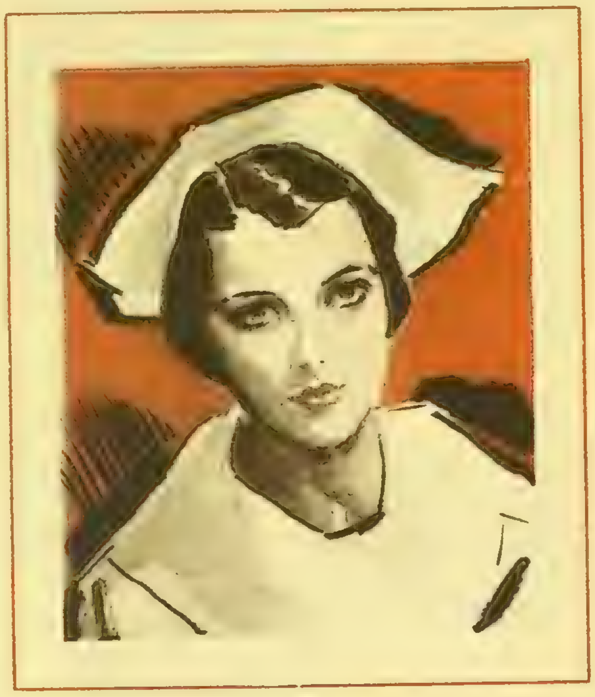
CURED
Continued from page thirteen

"Certainly," replied Skinner amiably. "I've kissed everyone here—except my doctor."

Mrs. Callahan thrust her walking stick impatiently into the umbrella stand beside the door. "Damn the man," she remarked conversationally, and opened the door.

Skinner frowned, lowered his own stick thoughtfully into the umbrella stand, and followed her into the house.

He went to his room. His room was on the ground floor. By swinging a leg over the window sill he could step out on to the back lawn. He could, if he chose, cheat with impunity in such matters as rest hours, and lights out at ten, and what not. But Skinner didn't cheat—in that way. Toward his "schedule" he maintained an attitude of meticulous, if skeptical, reverence.



Skinner took off his clothes, tubbed himself, and dressed for dinner. He still had twenty minutes, and schedule called for only a quarter hour's rest before meals. He picked up Talks to Patients—Pamphlet Number Five: Repose, and thumbed the pages. But his thoughts ran back to the girl on the hillside—and to the remarks of the Callahan about the girl on the hillside.

He threw the pamphlet irritably on the table and began to pace the room. Damn it all, Mrs. Callahan had got it all wrong—about Mary Walters. But he couldn't explain—wouldn't be fair to Mary. Her business, it was, if she chose to persist in her unmarried pose. Of course, if she went through with it—divorced the man and all—why, then, the way she was feeling, all stewed up and emotionalized—and himself, too, a little perhaps—darn it all, she was infernally attractive!

That sort of thing would never do. He just wasn't taking any—hadn't been these long years back; not since—that long-ago time. Damn this place, and its lovely neurotics, and their confidences and everything.

Skinner grinned slowly to himself and pulled reflectively at one ear. The gong sounded for dinner.

Skinner sat at one end of a table which seated ten. On his right sat Miss MacGowan, a trained nurse who was also a patient, and whose chief trouble was that she hadn't had a vacation for some ten or a dozen years, and that she had been born without the capacity for pleasure. Miss MacGowan had a pronounced aversion to men. She was a pet of Skinner's, and she adored him—quietly and fearfully.

Skinner produced the chain-store package.

"Here's a present for you, Miss Mac—some lovely pearls."

MISS MACGOWAN blushed—which was a trick Skinner had taught her—and undid the convincingly gaudy wrappings.

"*Oh,*" she breathed in a giggling whisper—her self-effacement made it difficult for her to speak above a tentative whisper—"oh, aren't they just too swell! I declare, they're just as real-looking as Mrs. Callahan's."

"Every bit," agreed Skinner. "Put 'em on."

He raised his eyes and gazed somberly down the table. At the far end, Mrs. Callahan, dressed to the nines—lovely and war-painted—the fake beads setting off the superb column of her throat—gazed back at him with the dreamily omniscient stare of a person coming out of ether.

"Yes," she said, and there was real awe in her tone. "Put them on, Miss MacGowan."

After dinner, in the big living room, the men, new and old, crowded around Mrs. Callahan. It is to be questioned whether it was rouge or rage that contributed most to her heightened color.

But the now truly lovely widow made a bee line for Skinner.

"If you think you're going to get away with that," she said in an intense aside, "you're very much mistaken."

"Eh?" returned Skinner mildly. "Have some cocoa, Mrs. Cal? And have you met Major McAllister and Mr. Sedgewick?"

Mrs. Callahan was unmollified.

"I sat between them at dinner, as you very well know."

"Then why not play bridge with them?" pursued Skinner brightly.

"I'd love to," said the younger man, Sedgewick. The major said nothing, but looked acquiescent.

"Miss Walters will make a fourth," added Skinner quickly. "Won't you, Mary? No, major—I don't play myself."

The two women exchanged glances and then moved over to the bridge table. Skinner permitted himself a faint sigh of relief. Then he picked up the backgammon board and approached Miss MacGowan.

"If you don't throw a lot of double sixes, like last night, I think I can beat you."

Miss Mac simpered appropriately and began to set out the pieces.

THE next day, in morning shop hour, Skinner was at his bench as usual, lustily engaged with chisel and mallet in cutting mortises for a maple table. Major McAllister, new and nervous, but no one paying the slightest attention to him, edged his way gingerly to Skinner's bench.

"Does everyone have to do this?" he yelled in Skinner's ear.

Skinner thrust the tenon of a table leg into its mortise and regarded it critically. It fitted about as closely as a straw in a pop bottle.

"Sure everyone does it. Occupational therapy. If you don't like carpentry you can go into the weaving room and make a shopping bag for your wife."

"I haven't got a wife," said the major with acerbity.

"Well—for somebody else's wife," helpfully.

The major wandered away disconsolate. Presently Skinner looked up and saw him, gowned in a carpenter's apron, poring over the portfolio of designs with Mary Walters. The closing bell sounded. Mrs. Callahan, halfway across the room, called to Skinner:

"Want to take a walk?"

"Sorry, but I'm tied up today."

He had a date to walk with Mary Walters—sort of an understood date they'd had all the last week. Wouldn't do to pass it up today, even with his new resolution.

Skinner put away his tools and fared virtuously forth to find Mary Walters, who was accustomed to wait for him on the steps of the Inn across the way.

Miss Walters was not on the steps of the Inn. Her slim back could be seen disappearing down the driveway toward the village street. Beside her stalked the firm, if middling-aged, figure of Major McAllister. Skinner looked in the other direction. Mrs. Callahan and the young Sedgewick were passing through the turnstile that led to Hog Bottom Lane.

Skinner frowned and pulled his ear. By rights and in the nature of things, it should have been the youngish Sedgewick and not the middling major with Miss Walters. Skinner's babies were mixed. What was the use of all his fine resolutions about Mary if that old fool of a major was going to make up to her?

Skinner crossed the roadway to Institute Inn, took his stick from the rack, and started off to walk by himself. His face wore the thoughtful look of the man who can't remember which box he took the pill from.

Halfway up the village street, Skinner ran into Miss Griffin.

"Hello, Skinner," she accosted him. "What's the trouble? You look downcast."

"I've been crossed in love," grinned Skinner.

"Third time this month, isn't it? Well—cheer up. Dr. Walpole says you're doing fine, and he's letting you go first of the week."

Skinner remained more or less satisfactorily crossed in love for the rest of that week. His assiduity toward Miss MacGowan sharpened perceptibly.

And then, at the very end of the week, Mrs. Callahan and the Walters girl exchanged their beaux. Exchanged them without warning, without reason, and without rancor. It was now the stalwart and youngish Sedgewick who played the sedulous shadow to Mary, and the stalwart and oldish major who squired Mrs. Callahan. And —most curious of all—the two women, who had been anything but friendly, suddenly became the most bosom of companions.

On Friday afternoon, after his last conference with Dr. Walpole, Skinner decided to give a farewell party. Happening to run across Miss Griffin in the semidarkness of the hallway, he made the expected and appropriate passes at her.

" Behave yourself! " snapped the mother superior, not at all displeased.

" Please, Amy," begged Skinner, " I'm leaving Sunday for good. May I take some of the children out to dinner at Mrs. McFee's tomorrow night? "

" Who do you want to take? " guardedly.

" Why, *you,* of course, and—"

" Don't be a fool! "

"—and little Mary Walters, and Mrs. Callahan, and Matilda MacGowan, and Minturn Sedgewick, and the major."

" Very well. But back at half past nine sharp, remember."

Skinner did not sleep well that night. Virtue may be its own reward, but far too often, in this life, it is just that and nothing more.

It was nearly dawn before he finally dropped off. And just as he was slipping into that delicious borderland that precedes sleep—and which is the only part of sleep that it is vouchsafed man to know and to enjoy—his ear was arrested by a scratching sound, followed by a loud meow. A large tabby cat had jumped up from the lawn and was sitting on the window sill.

Skinner threw off the bedclothes in disgust and strode across the room. He lifted the animal gingerly and dropped it on the lawn. The cat sat on his rump and regarded Skinner severely. Clearly he intended to jump back into the room again. Skinner leaned out the window and looked about in desperation. He saw nothing that would help in the matter of the cat. But, in the dim mixture of pale moonlight and paler dawn, his eye was caught by some object in motion at the window of another ground-floor room at the front end of the house.

SKINNER, stock-still and staring, watched the moving object resolve itself into a man's leg thrusting slowly and noiselessly over the low window sill. The leg was followed by the rest of the body.

For an instant the man stood and listened. Then he tip-toed cautiously out of sight around the corner of the building. But in that instant Skinner had recognized the stalwart form and regular features of Minturn Sedgewick.

Skinner stood a moment in meditation. Certainly it was none of his affair if young Sedgewick chose to sneak out of his room and take dawnlight walks. One of Sedgewick's peculiarities, probably —maybe that was why he was at Sterne's. Well—none of his affair!

Skinner closed his window quietly and went back to bed.

At seven fifty-eight the next morning, passing through the hall on his way to breakfast, Skinner ran into Miss Mary Walters.

Miss Walters was coming out of the ground-floor room at the front end of the house.

" Morning, Skinner dear. Why—what's the matter? You look as if you'd seen a ghost."

Skinner pulled himself together and did some quick thinking.

" Er—I thought your room was upstairs."

" My room upstairs was too small. They moved me down several days ago."

" Oh," said Skinner feebly, and followed her into the dining room.

Young Sedgewick was already at breakfast. He looked particularly fit and cheerful.

" Good morning, Miss Walters. Morning, Skinner. Hope you both slept well."

" Rottenly," said Skinner.

" Wonderfully," murmured Mary in a dreamy voice.

Skinner gulped. His appetite was ruined. He passed up his second bowl of oatmeal, and limited himself to two eggs with his bacon. His third cup of coffee positively gagged him.

He left the table rather earlier than usual, and went to his room for the prescribed study hour. To say that Skinner had had the starch taken out of him would be small exaggeration.

ALL that day he avoided Mary Walters. And in the late afternoon, instead of walking and going to tea, Skinner stayed in his room and packed his things. Half an hour before dinner time he repaired to the living room to await his guests. Miss MacGowan was already there, looking tremulous and excited and almost pretty. She was not accustomed to parties.

" Play you a game of backgammon, darling, while we wait for the others," suggested Skinner. He had resolved to be especially Skinnerish that evening—as the easiest way through everything.

Mrs. Callahan drifted in and stood watching while they set up the board. She looked brilliant and lovely. Either the rouge pot had become a fixed habit or she was in a fair way toward cure.

" How nice you look, Miss Mac." Mrs. Callahan was addressing the nurse but looking at Skinner. " And your pearls are most becoming."

The nurse fingered her pearls. " Aren't they sweet," she agreed timorously.

Mrs. Callahan laughed shortly.

" I believe I like them better than my own." She continued to hold Skinner's eye. " Tell you what we'll do, Miss Mac. Seeing it's Skinner's last night, we'll stage a little excitement."

She picked up a dice box. Skinner watched with fascinated premonition.

" My necklace against yours," said the widow with calm finality. " One throw of the dice! What do you say? "

" Oh," gasped the nurse, " you can't mean it! "

" I always mean what I say." Mrs. Callahan's voice was harsh with purpose. She turned the box. A pair of twos.

" Hah! " snapped Skinner, his eyes triumphantly on Mrs. Callahan. " Who said I wouldn't get away with it—what? Throw, Miss Mac—throw! It's a cinch. Deuces to beat. You can't lose—you simply can't—"

With a look of frightened impulsion, Miss MacGowan shook the box and dribbled the dice to the board. An ace and a two!

Skinner sighed and settled slowly in his chair. Mrs. Callahan, lighting a cigarette and squinting nonchalantly through the smoke, reached forth a languid hand. Miss MacGowan unsnapped the pearls from her neck.

" Oh, my! But wouldn't it have been wonderful if I'd won," she murmured faintly.

" Huh! " said Skinner, and stalked over to the fireplace.

Major McAllister entered the room.

" All here? No? Where are Sedgewick and Miss Walters? "

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

CURED
Continued from page fifteen

"They're meeting us at Mrs. McFee's," said the widow.

"Oh," said Skinner slowly. "Well—let's go."

The dinner was a great success. They sat at a table in the small back room which served as book shop and lending library.

Skinner was in fine and biting form. His bitterness and disillusion lent saltiness to his usual mordacity. He watched Mary's face. It bore a look of childlike candor and happiness. But when she smiled, the smile was tinctured with an ever so slight and secret look of triumph. Damn all women! thought Skinner savagely. Now he knew—forever and positively—what the Mona Lisa had really been up to when Leonardo caught her at it and perpetuated on canvas the perfidy that is woman! Now he knew—

Mary was leaning toward him, whispering:

"I've some news for you, Skinner dear. I think you'll be pleased because it's what you've wanted me to do. I've—I've gone back to my husband."

"Huh?" Skinner regarded his plate unhappily. To save his life he couldn't have looked at Mary at that moment.

"You know, Skinner, you were more right than I. I thought he was unromantic and unadventurous and unexciting and—oh, you know what I mean. But he isn't at all—he's just chock-full of it. So I've gone back."

"Going back, I presume you mean," Skinner corrected, because he felt he had to say something.

"No—I've gone back already. You see, it's—it's Minturn Sedgewick that is my husband."

Skinner drew a deep and shuddering breath. Then he began to chuckle. Mary hurried on:

"We didn't mean to tell a soul until after we'd left. You know how strict the rules are against relations being here together—and especially married couples. But Minturn said something today about you and a cat, and that you'd better be told."

SHE had the grace to color slightly. Skinner raised his head and glanced across at Sedgewick. That young gentleman was regarding him with a quizzical grin.

"Sedgewick," observed Skinner mournfully, "if there were any champagne around here, I suppose I ought to set up a case." He caught Mrs. McFee's eye.

"Have you anything in the house to drink, Mrs. McFee?" he demanded.

"A'ave a small bortle of gooseberry wine," suggested Mrs. McFee.

"Bring it," commanded Skinner. "And when you serve Mr. Sedgewick you might be good enough to add a few drops of prussic acid."

The party broke up early, as all parties at Sandy Pines must do, in awe of Amy and the nine-thirty rule. Mrs. Callahan hung back while Skinner was paying the check.

"Let the others go on ahead," she whispered. "I want you to walk home with me by Hog Bottom Run. It's such gorgeous moonlight."

"Love to," said Skinner gloomily.

They walked slowly in the moonlight, Skinner sucking morosely at his great pipe. Midway of the ancient footbridge that spans the muddy red waters of the run, Mrs. Callahan paused and leaned on the railing.

"You know all about women, don't you, Skinner?"

"Absolutely," said Skinner savagely.

"And it must be wonderful to be able to arrange everyone else's life."

"Huh-huh," agreed Skinner miserably.

"Except your own," she continued sweetly. "Tell me—was it you that got Mary's husband to come?"

"Not exactly," replied Skinner uncomfortably.

"I SUPPOSE you knew all the time," continued the widow. "But Mary didn't tell me until he had been here nearly four days."

"Hah! so that was why you switched your predatory attentions to Major McAllister, eh?"

Mrs. Callahan was laughing softly.

"I suppose so. But then, Major McAllister is used to it. I've known him all my life."

"Good God!" exclaimed Skinner wildly. "Next thing, you'll be telling me I'm your long-lost father."

"I shouldn't care for that," said the widow slowly, and was silent.

"What should you— Look here, we'd better go on home."

"No," said Mrs. Callahan with firmness. She was silent for a time. She looked very lovely in the moonlight.

"You're a queer person, Skinner. Always putting your worst foot forward. But you have lots of charm."

"Huh!"

"I always distrust men with charm."

This time Skinner made no comment.

"I keep wondering what you really want out of life, Skinner. Is it to be understood?"

"God forbid," said Skinner hastily. "My life has been one long search for a woman who will thoroughly misunderstand me."

"Don't be silly, Skinner. I *do* understand you."

"The deuce you do. If you did, you wouldn't have wangled back your infernal pearls. They're bad luck for you, those pearls are, just like the Hope diamond. You've never been better than the week Miss Mac had them."

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Callahan, with a return of spirit. "I couldn't let that girl carry a fortune around her neck thinking they were beads. If *you'd* kept them it would have been different. I *wanted* you to have them. I want you to have anything of mine—"

"Look here," Skinner broke in violently. "Let's go home. It's getting cold." He knocked the ashes from his pipe.

Mrs. Callahan was fumbling at her throat. A moment later she was holding both necklaces at arm's length over the rail. They loomed large and luminous in the moonlight. Then she let them fall into the murky red waters of Hog Bottom Run.

"Will that make it any better, Skinner?" she asked softly.

THE END

NEXT WEEK—

Beginning

THE WOMAN HE WANTED

A Sparkling New Serial

by

Alice Duer Miller

also

stories and articles by

Eddie Cantor

Frank Leon Smith

Lieut. Col. W. A. Bishop

J. Frederick Essary

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

1—What kind of creature is a chinchilla?

2—What is flotsam?

3—In what river is the Hoover Dam being built?

4—What is a philomel?

5—What is the capital of Canada?

6—What is an anemometer?

7—What does the French phrase *tout de suite* mean?

8—What are the names of the two bones of the forearm?

9—What poem begins: To him who in the love of Nature holds . . . ?

10—Who was the Democratic candidate for the Presidency in 1924?

11—What is desiccated food?

12—What was the place of Napoleon's first exile?

13—What is a peccadillo?

14—What is the name of the brightest star in the heavens?

15—What is serology?

16—What is nacre?

17—Who made the first nonstop transatlantic flight by airplane?

18—With what great controversial question did the Missouri Compromise deal?

19—Who is president of the American Federation of Labor?

20—What is ebullition?

(Answers will be found on page sixty-five)

While You Are Waiting *for* MAGAZINE COSTS to *Come* DOWN

COMPARE
With Any Other Magazine

HOW MUCH?

Liberty averaged 2,401,416 weekly circulation for 1930, 2,405,313 for the first half of 1931.

WHO?

Liberty is deliberately edited for *both* men and women. It is read by 2,750,000 men and 3,009,000 women. Result records have been broken for men's and women's products alike.

80% of all Liberty families above $2,000 income class. 65.8% U. S. average.

52% own homes
37% U. S. average*
84% have telephones
39% U. S. average
58% have radios
46% U. S. average
50% have vacuum cleaners
37% U. S. average
34% have electric washers
29% U. S. average
15% have mechanical refrigerators
8% U. S. average

**In cities covered by Starch Survey*

WHERE?

Liberty concentrates three-quarters of its circulation in cities over 25,000 population. Liberty places more circulation here (where the greater part of all retail business is done) than any other magazine.

HOW READ?

Liberty is wanted enough by its readers, that 99% of them buy voluntarily week after week. No expensive subscription crews are necessary to sign up readers 6 months or a year or two in advance. 99% single copy circulation is 99% guaranteed-to-be-read circulation.

Then, instead of burying 90% of its advertisements after the start of the *last* story, Liberty alternates advertisements and story leads throughout the book. Surveys show this nearly doubles readers-per-advertisement.

THE YARDSTICK OF CIRCULATION QUALITY

It is true that magazine costs, on the average, have decreased but a fraction of a per cent while commodity prices have dropped 30 per cent.

But many publishers have met the situation by increasing the physical value of their magazines. They feel, and perhaps rightly, that conditions for them are already adjusted.

In the Meantime, You Must Make Sales

With appropriations being put on a Post-Depression basis, the problem of increasing dollar coverage becomes acute. For such appropriations Liberty now offers *one* answer.

Liberty's cost, unlike that of any other magazine, has dropped 35 per cent during the past five years.

And now, *like* many other magazines, Liberty offers a vastly improved physical property.

Over a Quarter Million More for Better Paper and Editorial Contents

Since April 1, 1931, Liberty's paper stock improved on two separate occasions. Just closed, now, is a new paper contract, the largest quality paper order ever placed by a single magazine, to take effect beginning January, 1932. This involves an expense of $160,000 more a year.

In addition, editorial, art and manuscript activities—already successful in building the most-asked-for magazine in America—are being stepped up to the tune of $100,000 more a year.

What Your 1931-32 Dollar Buys:

Liberty	565 families
Average of 3 Other Weeklies	377 families
Average of 2 Monthlies	391 families
Average of 6 Women's Magazines	286 families

Think what Liberty's new management throws open to Post-Depression appropriations *now:*

50 per cent more coverage than in other Weeklies
45 per cent more coverage than in Monthlies
98 per cent more coverage than in Women's Magazines

What Do They Think of It?

Within 60 days of Liberty's April announcement carrying the assurance of an improved book *plus continued low rates*, 92 advertisers and 58 agencies had sent in $1,521,677 worth of new orders.

A gesture of good will, perhaps, but more likely a reflection of hard pressed appropriations suddenly faced with an opportunity to do 50% to 100% better than elsewhere.

One of them says: "Liberty is giving Advertising a chance to get on the job for Business—now."

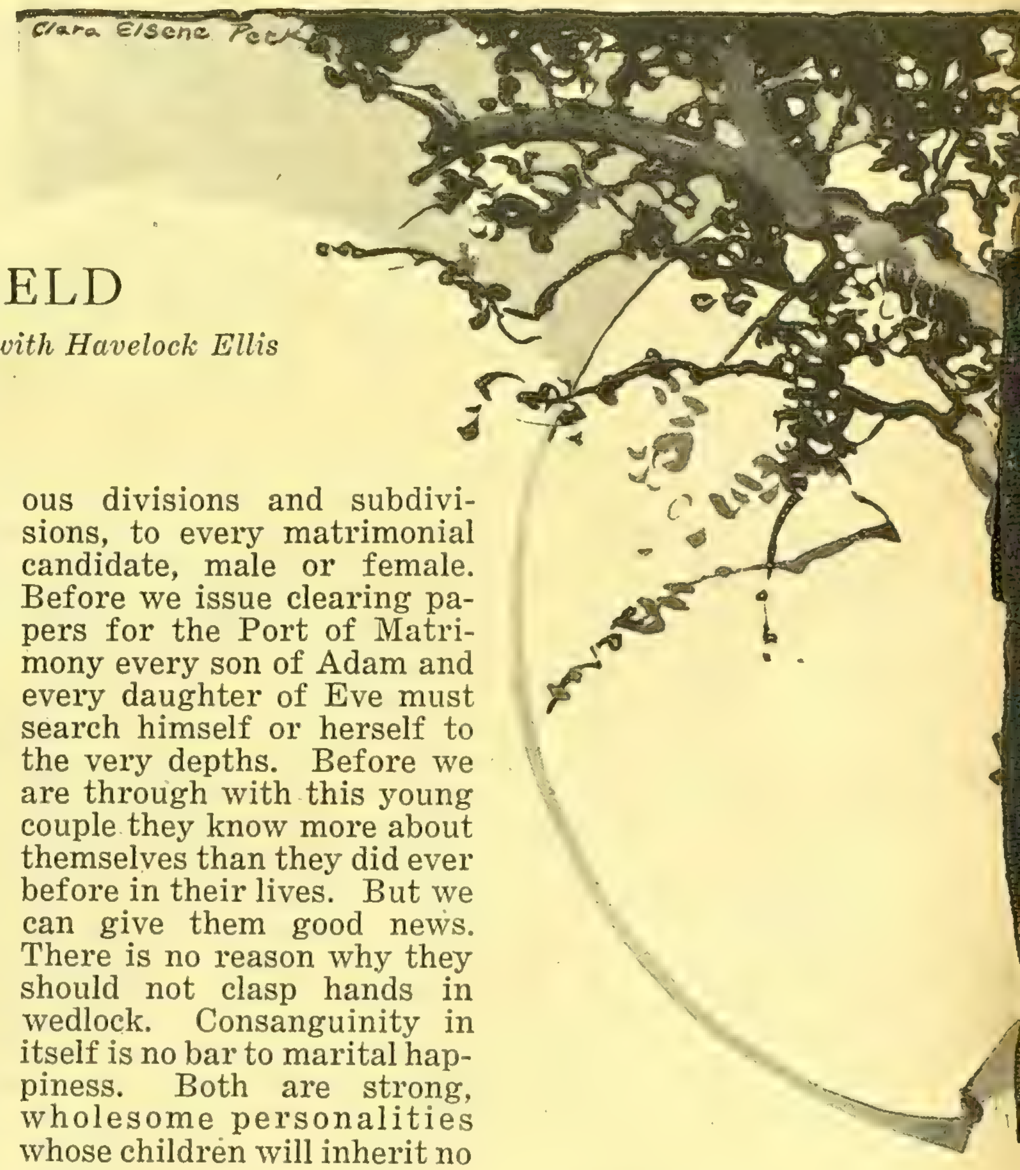
Write without obligation on your business letterhead for booklet: "To every man with $1 to spend in advertising." Liberty Magazine, 2700 Graybar Building, New York City.

AMONG THE ADVERTISERS NOW APPEARING IN LIBERTY

American Safety Razor Corp.
American Tel. & Tel. Co.
American Tobacco Co.
Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co.
B. V. D. Co.
Barbasol Co.
Bauer & Black
Beech-Nut Packing Co.
Borden Co.
Bristol Myers Co.
Brown & Williamson Tobacco Co.
Chesebrough Mfg. Co.
Chi., Mil., St. Paul & Pac. R.R.
Chrysler Motors Corp.
Cluett-Peabody & Co.
Coca-Cola Co.
Columbia Pictures Corp.
Crosley Radio Corp.
R. B Davis Co.
Jos. T. Dixon Crucible Co.
Encyclopædia Britannica, Inc.
Ethyl Gasoline Corp.
Florida Citrus Exchange
General Motors Corp.
Gillette Safety Razor Co.
Alexander Hamilton Institute
Hewes & Potter
Hinze Ambrosia, Inc.
Chas. E. Hires Co.
Houbigant, Inc.
Indian Refining Co.
International Mercantile Marine
Jantzen Knitting Mills
Johnson & Johnson
Kellogg Co.
Kolynos Co.
Kress & Owen Co.
Lambert Pharmacal Co.
Larus & Bros. Co.
Lever Bros. Co.
Mennen Co.
Philip Morris & Co.
Northwestern Yeast Co.
Norwich Pharmacal Co.
Parker Pen Co.
Pepsodent Co.
Pompeian Co., Inc.
R. C. A.-Victor Corp.
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Sinclair Refining Co.
A. G. Spalding & Bros.
Stanco, Inc.
A. Stein & Co.
Texas Co.
Vapo Cresolene Co.
Veldown Company, Inc.
Wander Co.
G. Washington Coffee Co.
L. E. Waterman Co.
R. L. Watkins Co.
Western Clock Co.
W. F. Young Co.
Zonite Products Corp.

Liberty . . . *a weekly for the whole family*
PRICED FOR *POST*-DEPRESSION

COULD YOU ANSWER



As told to
GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK
By

DR. MAGNUS HIRSCHFELD

Founder of the Sexological Institute in Berlin and Chairman with Havelock Ellis of the World League for Sex Reform

Pictures by CLARA ELSENE PECK

(Reading time: 21 minutes 5 seconds.)

EVERY hamlet in the United States boasts of a repair shop for automobiles. But where is a repair shop for broken hearts? I hope that before long some Rockefeller or Ford will girdle the United States with a chain of Love Clinics. My own Love Clinic in Berlin, which evolved from my Sexological Institute, dedicates itself to the task of supplying practical remedies for the maladjustments from which love and marriage suffer in modern life. Institutes along similar lines are planned in a number of European states, notably Russia and Czechoslovakia.

Nearly two thousand physicians and thousands of teachers inspect our Love Clinic yearly. We overhaul and adjust the victims of faulty philosophies, mistaken reticences, and unbalanced glandular constitutions. These victims are far more numerous than sufferers from cancer or tuberculosis. There is some maladjustment, however slight, in the love life of every man. Yet love is the dynamo that keeps the whole world going. If there is trouble with the love motor the whole machine goes on the rocks.

The waiting room of the Institute is crowded daily and nightly with a motley throng. The first year brought 18,000 consultants. Since that time the number of consultations has steadily mounted. Some enter hesitantly through the door that bears the Latin inscription: Sacred to Sorrow and to Love. Others enter confidently, gayly, because they have come here before and we have been able to straighten out the tangled ends of their lives. Every nationality and every rank of society is represented.

Over there, idly glancing over a magazine, I see a Japanese student. He is very nervous. His hands tremble. Some love trouble clouds his mind. Over here a woman in widow's weeds, pale but resolute. Right next to her is her son, a fair, slim, nervous-looking youth of nineteen or twenty. She puts her arms around his shoulders as a bird mother enfolds its young. The mother's features are domineering. The boy's face is soft. One could almost mistake him for a girl. I wonder what the trouble may be? Perhaps the mother's apron strings are tied too closely around his neck.

I speak to a man and a woman, two young Germans from Munich. Both are blond. Both have the same name. Are they brother and sister? No. But first cousins. They are in love with each other and want to marry. But someone has raised the objection that they are related too closely. There is a certain family resemblance, but it is not obvious. They are like different fruits, an apple and a pear, grown on the same tree. There seems to be no pronounced weakness in the family, no strain which, if perpetuated, is likely to lead to biological disaster. We cross-examine the couple, after subjecting them to various tests. In the old days of fairy tales the knight who wanted to marry a princess was asked three riddles. If he could answer them satisfactorily he received the hand of the princess. If he could not answer them he was thrown to the dragons.

Compared with our experts the princess seems a marvel of moderation. We propound 140 questions, with numerous divisions and subdivisions, to every matrimonial candidate, male or female. Before we issue clearing papers for the Port of Matrimony every son of Adam and every daughter of Eve must search himself or herself to the very depths. Before we are through with this young couple they know more about themselves than they did ever before in their lives. But we can give them good news. There is no reason why they should not clasp hands in wedlock. Consanguinity in itself is no bar to marital happiness. Both are strong, wholesome personalities whose children will inherit no taint.

THERE is some maladjustment in the love life of every man. Yet love is the dynamo that keeps the whole world going.

Gazing at some of the pictures on the wall stand another young couple. The man's face twitches nervously. The woman is obviously the hysterical type. They are madly in love with each other but they hesitate about marriage. The girl has an uncle who is an eccentric with a touch of insanity. The boy's ancestry reveals epilepsy. His father was a famous artist, but slightly mad. We probe deeply. We compel them to strip bare their souls. No matter to what depths of the unconscious we apply the sound, we find that every fiber of their beings is impregnated with love. Their union is unobjectionable from the point of view of their individual happiness. But it presents a problem in eugenics. Fortunately the woman does not have a strongly developed maternal instinct. We raise no objection to their marriage but warn them not to tempt fate by having a child. They go out arm in arm, happily.

A MIDDLE-AGED couple from Vienna seem to be somewhat embarrassed. "No, it is not my fault," says the woman. "But," the man replies, "it certainly is not mine. The microscopic analysis clearly shows—" Investigation develops that both are perfectly healthy, each capable of parenthood, but not with each other. Some biochemical maladjustment intervenes. We delicately explain the problem to them. They must decide for themselves if love is enough. If they want children each must seek a mate elsewhere.

My secretary brings in another couple. The man wears his bulletlike head shaven clean in the fashion of many Germans. The woman is dressed smartly but there are lines in her face that show that she is not happy. The two constantly contradict each other. At every word from her the man flies into a rage. At the slightest contradiction from him her eyes water. We subject them to our analysis. After studying the case for several days

These QUESTIONS *When You Were* MARRIED?

we are convinced that they love each other. Nevertheless, their lives are made miserable by constant scenes. Their nerves are worn to a frazzle. We explain to them that there is not merely a law of sex attraction but also a law of sex repulsion. Both are basic.

Lovers who do not realize the ambivalent aspect of human affection are surprised by sudden waves of hatred which, unexpectedly emerging from the deeps, turn the placid lake of matrimonial content into a raging ocean. Marital impotence or marital frigidity may ensue. In the case of marital impotence the husband can respond to the allurements of other women, but is blind to the attractions of his wedded mate. In cases of marital frigidity the woman girds her heart with an armor of ice; others may break through this armor, but it remains adamant against her husband.

We explain the situation to them. We advise them to read Antipathy in Marriage, by Dr. Th. H. Van De Velde, the Dutch gynecologist. We urge them to make allowance for the peculiar law of sex repulsion. We suggest a vacation from marriage. If they will separate from time to time for a few weeks or a few months it may be possible to rescue their happiness.

A DASHING Argentine lady, loaded with flesh and with diamonds, sweeps into the room. Behind her, like a dog on a chain, follows a dark young man. "Is the youth your son?" "No, he is my fiancé." The wealthy South American wishes to know if the boy really loves her. Obviously a gigolo. Nevertheless investigation discloses that he is really infatuated with the elderly widow. He is the type of man who has never been able to escape from the mother complex. He loves the woman older than himself because in some way she resembles his mother. The lady leaves with her gigolo, her face beaming.

I have known similar cases of young women whose hearts went out invariably to men older than themselves. The first affection of a child usually centers upon the parent of the opposite sex. In time most people free themselves from parental vassalage. No one escapes entirely from this attachment, the famous Œdipus complex of psychoanalysis. Some remain its slaves forever. I remember a girl of twenty who was infatuated with a man who could be her grandfather. Ordinarily it is safe for such women to marry men older than themselves. It would not be safe for them to marry young men whom they would not respect because they could not look up to them as they did to their fathers.

I HEAR a murmur in the waiting room. Most of our visitors are so well trained as to show no evidence of surprise, no matter how eccentric a person may appear. However, in this instance I cannot blame them if they are somewhat disturbed. The source of the commotion in the waiting room is Madame X, the bearded lady of the circus. In spite of her hirsute adornment, Madame X is married and is the mother of a healthy boy. She is disturbed because her husband evinces too lively an interest in other women, women without beards. Some curious childhood experience, some idiosyncrasy, made it possible for him to love a bearded lady. But something has normalized his reactions. His wife's beard now repels him. The poor lady must sacrifice either her love or her career, her husband or her beard.

This situation may seem absurd to most readers. But love's vagaries are the despair of the psychologists. Some women have a special weakness for ugly men. I have met, perhaps less frequently, men with a predilection for ugly women. Some women have a fetishism for bald heads. Others are attracted by scars. Some men, like the famous philosopher Cartesius, evince a preference for cross-eyed women. The amorous propensities of one of my patients are aroused by persons with wooden legs. Hunchbacks have been the darlings of fashionable women. Cripples sometimes exercise a weird fascination.

A wealthy American with his daughter is ushered in. It seems the father is worried because the girl has a "crush" on one of her women teachers. I look at the girl. She strikes me as perfectly normal. However, we take nothing for granted. We discover that the "crush," while intense, is merely a product of the girl's immaturity. In a year or two she will fall in love with a collar-advertisement boy and will completely forget the beauti-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

COULD YOU ANSWER THESE QUESTIONS WHEN YOU WERE MARRIED?

Continued from page nineteen

ful teacher. Much relieved, the father takes a boat back to America.

Another patient is introduced accompanied by his parents and a plain-clothes man. Here we deal with a more serious case. The record shows that the patient, though a member of a good family, has been arrested innumerable times for offenses against young children. This presents a difficult problem. After weeks of observation we come to the conclusion that nothing can disentangle the twisted nerves of the unfortunate youth. Only two things can save him from himself, death or a surgical operation.

Most cases involving a variation from the normal which come to us present a less tragic aspect. The Japanese student is a case of this type. He leaves much relieved, realizing that he is not a monstrous exception to nature's rules, but a logical link in the infinite chain. We free men and women from unjustified self-reproach. We also save innumerable men and women from the social and legal consequences of acts which arise not from their own free will but from some mysterious interplay of their nervous system and their glandular constitution.

NOTHING in the circle of human passion startles or shocks me. For thirty-five years love has been my preoccupation. For thirty-five years I have studied men and women and the infinite gradations between the poles of sex. For thirty-five years thousands have poured into my ears confessions which they dared not admit even to themselves. I refuse to look upon marriage through the spectacles of outworn moralists. If we want to envisage love truthfully we must tear from its face the many hypocritical masks imposed upon it by modern civilization.

When, thirty-five years ago, I published my first modest contribution to sexology, the world was ruled by the great god Taboo. Ignorance was misnamed innocence. Silence on all sexual subjects was regarded as sacred. Many changes have taken place since then. Countless brave men and women have striven to free the human soul from the ghosts of dead taboos. Knowledge is power. With increasing knowledge we shall be able to break the conspiracy of silence which convention still imposes upon the sex life of man.

The new science of glands fostered by Steinach, Voronoff, and others, and the new psychology which owes its inception to Freud, have given us a basis for approaching the subject of marriage scientifically. We are still handicapped by the fact that few institutions like my Love Clinic exist in which the new knowledge is systematized and applied.

Sex is the most important factor in human life. But our knowledge of its laws is still rudimentary. As a result of this ignorance, the average man shows less perspicacity in picking a wife than in buying an automobile. The average woman takes more care in the selection of a lap dog than of a husband. Yet the automobile can be exchanged if it proves unsatisfactory. The puppy dog can be returned to the kennels—dispatched to a happier world. It is not so easy to get rid of an unsatisfactory wife or husband.

The marriage partnership is almost indissoluble in many countries. If it is dissolved, alimony and other questions arise and plague us. Innumerable men are made miserable for life merely because they did not have the courage to ask a number of questions before popping the final one. Innumerable women are chained to men whom they detest in their heart of hearts. The matrimonial bond becomes bondage; wedlock, padlock.

To cure or to prevent the union of two beings ill-adjusted for marital happiness is the chief function of our marital department. We subject the young man and the young woman who wish to get married to various physical and microscopic tests. Several of these tests are prescribed in some states before a marriage certificate can be obtained. But such tests can at best establish a taint in the blood. They cannot ascertain contradictory impulses hidden in the unconscious. No purely physical examination, however elaborate, suffices. We must sound the depths of the soul.

EVERY fiber of their beings is impregnated with love. Their union is unobjectionable from the point of view of their individual happiness.

After many years of experimentation we devised the famous questionnaire which aids us in these soundings. Our questions ascertain the physical status of the person who answers them, his family history, his childhood, his youth, and his present condition; they delve fearlessly into physical, mental, and sexual peculiarities. Our material has grown like an avalanche. We possess today the most complete data on the sex life of our time.

At first the individual rebels against exposing his soul in this fashion to a scientific cross-examination. But after devoting some time to the task he usually becomes interested. It takes most people several hours to fill out the answers. It took one man three years!

APART from helping him decide upon his fitness for matrimony, the analysis to which the patient subjects himself eases emotional tension. Like the confessional, like psychoanalysis, it has the effect of "flushing" the mind. Those who come to us know that their secret will be carefully guarded. We do not even insist upon knowing their names. They may conceal their identities.

Our method is of special value when the two candidates for matrimony consult us simultaneously. Our experts carefully analyze and compare the sex histories embodied in their replies to the psycho-biological questionnaire. Sometimes we discover antagonistic complexes so deeply rooted that happy marriage is out of the question. Frequently, however, we find that their differences can be ironed out. We teach them to respect each other's personality and to liberate themselves from taboos rising from infantile misunderstandings and faulty upbringing.

The first part of the questionnaire establishes the subject's age, sex, race, profession, habitat, and religion, also his state (whether married, unmarried, widowed, or divorced). We ask him to attach his photograph if possible, also pictures of the sexual type that entices his imagination. We proceed to examine his parentage.

I have already given some instances where ancestry or consanguinity played an important part. The age and the character of the parents may be decisive factors. We do not hesitate to ask the most intimate question which may reveal some new angle in the psychology of the patients: "Were you born in wedlock?" "Do you know if your parents before your birth wished for a boy or a girl?" "What was your relation to your parents in childhood?" "Whom did you love more, your father or your mother?" "Did a hostile element enter into your relationship with your parents?" "Did you or a near relative suffer from mental or nervous disturbances, like neurasthenia, convulsions, St. Vitus' dance, hysteria, imbecility, melancholia, paralysis?"

WE give the family tree a thorough shaking. We investigate the attitude of parent and progeny toward alcohol. We try to discover if there were suicides or attempted suicides in the family history, also if any members of the tribe have run afoul of the law.

We trace inherited dispositions toward adventure, mysticism, abnormal proclivities, streaks of madness or genius. No criticism is implied in our questions. It is never *who's*, but always *what's* to blame?

The next twenty questions deal with childhood and youth. We try to discover when the patient learned to speak and to walk. When did he have his first teeth? Were there convulsions? Did he shoot up rapidly? Was he timid, was he sickly, sensitive, obedient, inclined to anger, a difficult child, opinionated? etc., etc.

We investigate the awakening of sex, her or his education, punishments, boyish and girlish friendships, habits of living and sleeping. What sort of games did he or she play? What were her or his childish habits? Did he suck his thumbs? Bite his nails? Every answer may be important. Every line may reveal the clue to the personality of the man or the woman. The manner of the reply betrays more than the patient suspects. We follow the subject into the realm

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

The Canary has a Rival in the Saline Cocktail Club

TAKE a life-long leave of absence from morning headaches, dull spirits, days that drag! Join up with the men whose days have a singing start—who drink this saline cocktail at crack of morning!

When you wake up feeling depressed and out-of-sorts, hop to the bathroom. Into a glass of water pour a spoonful of Sal Hepatica. (Measure with the bottle cap if more convenient.) Drink it down!

For Sal Hepatica's splendid mixture soon relieves a sluggish system, it keeps men in the pink of form and fettle. And many a woman drinks this sparkling combination to attain a blemish-free skin.

Constipation . . . headaches . . . colds . . . rheumatism and many common digestive troubles bow before the gentle, yet thorough action of Sal Hepatica! More than any other kind of laxative, it corrects acidity and clears the bloodstream.

Physicians—our own and the European—recommend the drinking of salines, and year after year send their patients abroad to visit the spas. At these famous health springs, thousands of men and women "take the cure" and thus restore their youth and vigor. Sal Hepatica is the efficient American equivalent of Europe's spas.

From your doctor, learn more about this saline way to health. Ask him about Sal Hepatica. Buy a bottle today from your druggist . . . Any morning you arise feeling not quite up to normal, join the Saline Cocktail Club—and smile through the rest of the day!

Sal Hepatica

At your druggist's *30¢, 60¢, and $1.20*

Sal Hepatica

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Dept. A-81, 71 West St., New York
Kindly send me the Free Booklet that explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

*Name*____________________

*Street*____________________

*City*__________ *State*__________

COULD YOU ANSWER THESE QUESTIONS WHEN YOU WERE MARRIED?

Continued from page twenty-one

of his childish dreams, especially those which he dreamed more than once. We search for any terrifying experience or shock in the early life of the patient.

The next twenty-five questions deal with physical peculiarities and conditions. We ask the patient to describe his build, his height, his weight, his muscular development, the strength of his legs, his athletic preferences, his ability to dance, to ride, etc., etc. We also ask her or him to indicate which corresponding physical qualities attract him most in others. We ask him if his steps are large, small, mincing, if he can whistle, if his complexion is dark or light. We inquire into the texture of his hair and his beard. We analyze his handwriting, his sensitivity to pain, the lines of his body, the width of his hips, the breadth of his shoulders, the formation of his skull, his secondary sexual characteristics, the shape of his ears, the color of his eyes, his preferences for certain perfumes and certain flavors, his facial expression, the degree of masculinity or femininity in his deportment, the development of his Adam's apple, the quality of his voice. We ask him to give an accounting of his nervous troubles—headache, migraine, sleeplessness, forgetfulness, phobias, fainting spells, and what not.

Thirty-two questions are asked to lay bare the mental peculiarities of the subject. What is his or her temperament? Phlegmatic, sanguine, choleric, or melancholy? Is he or she subject to periods of depression occurring at regular intervals? "Is," we ask, "the family sense strongly developed?" "Are you ambitious, are you curious, do you like gossip, are you distrustful or credulous?" "What is your attitude toward religion, toward the supernatural, spiritualism?" "What are your talents and inclinations?" A person's attitude toward life, art, politics, may be of the utmost importance in marriage.

Deeper and deeper we delve. Veil after veil is lifted. The remaining forty-five questions are devoted to the intensity, the direction, and the variation of the sex instinct. "Do you like persons who are older or younger than you, persons of your own age, or is the age a matter of indifference?" "Are you attracted seriously by persons who are socially and intellectually above you or below you?" "Is your eye, your ear, your sense of smell, or the brain itself the chief channel of sex attraction?" "Are you eye-minded, ear-minded, or nose-minded in love?" "Do you love a woman of the same type as yourself, or do you prefer contrast?" "Does your affection respond to highly accentuated feminine types with large breasts and broad hips, or to the boyish model?" "Are you embarrassed in your relations with the other sex?" "Are you constant or fickle in your affections?"

TO complete the picture, we ask a large number of questions too intimate to be reprinted here. We strip soul and body. We discover the source of love.

Too often pride and vanity play the part of procuress in the marriage mart. Men as well as women marry because they are pleased by the adulation of another person. The maternal instinct, the desire to take care of someone, which is rooted so deeply in the feminine temperament, or the protective instinct of the male may be involved.

The love of comfort and riches, or the desire for change, may complicate the motives. One may respond temporarily to the superior technique of the expert lover. Such love is, literally, skin-deep.

Genuine love and genuine marriage presuppose sexual affinity. Its presence or absence appears clearly from the detailed replies to specific questions.

Two beings who, in popular parlance, seem to be "made for each other" may be completely unsuited in reality. Their individualities may not coalesce. On the other hand, psychic, physical, and cultural differences do not necessarily preclude a happy union. A certain ferment, a sense of combat, often increases marital felicity. A tranquil marriage is not necessarily a happy marriage. Quarrels between lovers may be the ingredient which makes the dish more palatable or the cocktail impeccable.

On the other hand, comparatively slight maladjustments may invoke the death of love. A few conversations based on a study of the questionnaire may suffice to drag forth the unsuspected inhibitions which, like mythological monsters, are too powerful to be slain. In that case we urge separation.

The deeper we explore, the more complex the erotic personality seems. Love is always a puzzle. It is difficult to comprehend other men's love affairs.

When a man is head over heels in love with some woman who provokes no specific amorous response in us, we ask ourselves: "What does he see in her?"

OR, in the reverse case, we vainly cudgel our brains over the mad infatuation of a splendid woman for some male scalawag. We are thus puzzled because we do not know the specific stimulant in the one to which the love centers of the other respond.

The pyramid of questionnaires stacked up in my Love Clinic leaves no doubt that the "erotic objective" is definitely established early in life.

It may be determined by heredity, by infantile experiences, or by innumerable factors eluding analysis. But once it is fixed, our nervous system and our glands, our love centers, respond inevitably to the same stimulus. Once we find our sexual affinity, our love goal, we seek it forever.

There may be external differences. Our loves may be tall or short, blond or brunette. But desire—call it Libido, like Freud, or call it Love Urge—unerringly discovers, however concealed or disguised, its chosen objective. It responds spontaneously and instantaneously only to the specific energizer demanded by its nervous system and its glandular organism. If it cannot find the perfect ideal, the Love Urge selects the type or the trait which satisfies its strongest component.

Examination reveals some affinity in every individual whose presence engenders in us that spontaneous excitation of certain brain centers which I call Love. Even the thousand loves of Don Juan must have had in common some specific enticement!

The Love Urge, in other words, is not stirred by all persons, but only by certain selected groups, which can be bracketed under a common denominator.

The group may be large or it may be small, but it is always limited. We are sexually attracted in varying degrees by the individuals who compose the selected group.

The Libido selects most emphatically those who possess the largest number of traits to which our own organism responds, or the individual in whom one specific trait is raised to the highest power.

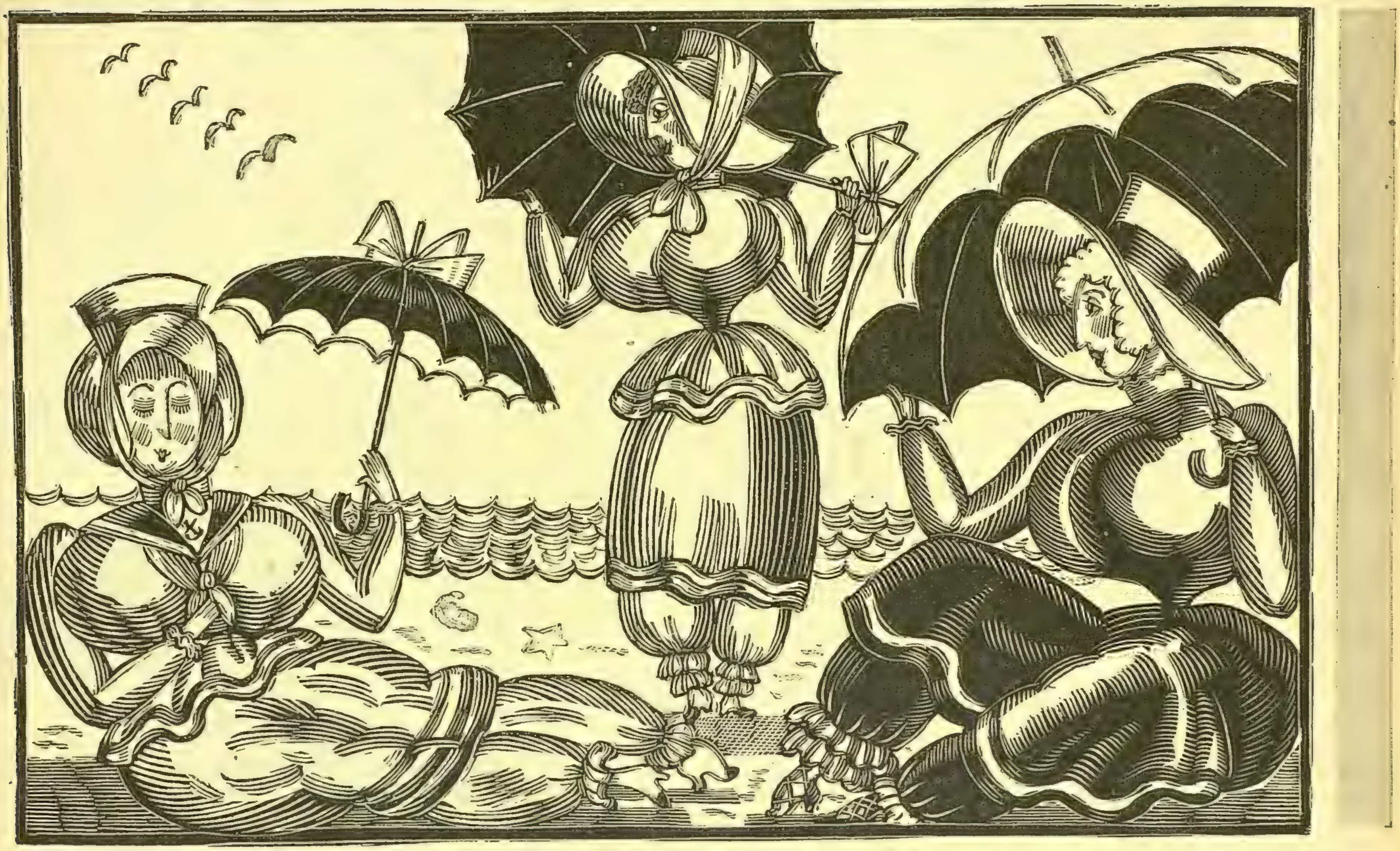
Such individuals possess for us the magic of sex appeal—"It."

Many marital difficulties, most lovers' quarrels, and most divorces can be avoided if prospective husbands and wives look before loving.

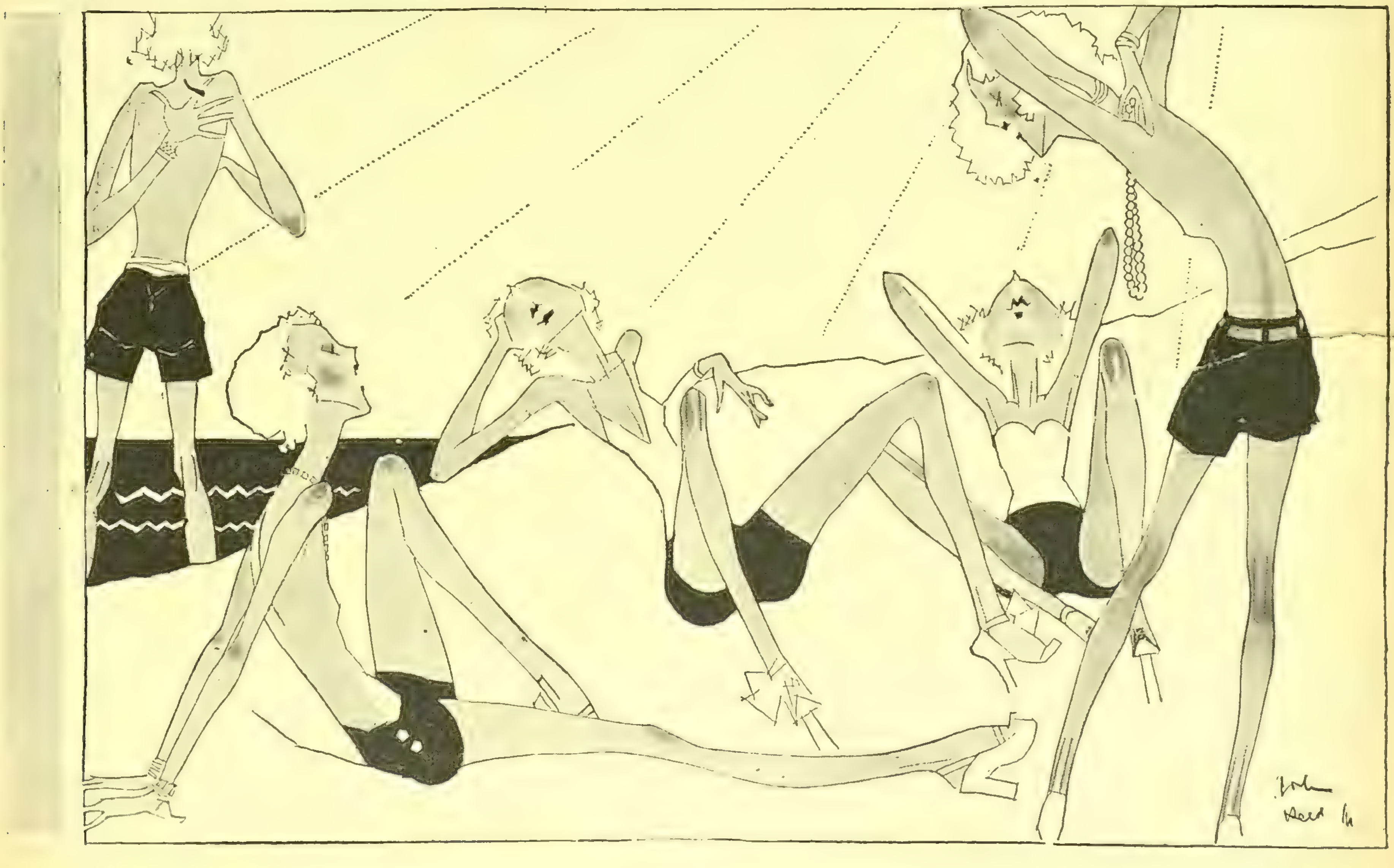
Don't marry in haste and repent in Reno. The man or the woman who takes the time to answer one hundred and forty questions thoroughly before saying "yes" or "no" increases by a thousand per cent his or her chances of marital felicity.

THE END

CIVILIZATION'S PROGRESS by John Held, Jr.



Sun Worshipers In Days of Tender Memories



Sun Worshipers . . . . .Today

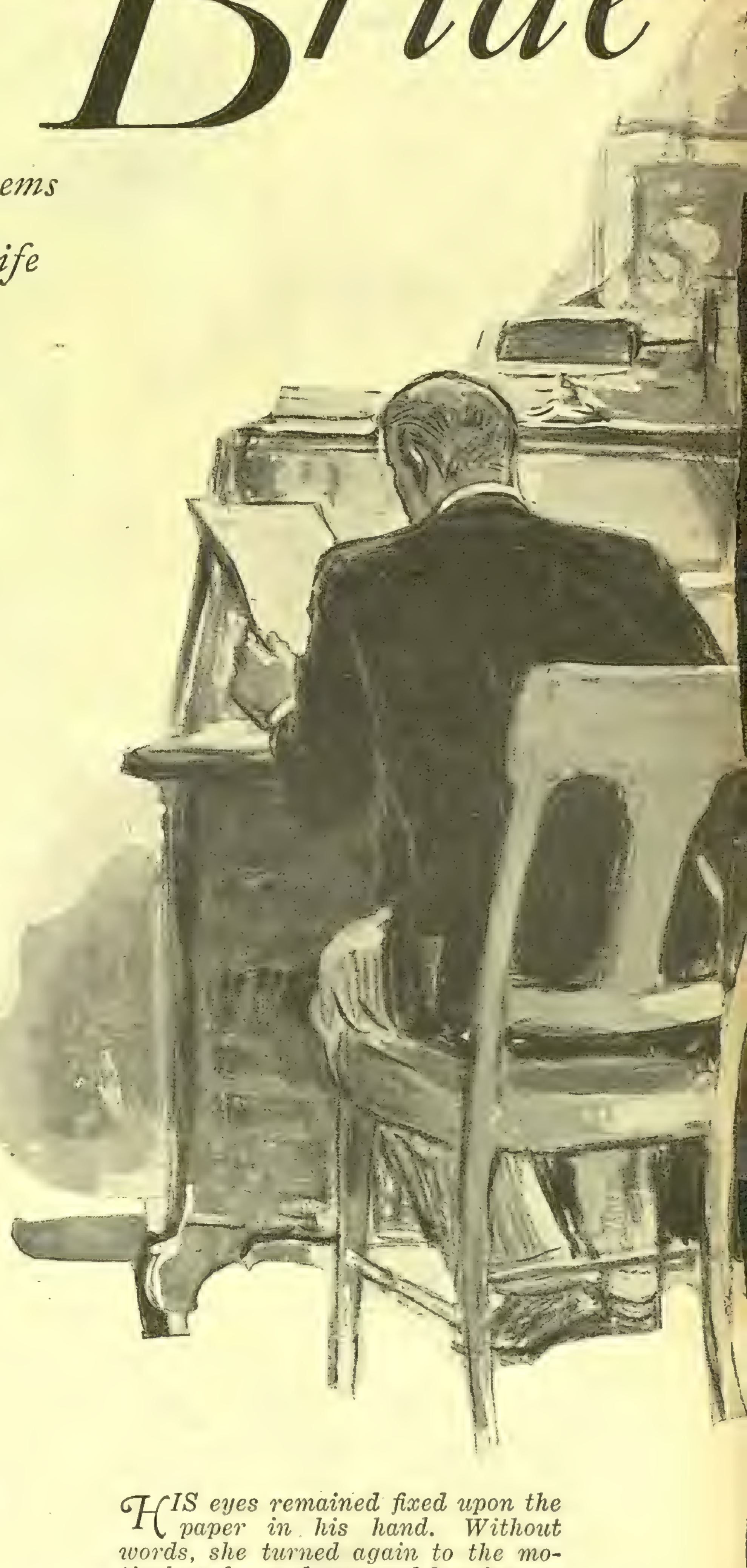
Silver Bride

A Story of the Stratagems of a Love-Hungry Wife

By

Ethel M. Dell

Pictures by JAY BARNUM



HIS eyes remained fixed upon the paper in his hand. Without words, she turned again to the motionless fire and resumed her former attitude.

(Reading time: 32 minutes 45 seconds.)

THIS is the story of the loves of Marcia Templeton. Leaving husband and children, she became a war nurse, and, together with her adoring patient, Eric Morven, barely escaped death by flames.

Several years later, Marcia, vacationing with her children, Goldie and Dennis, met, first, young Sir Peter Tregassa, Eric's cousin, who fascinated Goldie, then Eric himself. Marcia learned that the past, and Eric's burning love for her, still lived.

Sitting alone, she saw a face at her window.

PART THREE—THE THIRST FOR LIVING

MARCIA raised the sash, and in a moment the rush of rain became apparent. She stepped back. "Oh, come in out of the wet!" she said.

Eric Morven climbed in over the sill and stood before her, the faint smile still on his face. "This is very unorthodox," he said. Then, at something he read in her face, "Oh, you needn't be afraid of the flesh. I assure you the spirit has full control."

Marcia spoke, her voice curiously strained and conventional: "Won't you shut the window and come to the fire?"

He had neither hat nor overcoat, and his hair and face were glistening with the rain through which he had come. He obeyed her with absolute simplicity. They confronted each other on the hearth.

"I had to come," said Eric quietly, "and explain something to you. Do you mind?"

"Is it going to do any good?" questioned Marcia.

He raised his eyebrows. "I am in disgrace then? You refuse to listen?"

Marcia moved a little, turning slightly from him. "No, it's not that. Of course I will listen. Only—talking won't undo anything, will it?"

"Certainly not," he agreed. "But it may place things in a more favorable aspect—restore our friendship to a reasonable footing. Would you object to that?"

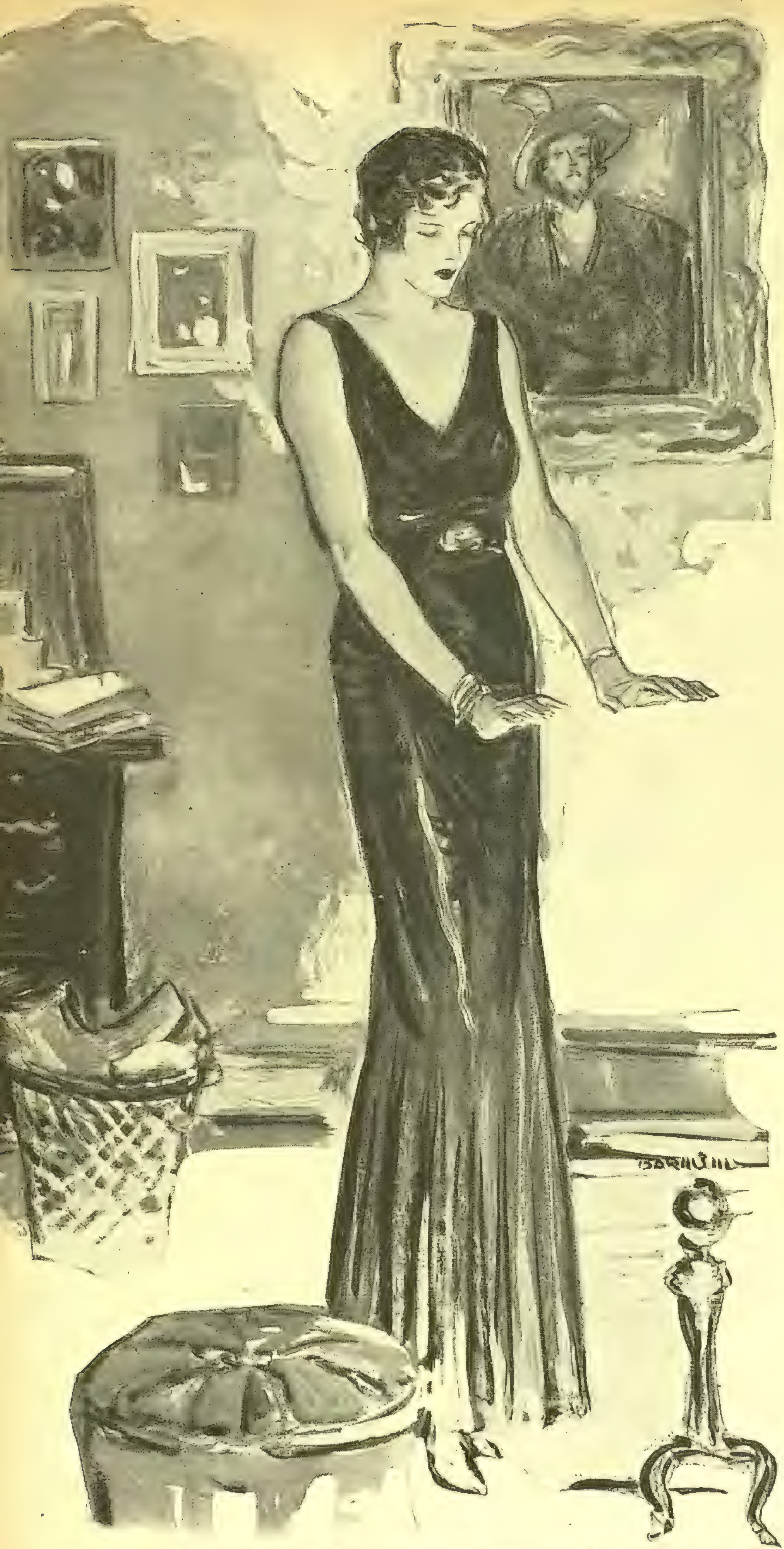
"I am afraid," said Marcia, speaking almost under her breath, "that this is a subject that I can't very well talk about. And I think—perhaps"—she spoke with effort—"there are some things on which it is best not to be too—explicit. We have had a very jolly time—up to today. You have been very good to us all, you and Peter. But—it's come to an end now. Tomorrow we shall be busy packing, and the next day we are all going home."

"Oh!" he said abruptly. "You're leaving, are you? Running away! Marcia, why?"

There was a certain ring of sternness in the question. She turned and faced him fully again, as though compelled, but she spoke with firmness.

"I am doing the only thing possible—the only thing left to do."

"That's absurd," he said. "You're making a moun-



tain out of a molehill. Marcia"—his voice changed suddenly, subtly—"my dear, don't!"

She made a small movement with her hands as if to ward off persuasion. "I have—decided," she said, her voice very low.

There came a short silence during which she faced him still, but with eyes downcast. She was trembling unaccountably, though she strove desperately not to let him know it. But when he spoke, she looked up at him perforce, for his voice was sharp with pain.

"All right," he said. "I understand. I'll go."

He turned with the words and was already across the room before she could stay him. It was only his momentary pause to open the window that gave her time.

"Eric—Eric!" she said. "Stop!"

His hand was on the sash, but at the sound of her voice he checked and stood rigid, his back to her.

"Stop!" she said again quickly, almost incoherently. "Come back! You—can't go like this."

He turned slowly round without advancing. His eyes met hers across the intervening space, but he said nothing whatever.

IT was she who spoke, nervously, deprecatingly, as if in extenuation of the impulse that had moved her to detain him. "I didn't mean to drive you away, or to seem unkind. I've seen enough of men to know that—what happened this afternoon was—as you say—a mere molehill. But—"

"Marcia!" he said.

Something in his tone—reproach of her or of himself—cut her to the heart. She drew in her breath to speak, but could not. She turned from him and sat down before the fire, bending forward, her face averted.

In a moment she heard him coming back, but with the measured step of a man quite sure of himself. He reached her chair and stood behind it.

"Marcia," he said, and his voice was quiet and steady as his step had been, "forgive me! It wasn't a molehill. I'm not—that sort of man. And if I had been, do you imagine I would insult you—you, Marcia!—like that?"

She did not answer. She could not. Tears were running down her face, and she could not check them. She could only gaze straight before her into the blurred glow of the dying embers in utter silence.

"Listen!" he said very gently. "And don't cry, dear! Please don't! Nothing has happened to make you. Nothing new has happened at all. I didn't even kiss you for the first time today. And as to loving you, I have done that from the first moment I saw you. Is there anything in that to make you want to cast me out?"

He paused, but still she could not answer him. He did not misread her silence, but went quietly on.

"I promise you this, my dear. I will never let my love for you get out of hand again. I will never again give you any cause for distress. What happened this afternoon was simply and solely the outcome of a sort of holiday fantasy that I was fool enough

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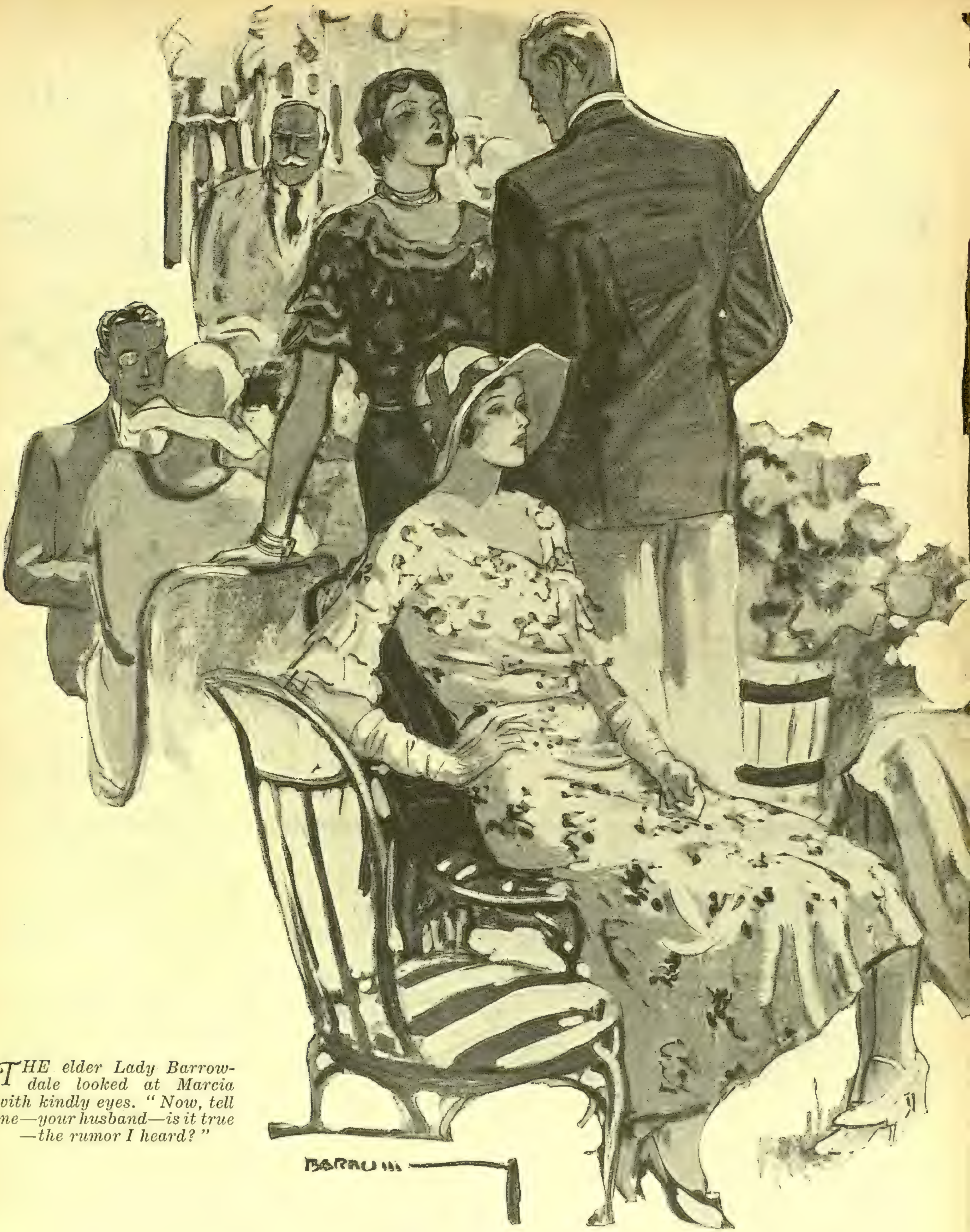


THE elder Lady Barrowdale looked at Marcia with kindly eyes. "Now, tell me—your husband—is it true—the rumor I heard?"

[SILVER BRIDE
Continued from page twenty-five]

to give the rein to. All the while we were up at Tregassa I was picturing myself the king of the castle, while you—beloved—were just a fisher girl down on the shore. And I saw myself coming to you and offering all I had—all I had—" A tremor crept into his voice. He stopped for a moment, then ended almost coldly, "That's all. My imagination got away with it. That's what I came to explain. It never will again. Will you accept my explanation and put the whole thing behind you?"

He paused again. Marcia made a curious little movement like a shrug of the shoulders. Then, rather blindly, she fumbled for her handkerchief and wiped away her

tears. "It's already put—behind," she said in a choked voice which he had to stoop forward to hear.

He waited for more, but nothing came. She sat huddled together, with a crushed aspect wholly unnatural to her.

"I'm forgiven then, am I?" he said at length. "You won't make an outcast of me for this?"

SHE shook her head forlornly. "No. It makes no difference," she said.

He bent farther forward, trying to see her averted face. "Marcia! What do you mean? You're still friends with me? You'll keep friends?"

She seemed to struggle with herself and at length sat slowly upright. "But I've got to go away," she said, and, low as it was, her voice had in it something of a wail. "You mustn't—please, Eric—try to dissuade me from that. It isn't that I'm angry. You can see I'm not. But it's just—my duty."

"You don't want to go," he said.

For a space there was silence, then quietly Eric straightened himself. He moved round her chair to the hearth and there stood looking down at her.

"Are we never going to meet again?" he said. "Am I to be banished completely out of your life? Is it—Marcia—is it as bad as that?"

A hard quiver went through her. "Oh, don't let us talk of it any more!" she said, and looked up at him as she sat with eyes that openly entreated him. "Of course we can meet—sometimes—when you're in town."

She held out her hand to him with a somewhat uncertain smile. "Please let this be the end of it! Let us be just ordinary friends again!"

He took her hand, kept it for a moment without speaking; then suddenly went down on his knees before her and bowed his head upon it. "You shame me—utterly," he said brokenly.

"Oh, please! Oh, please!" said Marcia. For a second she sat rigid, then the gracious womanhood of her stirred and took command. She laid her other hand upon him with a tender, pitying touch, lifted by the sight of his distress above her own. "Oh, Eric—my dear—I am so sorry," she said. "I ought to have known—ought to have realized. But—somehow—I thought it was all just natural comradeship—after what we had been through together. I never expected—this."

HE bowed himself a little lower. He was clinging to her hand in a kind of gasping agony. "I don't know how—to leave you," he whispered. "Oh God—my God—I can't!"

"Hush!" she said, and drew him to her so that his bowed head rested on her lap. "God will help you—help us both." Her fingers stroked his hair, his forehead, lingeringly, caressingly. All thought of herself was gone. "Do—do be comforted!" she urged him softly. "All this will pass. You have your life to live, and I know you'll go to it bravely. This—this has only been a sort of interlude. We mustn't take it seriously. It shan't wreck our happiness. Eric—Eric, don't let it!"

"There *is* no happiness—on earth—without you—for me," he muttered, beginning to master himself, but still, as it were, depending upon her for support.

"Ah, you don't know," she said, "Life changes so. But even if that were true, happiness isn't everything. There is so much to be done, and happiness—real happiness—is not for everyone. It is only like glimpses of a far country to most of us."

"Is that what it has been—to you?" he said.

He raised his head with the words and looked up at her with eyes so heavy with misery that she could hardly bear to meet them.

She made a valiant effort to smile. "Well, perhaps—something like that," she said.

"Yes. I knew it," he said. A great sigh went through him and he straightened himself while still kneeling at her feet. "Well, I'm afraid I haven't made things any easier for you. But remember this, Marcia! There's nothing to regret on your side. If you've been too decent to me and I've taken advantage of it, that's my fault—not yours."

"Oh, never mind!" she said. "Never mind!"

He bent toward her. "Marcia! You kissed me once—long ago—on a night when the far country seemed pretty near to both of us. Will you—do it again, dear—just this once—as a sign of your forgiveness?"

"Oh, Eric!" she said, and drew back momentarily as if she would refuse; then, on a warm human impulse, she checked herself and clasped him by the shoulders, turning her lips to his. "My dear!" she said. "My dear!"

There was nothing passionate in action or words, only the generous offering of friendship. Their lips met, as they had met on the night when she had stood by him, refusing to leave him to die alone. And now, as then, her kiss, pure and steadfast, calmed him, imparting the strength he needed.

"Thank you," he whispered, and got to his feet.

She remained motionless in her chair, watching him. He pushed up the window and she heard again the soft sound of the falling rain.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SILVER BRIDE
Continued from page twenty-seven

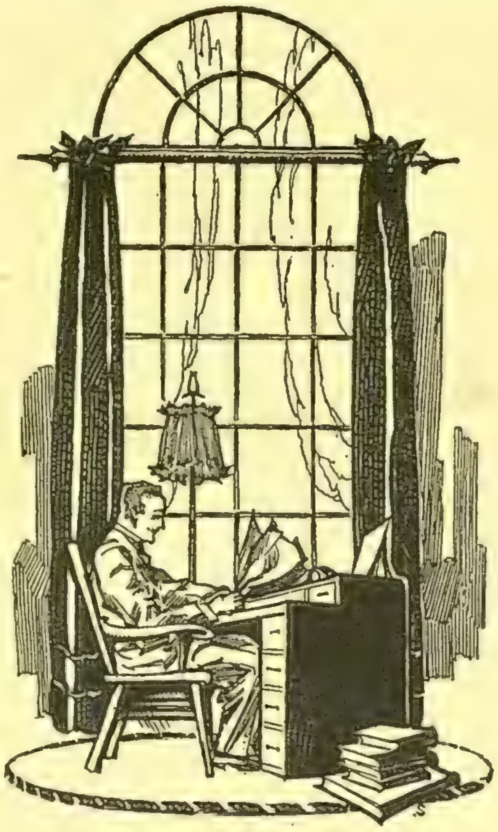
Suddenly he looked back at her. "Good-by—sister! Or—may I say *au revoir?*"

Her lips moved without her conscious will. She heard her voice give answer across the dividing space: "*Au revoir!*"

And then she was alone.

II

EVERARD TEMPLETON sat in his study, which might perhaps more suitably have been described as his office, very deeply engrossed in a sheaf of documents which he was perusing with great concentration one by one. He was a man in the early forties, with a high forehead somewhat accentuated by receding fair hair which left but little impression even where it still existed. He had the quiet features and grave eyes of a philosopher, clean-shaven, very fair, perhaps inclined to severity when in repose, but not definitely stern. It was the kind of face which seemed to call for a barrister's wig and looked rather incomplete without it.



The hour was late, but as he worked best at night he took no count of its passing. He had acquired the habit of taking sleep only when he needed it, and a very little sufficed him, possibly because, though he had an active brain and used it to the utmost, he never allowed it to be fussed by small or irrelevant things.

He possessed the valuable power of concentration in a very marked degree, and he was able to exclude all unnecessary hindrances almost without effort. In his opinion, the secret of success lay in never allowing one thing to interfere with another. All affairs that required attention were tabulated and dealt with in strict rotation, according to their relative importance. If an unexpected item arose, he would place it at the very bottom of the list if circumstances permitted, but if they did not, he would rearrange his program with mathematical precision and remain unflurried and collected, free from all wear and tear, undismayed.

That, to Marcia, had once seemed a sign of strength, but Everard's sister, Lillith Barrowdale, herself a woman of considerable brain, described it as an utter lack of inspiration. "He follows his course like a hedgehog," she had been heard to say, "and nothing will turn him from it. It may be one way of getting there, but it is the least inspired." By which it may be concluded that Lillith either leaped her obstacles or scrambled round them, but never pushed them from her path or laboriously surmounted them by sheer strength of purpose. Nevertheless, there were times when Marcia, though she never outwardly agreed with Lillith, or indeed permitted herself to discuss her husband's character with her at all, wondered whether there was possibly some truth in her assertion.

Her estimate of her husband had varied considerably during the passage of the years, but never with regard to his uprightness. His sense of honor was, like himself, rocklike, impregnable. It held her in a fashion she scarcely realized, although in moments of sad introspection she sometimes admitted to herself that respect might be stronger than love. She knew that whatever happened he would always command the former.

At the quiet opening of the door he did not so much as raise his eyes. There was only one person who ever entered his room when he was at work without asking permission, and so it was logical to conclude that that was the person who now stood on the threshold and after a definite pause came quietly forward, leaving the door ajar.

An electric fire was alight on the hearth. She stood before it—a tall, slender woman about whose delicate figure there hung an indefinable girlish grace. There was a slight droop in her pose this evening, as though of physical weariness. She stretched her hands above the fire, not mechanically but as one who felt the need of warmth.

The man seated at the writing table behind her continued his intent perusal of the papers he held. But at length, almost as if some knowledge were forcing itself upon him against his will, without stirring, without apparently interrupting his exhaustive study, he spoke.

"Why don't you pull up a chair and sit down?"

She turned and looked at him.

His eyes remained fixed upon the paper in his hand. He gave no sign of being aware of her scrutiny, unless a slight tightening of the fingers and a slight contraction of the brows could be taken as such. Without words, she turned again to the motionless fire and resumed her former attitude.

She was dressed in some black material that clung about her like a carelessly assumed veil. Her arms and shoulders shone with a dazzling whiteness against the dark drapery. Her face was almost unnaturally white. Her eyes looked forth gravely out of deep shadows.

There fell a long silence. Everard Templeton turned in his chair. "I believe I shall have to take to glasses at night," he said.

She replied, without stirring, "Shall you? That's rather sad—at your age."

HIS fingers drummed absently upon the chair arm. "We're none of us as young as we were," he said.

"What a horrible truism!" said Marcia.

Something in her voice—perhaps it was dead weariness—caught his notice. He looked at her with dawning attention. It was impossible to see her face from where he sat. Yet after a moment he said, "You're tired, my dear. Why don't you go to bed?" She did not look round. Her voice sounded flat and lifeless as she said, "It's very late—past one. Aren't you going to bed yourself?"

"Not at present," he said. "Not till I've finished. Don't wait! The sooner you go, the more quickly I shall get done."

There was no unkindness in the words; they were a mere statement of fact. Marcia received them as such with a slight downward motion of the head.

"Forgive me for disturbing you!" she said.

His eyes were still upon her. He laid his papers down. "Well, dear?" he said patiently. "What is it?"

She made an odd gesture as though she cast something from her into the glowing imitation of living coals. Then she turned and faced him.

"I've been away—a long time," she said. "Do you realize how long?"

His brows were still slightly contracted. He looked as if he were trying to attend to two things at once. "Well, no," he said, smiling a little. "I'm afraid I've lost count. I've had a lot of business to get through since I saw you last."

"I know," said Marcia.

He looked up at her shadowed eyes inquiringly. "Did you enjoy yourself, dear? I hope it did you good."

"It did the children good," she said. "That was what we went for, wasn't it?"

His survey became critical. He suffered his case to slip to the back of his mind and gave her his undivided attention.

"No," he said with decision. "I thought you needed a change too. But you don't look as if it had been one for the better. You are probably tired tonight, though, so perhaps it is hardly fair to judge."

"Yes, I am tired," said Marcia. She stood looking down at him, meeting his scrutiny with a faint masklike smile. "It was very lovely down there," she added irrelevantly.

"Then you did enjoy it," he said, rising.

"I enjoyed parts of it—immensely," said Marcia. She looked up at him suddenly. "Everard, when are you and I going to take a holiday together again?"

He leaned his shoulders against the mantelpiece.

"My dear," he said, "that's a very difficult question. As I think you know, my activities are not solely confined to briefs."

"Oh, I know," she said, and in her voice was just a hint of impatience strangely mingled with a wistfulness that found no other outlet. "I know. But you can't go on forever, can you? Like a machine, I mean. You must take a rest some time."

"When I feel the need for it, no doubt I shall," he said. "But I've no time to fritter away in idleness. It's no good sitting down by the wayside to rest if you mean to win a race."

Marcia sighed. "And when you've won?" she said.

He took out his cigarette case and held it out to her, open. "I'll tell you something which I think will amuse you," he said. "But keep it to yourself for the present!"

Marcia leaned back in her chair with folded hands, her attitude one of unconscious resignation. "I won't smoke, thanks," she said. "What is it, dear? Birthday honors?"

He lit a cigarette himself with extreme deliberation. His unimaginative, clear-cut features were almost obscured by the smoke. It seemed as if he had a moment of embarrassment. But as the smoke cleared, he was still smiling at her.

"Well? What would you say to it? Would you object to being 'her ladyship'?"

Marcia made an abrupt movement, stretching her arms above her head. So for a few seconds she remained tense, gazing before her fixedly as though she would fain read the future. Her husband was looking at her questioningly, but during those few seconds she seemed unaware of him.

Then, at length, very suddenly she dropped her arms and rose. "I think I shall stand for Parliament," she said. "It's the only thing left to do."

He lifted his eyebrows. "Are you in earnest?"

A queer little smile illumined her face for an instant and was gone. She put her hand on his shoulder. "No, my dear, no! I am never in earnest. You needn't be afraid. Go on and prosper! I ask nothing more than to be your background."

He took her hand and quietly held it as though weighing it in his own. "It'll make a difference to you," he said. "You will be of considerably more importance in society than you are now."

"Yes, it's nice to be important," said Marcia with a faint laugh. "Well, you've given me something to think about, anyhow. When you're a judge, Everard, I shall be more important still, I suppose?"

He took the cigarette from his lips and blew the smoke upward. His other hand still held hers. "Yes," he said, "that is so. And I hope you will not have very long to wait."

There followed a pause that had in it something expectant on his side, something quite nameless on hers.

Then her hand slipped from his. "Well, good night, dear!" she said. "You mustn't spring any more surprises, or I shan't sleep. I wonder how long it will be before there are lady justices in England!"

III

THE holidays were over. Dennis and Goldie had been packed off to their respective educational centers in smiling self-sufficiency, bidding their mother "Cheerio!" They would meet again at the half term. Everything was as usual; the social wheels running with their accustomed oiled smoothness. Easter was past, the season in full swing, the courts in session. Marcia alone, as one in the center of a whirling roundabout, seemed to stand quite still. A great spiritual weariness was upon her. All that she cared for, that had ever seemed to her attractive, had gone completely flat. She had not withdrawn herself from the general round, but it had lost all appeal for her. Its utter emptiness seemed at times to

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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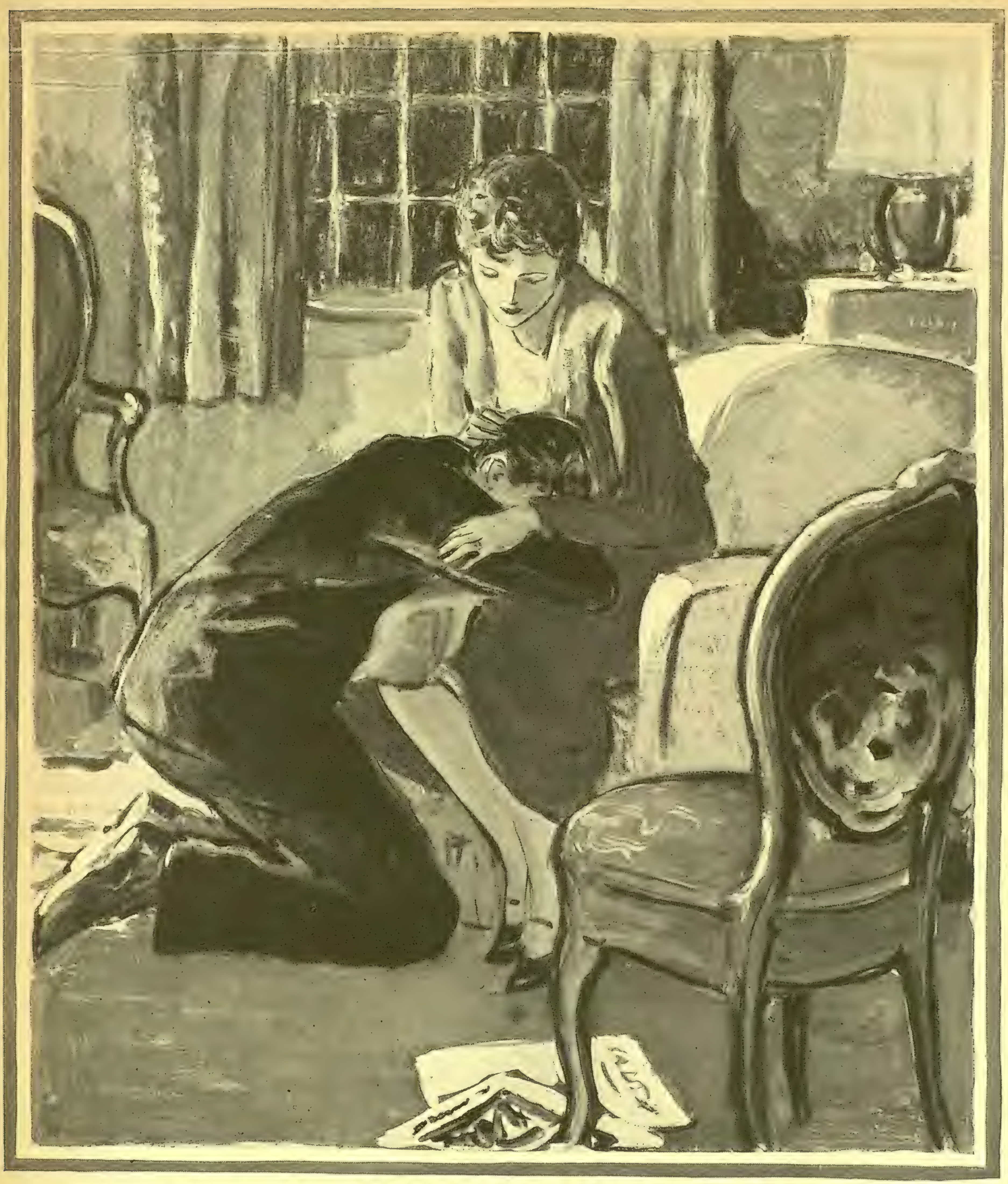

"Hush!" she said, and drew him to her so that his bowed head rested on her lap.

[SILVER BRIDE
Continued from page twenty-nine]

hold what was almost a menace. And through it all—a memory which she dared not encourage but was powerless to cast out—the magic of the golden Cornish moor beckoned, eluded, and compelled. There were moments when, perhaps in the midst of some wholly irrelevant scene, it caught her, as it were, by the throat—a fiery thirst which nothing at hand could quench.

While others danced their way through life, she was as one who toils along a dusty, crowded thoroughfare, finding neither rest nor amusement, a stranger in the throng. And yet her popularity was as great as it had ever been. She was as much sought after, as eagerly secured, as in former days.

Her sister-in-law, Lillith, meeting her unexpectedly on the lawn at Ranelagh one afternoon of early summer, regarded her with eyes of shrewd criticism. There was not much that escaped her.

"What on earth have you been doing to yourself?" she said. "Is it a new cult, or have you been crossed in love?" Marcia met her scrutiny with a baffling smile. Lillith was her senior by five years, but she had always refused to be awed by her.

"Oh, I hope I'm not so behind the times as that," she said. "I always get thin in the season. Don't you?"

"Try to," said Lillith. "But it's not too easy. You see, I'm old-fashioned enough to be happily married."

"I'm sure it's the only old-fashioned thing about you," said Marcia. "How is Cradock?"

"Still alive, I believe. He's fishing on the Spey." Lillith spoke with an easy indifference which to anyone who did not know her might have seemed to belie her previous assertion. "And how's Everard? Still coining money and briefs?"

Marcia did not answer. Her eyes had wandered to the play, though she did not seem to be watching it very intently.

"And the children?" pursued Lillith. "Someone told me they had whooping cough or something, and you were all leading the simple life down in Cornwall."

"It was measles," said Marcia. "Goldie had it first. And then Dennis followed suit. We went down to Pentreith to recruit."

"All alone?" said Lillith.

"Yes, I gave Hobbs a holiday after the nursing. I didn't need her. The children were practically well. It's quite a long while ago now," said Marcia. "They've been back at school for three weeks or more."

"Dear me!" said Lillith. "And you've been back in the vortex ever since. I should have thought you'd have needed a rest cure after that."

"They're not babies," murmured Marcia.

"That makes it worse," declared her sister-in-law. "I'm really rather glad sometimes that I never had any when one sees what little beasts they grow up into."

She was watching Marcia narrowly, waiting for the quick protest which such a remark was almost bound to provoke; but Marcia did not even turn her head.

"Perhaps yours wouldn't have been," she said gently.

"Good heavens!" remonstrated Lillith. "Don't make me a target for your Christian charity, for pity's sake! Besides, mine was a bow at a venture. I haven't seen Dennis or Dora for ages. I dare say they've improved in the interval."

"They've certainly developed," said Marcia.

LILLITH made a grimace "I can picture it. And what distraction did you find down there? Don't tell me that sea and rocks were all you needed!"

"And the children," said Marcia with a certain tenacity. Lillith turned upon her. "My dear, don't! It's not done nowadays. You'll tell me Everard went down for the week-ends next. A family idyl by the sea!"

Marcia turned quietly and met her derisive eyes. "But I thought you were happily married," she said.

"I am," declared Lillith. "And I'll tell you the secret of it—how to do it, I mean—when I'm quite sure you want to know."

"Thank you," said Marcia.

It was generally the same with her and Lillith. People said that they were always at variance, though neither of them would have indorsed the statement. They seldom agreed upon any subject, yet they never quarreled. But then, as Marcia had never been known to quarrel with anyone, perhaps this could hardly be taken as evidence. Lillith sat beside Marcia now, and tried to discomfit her with various leading questions, but without much success. Marcia amiably but steadily refused to be drawn, and when the Dowager Lady Barrowdale, who was much fonder of her than of her daughter-in-law, came up and joined them, she displayed merely pleasure and no relief at the diversion.

"You're too thin, dear," she said to Marcia presently with a kindly pat on her knee. "You must feed up."

Lillith laughed aggressively. "That's just the trouble, mater. She is fed up."

The elder Lady Barrowdale looked at Marcia with kindly eyes. "Oh, I can't believe that. I have never seen any signs of it yet. You are much too young, dear, and too charming. Now, tell me—your husband—is it true—the rumor I heard?"

"It depends," said Marcia, still smiling.

"What on, dear?" begged Lady Barrowdale, whose

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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SILVER BRIDE
Continued from page thirty-one

ardent interest in the affairs of others was her sole drawback, if such it could be called.

"On what the rumor is," explained Marcia.

"Now you're playing with me!" protested Lady Barrowdale, her own eyes twinkling. "You know very well what I mean."

Marcia turned to her sister-in-law. "Do you know, Lillith?"

"Probably as much as you know yourself," returned Lillith.

"My dear," said Lady Barrowdale, coming swiftly to the rescue, "I won't keep you in suspense. You're probably feeling a little shy about it still. He's a wonderful man, that husband of yours. A knighthood this year, and —who knows?—probably a judgeship next!"

"Oh, isn't that traveling rather fast?" said Marcia.

"Not a bit of it!" declared Lady Barrowdale. "He deserves it all. It isn't many men who work as he does. But then"—again she patted Marcia's knee—"it isn't many men who have such a wonderful incentive."

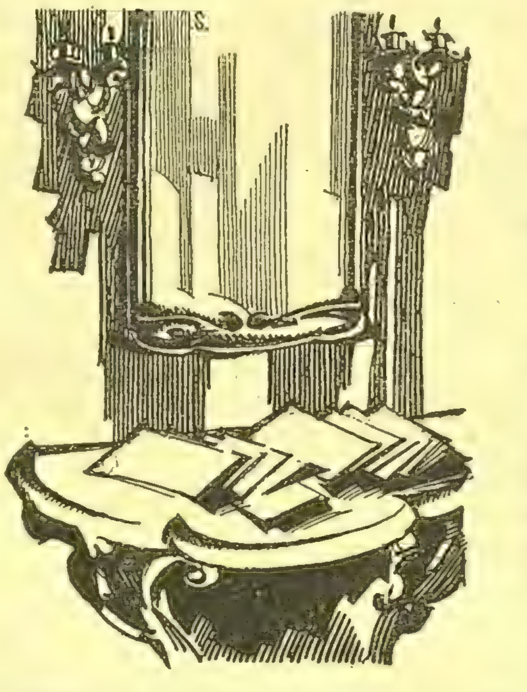
Lillith laughed on a derisive note, but Marcia warmly grasped and held the kindly hand that had caressed her.

"How very nice of you to put it like that!" she said, "even though I'm afraid it isn't true!"

"What nonsense, my dear!" said Lady Barrowdale. "We all know he worships the very ground under your feet. And who could help it, I wonder?"

"It's to be hoped some people can," said Lillith.

"But what nonsense we're all talking!" observed Marcia. "Hadn't we better wait till some of it materializes? Oh, there is Virginia Freeman! Will you excuse me one moment while I speak to her?" She rose swiftly to follow a dark-haired girl in yellow who had just passed, and Lady Barrowdale looked at her daughter-in-law with a quizzical uplift of the brows. "We mustn't embarrass her," she said.



"It would take a good deal to do that," said Lillith. "Besides, she is thinking of something totally different all the time, as anyone can see. And really, mater, I don't know how you managed to muster that fib about Everard. He doesn't care a row of pins about anything or anybody except his own professional advancement. Surely you know that!"

"I don't believe it," stoutly replied old Lady Barrowdale. "He couldn't possibly be married to that charming woman and not worship her. The man wouldn't be human who could."

"No human man remains in a perpetual state of worship forever," remarked Lillith. "They've been married for fifteen years."

"Dear, dear! And she still looks such a girl!" Lady Barrowdale spoke almost compassionately. "I hope she's happy."

"SHE'S no reason to be anything else," said Lillith. "A clever husband—money—position—two children quite healthy and not more than normally objectionable. I don't know what more she can want."

Old Lady Barrowdale's eyes wandered to Marcia, still talking to Virginia Freeman in the distance. "She is always so sweet to everyone," she said. "She deserves to be happy."

"Oh, if we all had our deserts—" scoffed Lillith.

Her mother-in-law looked round at her with something of a twinkle. "Do you know I sometimes think most of us do—more or less," she said.

A feeling of intense languor oppressed Marcia as she went back to her home that evening. The weather was sultry, with a threatening of thunder in the atmosphere which she found almost overwhelming. She told herself that it had been a pleasant afternoon, but something within her flatly contradicted the assertion.

"Then I must be getting old," she said as she mounted the steps to the door.

She was dining at home that evening and going to a musical At Home afterward. It was an affair to which normally she would have looked forward with zest, but somehow the prospect had lost its attraction. If she had not seen her friend Virginia Freeman, who was also going, she would have felt inclined to ring up and make an excuse. But she had parted from Virginia with the assurance that they would be meeting again that evening, and she had no tangible reason for failing to fulfill her engagement. She only wished wearily that she had.

There were several letters on the hall table, and she paused to collect her own. Everard would not be in yet. She never knew whether he would join her at dinner or not. By his decree they went their separate ways, since, as he said, his business must not be suffered to interfere with her pleasure.

THERE were also one or two visiting cards. She looked at them idly, with half-wandering attention. One more card! Who was this? A genuine friend, or only someone with something to sell? She glanced at it. And then, as though some of the electricity with which the air was charged had suddenly found a means of entrance, she stiffened and stood. "Eric Morven," so the inscription ran, and beneath it, scrawled in pencil in a man's hasty writing, "I am in town for a couple of days, staying at the Regency. Will you dine with me? Come if you can; phone if you can't."

She stood with the card in her hand, gazing at the written words, seeming to hear his voice at her shoulder, uttering them. "Come if you can; phone if you can't!" It was somehow characteristic of him. He wasted no time on words, but those he used expressed his exact meaning, neither more nor less. She imagined that most people kept their appointments with him.

She saw no reason for refusing. Had she not promised to meet him again in a friendly fashion? Everard would probably not be in to dinner, and she was under no obligation to dine alone. The only question that presented itself was, should she ring up and ask him to join her, or should she go straight to him?

She knew in a moment which of the two courses appealed to her, but she stood for an appreciable time wavering between the two. If he came to her, there was the possibility of presenting him to her husband, and somehow this seemed advisable, though she did not believe the meeting would give either of them any pleasure. Everard, if he put in an appearance, would be too deeply engrossed to relish any diversion, and Eric—an odd little quiver went through her—she knew exactly the sort of impression her husband would make upon him, and she knew that she would resent it, yet be wholly powerless to alter it. Everard was not really *like that,* but Eric would think he was.

She abandoned the idea with a little fatalistic shake of the head and moved blindly toward the window.

"Shall you be dining at home, madam?" asked her maid behind her. Marcia stopped short, as though some physical check had been laid upon her.

"Oh—no, Hobbs," she said, after an instant's collection of her thoughts. "I am dining with an old friend at the Regency. But tell Wilson to have dinner ready in case Mr. Templeton comes in for it. And I should like the car at seven thirty."

"Yes, madam. And what will you wear?" said Hobbs.

"I don't know," said Marcia, and suddenly she laughed. Eric had never even seen her dressed for dinner, nor she him. "I'll wear blue," she decided. "That lace frock of mine—anything for coolness." And, whimsically, there came into her mind the thought, "I don't suppose he will see it!"

"Your pearls, madam?" said Hobbs.

Marcia laughed. "If you like, Hobbs. But don't deck me out too much! It's not a smart occasion."

When she was dressed she caught up a thin velvet cloak of deep sapphire blue and turned to go. "Won't you look at yourself, madam?" protested Hobbs deferentially behind her. "It's quite early."

Marcia paused, aware that there had been a measure of urgency in her preparations. To please Hobbs, she went back to her mirror and took an exhaustive survey of herself. There was no vanity in her scrutiny.

"Quite satisfactory, Hobbs!" she said. "I congratulate you."

Hobbs smiled at the compliment, but looked slightly puzzled. "I've done you the same as usual, madam," she said.

"You have made me most attractive," said Marcia, turning to go. And again, on the stairs, she laughed; for she knew inwardly that it was not Hobbs' hand that had waved the magician's wand.

Down in the hall she heard the front door shut ere she came within sight of it, and when she rounded the curve of the stairs she saw her husband hanging up his hat.

"Oh, Everard!" she said.

He looked up at her with his kind, rather absent smile. "You are going out, my dear? I thought so. The car is outside."

She reached the hall and stood before him. "Everard, I'm sorry. I hardly thought you would be in. I was going to dine with an old friend at the Regency."

He stooped forward and kissed her. "Quite right, dear. Why not?"

"You won't be lonely?" she said.

He looked mildly surprised. "No. I am going to be very busy. I have a lot to get through tonight."

She still stood irresolute. "I could ring him up and ask him to come round here and dine instead. Would you like that?"

He shook his head at once. "Not tonight, dear. I am much too busy. Another time perhaps! I think I will have dinner served in the study."

"I'll tell them," said Marcia.

He stopped her. "No, don't trouble! I'll give my own orders. You run along and enjoy yourself!" He smiled indulgently and took her cloak from her. "That's a very pretty get-up. Let me see you in it again!"

The cloak dropped around her. She turned, half laughing. "Good night, Everard! I won't disturb you when I come in. You've seen me in this several times before. It isn't new."

He looked at her again. "No? Something's new, I fancy. Anyhow, it suits you. Good night, dear!" He kissed her forehead. "Have a good time!"

He went down the steps with her to the car and stood to see her go. As she turned the corner of the square she saw him make a gesture of farewell, and she leaned forward impulsively and kissed her hand to him, but he had already begun to retrace his steps.

She leaned back in the car with an odd feeling at her heart. Something new! What was it that had caught his eye? She wondered.

Eric seems the answer to the unfulfilled longing of Marcia's heart. Follow them into next week's installment, in which he shows her the road to enchantment.

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Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

A Tired Cat?

Billy, my four-year-old nephew, saw his cat jump into a soft snow bank. She could not get out and started pawing violently with her front feet. Billy shouted gleefully, "Oh, boy, look at her wheels slipping!"—Mrs. A. J. Goldsworthy, 930 Cleveland St., Beloit, Wis.

* * *

Why Not?

Brinkley had spent the day with his little friend, Jim. Returning home, his daddy said:

"Son, did you teach Jim to whistle?"

Brinkley replied: "Gee, daddy, no! Let him struggle!"—Mrs. Albert C. Morton, 2312 24th Ave., Meridian, Miss.

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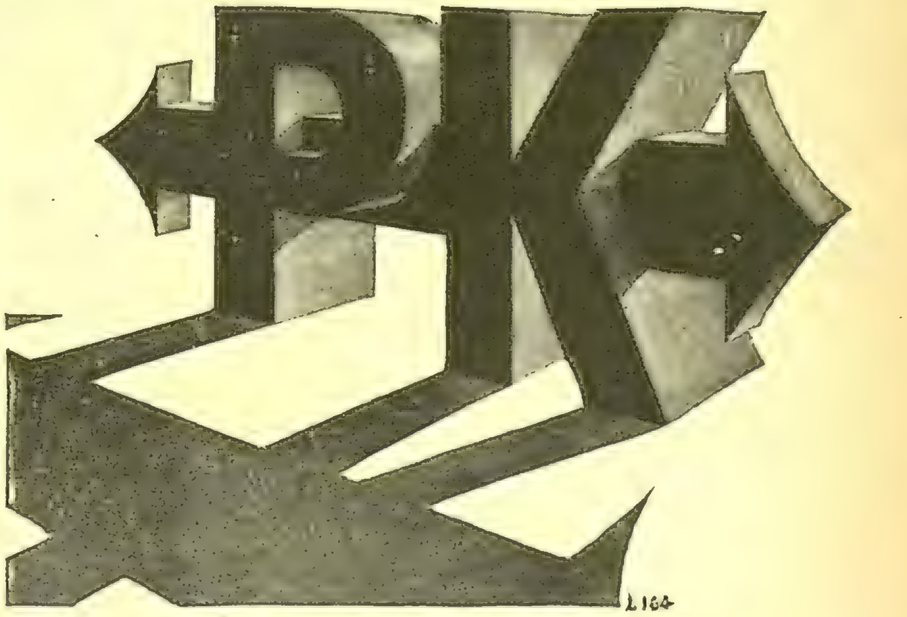


SUGAR COATED PEPPERMINT CHEWING GUM

Twice A

Robert Ames and Ina Claire in a flip story of marriage, Rebound.

Madge Evans, once a j

Madge Evans' Accomplishment, Some Humor, and a New Great Lover

By

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

(Reading time: 5 minutes 45 seconds.)

THE career of Madge Evans is an interesting example of the idiosyncrasies of a movie career. Back in 1916—or thereabouts—Miss Evans was a child screen star at the old World Film Studios, located in the then busy center of films, Fort Lee, New Jersey. She was doing nicely for six years—and then she started to grow.

Since there is nothing you can do about spindly, missing-front-teeth children, little Miss Evans had to quit. The same thing happened to Jackie Coogan. One minute a talked-about star, the next a forgotten school child.

Miss Evans grew up a bit and tried to get another movie chance. It seems to be harder for an ex-star, old or young, to get a chance than for any newcomer. Miss Evans posed for advertisements and kept on trying.

Finally, in 1924, Dick Barthelmess gave her a chance as his leading woman in his romance of a West Point cadet, Classmates. Miss Evans was shy and frightened, too uncertain to get over.

She did not give up. She went on the stage and played a variety of rôles. Finally some scout—who probably never heard of her child stardom or Classmates—signed Miss Evans up to play in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer pictures.

You will see her as Ramon Novarro's leading woman in Son of India. She gives a fine performance and she has grown in beauty and surety. That piece of work has won her a real contract. She may even be a star for the second time, something no one but Jackie Coogan and Pola Negri have accomplished. Even at twenty-two (Miss Evans was born in 1909) a Hollywood comeback is something to talk about.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ SON OF INDIA

CAST

Karim	Ramon Novarro
William Darsay	Conrad Nagel
Mrs. Darsay	Marjorie Rambeau
Janice	Madge Evans
Dr. Wallace	C. Aubrey Smith
Hamid	Mitchell Lewis
Juggat	John Miljan
Rao Rama	Nigel de Brulier

Directed by Jacques Feyder.
Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Based on a novel, Mr. Isaacs, by the late F. Marion Crawford, this turns out to be an old-fashioned romance of renunciation—romantic and unashamed.

Here is another variation of the East-Is-East-and-West-Is-West yarn, with a young son of the desert in love with a pretty American girl. He has become a great jewel merchant in an Indian city and he sways the girl so strongly that she wants to toss aside all ties color and blood.

Ramon Novarro keeps his exceeding flowery rôle from becoming eith mushy or comic (no small job in itsel and the aforementioned Madge Evans surprisingly good as the girl. Involv decked out in heavy Oriental trappin this is a stiff dose of romance. If y like frosted cake, this is it.

★ ★ ½ REBOUND

CAST

Sara	Ina Claire
Bill	Robert Ames
Evie	Myrna Loy
Liz	Hedda Hopper
Johnnie	Robert Williams
Lyman	Hale Hamilton
Mr. Jaffrey	Walter Walker
Mrs. Jaffrey	Louise Closser Hale
Les	Leigh Allen

Directed by Edward H. Griffith.
Produced by RKO-Pathé.

Originally Ann Harding was scheduled for this flip study of marriage by the humorist Donald Ogden Stewart. But she balked at the rôle and the part went to Ina Claire, who has been trying so hard to be a Hollywood hit since sh separated from her husband, Jack Gi bert.

Mr. Stewart wrote this as a light an amusing stage play about a youn woman who catches the despondent ma she loves on the rebound after he ha been turned down by a mercenary gir So she weds him before he knows it—

STAR

ar, and Ramon Novarro in Son of India.

Polly Moran and Marie Dressler, funny as ever, in Politics.

A charming scene from The Great Lover, played by Irene Dunne and Adolphe Menjou.

l finds he has not forgotten the other rmer. That she is the right girl for n is beside the point, since he doesn't w it.

All this is told in smart, wise-crack- fashion. Nobody in the young crowd skeptics takes anything seriously, m matrimony to divorce. In fact, ryone is so darned jolly and whimsi- that the proceedings grow tedious, with good performances by Miss re as the bride, Robert Ames as the m, and Louise Closser Hale as the 's cantankerous mother.

s a film, Rebound (aside from being long) is too wise for its own good. l movie audiences accept characters o kid their own emotions? I wonder.

★ POLITICS

CAST

Hattie	Marie Dressler
Ivy	Polly Moran
Peter	Rosco Ates
Myrtle	Karen Morley
Benny	William Bakewell
Ourango	John Miljan
Daisy	Joan Marsh
Mayor Collins	Tom McGuire
Mrs. Evans	Mary Alden

Directed by Charles F. Reisner.
Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

hese Marie Dressler-Polly Moran nedies are something you can take or alone, according to your tastes. How- r, Politics is several shades better n its predecessors. Miss Dressler is en more time and opportunity to humanize her rôle of the small-town widow who runs for mayor on an anti-gangster ticket.

There is a big-hearted humanness about Miss Dressler that lifts an otherwise trite comedy into something else again. Miss Moran is emphatically present. The result isn't dull. In fact, Politics has the earmarks of what is called a box-office wow.

★ ★ THE GREAT LOVER

CAST

Jean Paurel	Adolphe Menjou
Diana	Irene Dunne
Potter	Ernest Torrence
Carlo	Neil Hamilton
Savarova	Baclanova
Finny	Cliff Edwards
Stapleton	Hale Hamilton

Directed by Harry Beaumont.
Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

I must confess considerable disappointment in this talkie version of what was once a smart Leo Ditrichstein comedy of an amorous tenor on the prowl. The great lover is, of course, the opera singer whose affairs are the talk of two continents. To him comes a young and pretty American singer bent upon success at any cost. He helps her—and then magnanimously turns her back to her sweetheart.

I recall that the great Jean Paurel had vastly more color and charm as Mr. Ditrichstein played him than he ever gains at the hands of Adolphe Menjou. Irene Dunne is fairly good as the girl who wants a career at any price. The back-stage scenes—with the usual operatic temperament on parade—are done too broadly.

Do you know that—

John Gilbert's new film, reviewed here as Cheri-Bibi, is being released under the title of The Phantom of Paris?

Four- and three-star pictures of the past six months

★★★★—The Smiling Lieutenant, Skippy, The Front Page, City Lights.

★★★—Laughing Sinners, Forbidden Adventure, The Man in Possession, Night Nurse, Smart Money, Five and Ten, Chances, Le Million, Daddy Long Legs, Always Goodbye, A Free Soul, Indiscreet, Svengali, The Public Enemy, A Connecticut Yankee, The Millionaire, Dirigible, Tabu, Behind Office Doors, Charlie Chan Carries On, Strangers May Kiss, Dishonored, The Last Parade, Pagliacci, East Lynne, Father's Son, Honor Among Lovers, Trader Horn, Rango, Stolen Heaven, Cimarron, Fighting Caravans, Illicit.

Are AMERIC

Or

Are We Suffering from Dim-Witted Leadership?

By JAY FRANKLIN

(Reading time: 11 minutes 35 seconds.)

AFTER a century and a half of national independence, a cross section of the American people is about as pleasant as a trip through the stockyards and not nearly so educational. Awful sights, sounds, and smells seem to overpower most students of Americana, who label us as a nation of thick-witted boobs, yokels, morons, without taste, breeding, or intelligence. A Sinclair Lewis takes regular dives into the muddy stream of the Middle West, and comes out holding his nose with one hand and a new book with the other. An H. L. Mencken can devote a lifetime to telling us exactly how terrible we are and not run out of unpleasant adjectives once. Even the American government gives warning, in an official pamphlet for the guidance of radio broadcasters, that programs which register must be fitted to the intelligence of a thirteen-year-old child.

Read the article and decide for yourself how to fill in the outlined head of this man of mystery! He is understood to be an important official in the national government, writing under a pen name his blistering comments on national affairs. He is the author of a book, What This Country Needs.

There's no alibi for American foolishness. At the dedication of the memorial to President Harding, the Marion, Ohio, Glee Club solemnly sang Hello, Girlie, I'll Always Be True to You, and Every Little Movement Has a Meaning of Its Own—which were two of gallant Gamaliel's favorite tunes. The outhouse wise cracks of Chic Sale sell a million copies in a nation which prides itself on clean-mindedness. You can laugh off Babbitt, but you can't laugh off The Specialist.

We build tabernacles for our religious racketeers; we let ourselves be swindled out of a billion dollars a year in phony stocks; we have the best radios and the dumbest radio programs in civilization, the best automobiles and the fewest parking spaces, the highest paid actresses and the stupidest moving pictures.

We go nuts over Rudolph Valentino, Lindbergh, Rudy Vallée, Gertrude Ederle. We chew gum. We spit. We chase dollars. We let the Capones and the Diamonds make fortunes. We let our cities be run by Big Bill Thompsons, or Jimmy Walkers, or the Vares. We think like comic strips and talk like cheap phonographs. We let ourselves be gypped by high tariffs and low politics. We think that The End of a Perfect Day is swell classical music, that Babe Ruth is a hero, and that Knute Rockne's death was a national calamity. We think that the French are immoral, the English are sissies, the Japanese are crafty, the Mexicans treacherous. We know that all Negroes are lazy and all Russians are covered with whiskers and bombs and lice.

We go haywire regularly over mah jong, midget golf, backgammon. We get all hot and bothered because Al Smith is a Catholic, because the League of Nations is at Geneva, because the British have a navy. We think we can lick the world, and we've never picked a fight with anyone our own size. We elect a President and all the senators who hate him, and then blame them when they don't get on together. We put up with a gang of religious witch doctors and medicine men who preach us dopey, and then deplore religious hatred. We're a foolish crowd, all right, but that isn't quite the same thing as being fools. What we really need is somebody who is big enough to stop licking our boots, to stop telling us that "God must have loved the common people, he made so many of them"; somebody who has the guts to tell us to act our age. We need good leaders—and we don't get them.

An eagle's-eye glance at our history shows that rarely, if ever, have our leaders had even an elemental trust in the common sense of the American people. They have acted as though the old saying that "God takes care of idiots, drunks, and the U. S. A." were a fact. One of the worst sins an American politician can commit is to act as if the voters could count up to ten without using their fingers or decide between two candidates without mud-slinging. Not once have our statesmen trusted us with the real reason for our going to war. The same is true of our Presidential elections. Every four years our politicians dig out a lot of sure-fire slogans and stir up a lot of dangerous excitement, principally to determine whether A or B shall get a government job, or whether C or D shall walk off with a government contract. This system gives us some hot sham battles for the public pay roll, but the great "issues" of the campaigns don't work out in practice. In 1916 we voted for neutrality, and got a war with Germany. In 1928 we voted for prosperity, and got a panic.

Everybody that saw the A. E. F. in France knows what's wrong with America: a first-rate rank and file, fairly good noncoms, and poor officers. You could see 'em all over France after the Armistice—the doughboys a pretty decent, self-respecting lot; the officers drinking their way through the wine list and taking out a different girl every night.

OUR peacetime leadership has been equally bad. Take the business depression. It was coming, and every student of economics knew it was on the way. Yet, early in 1929, when the Federal Reserve had a chance to stop stock speculation, they didn't have the nerve. They drew up a nice little warning—which the bull market blew higher than a kite—instead of raising the rediscount rate so as to drive money out of Wall Street.

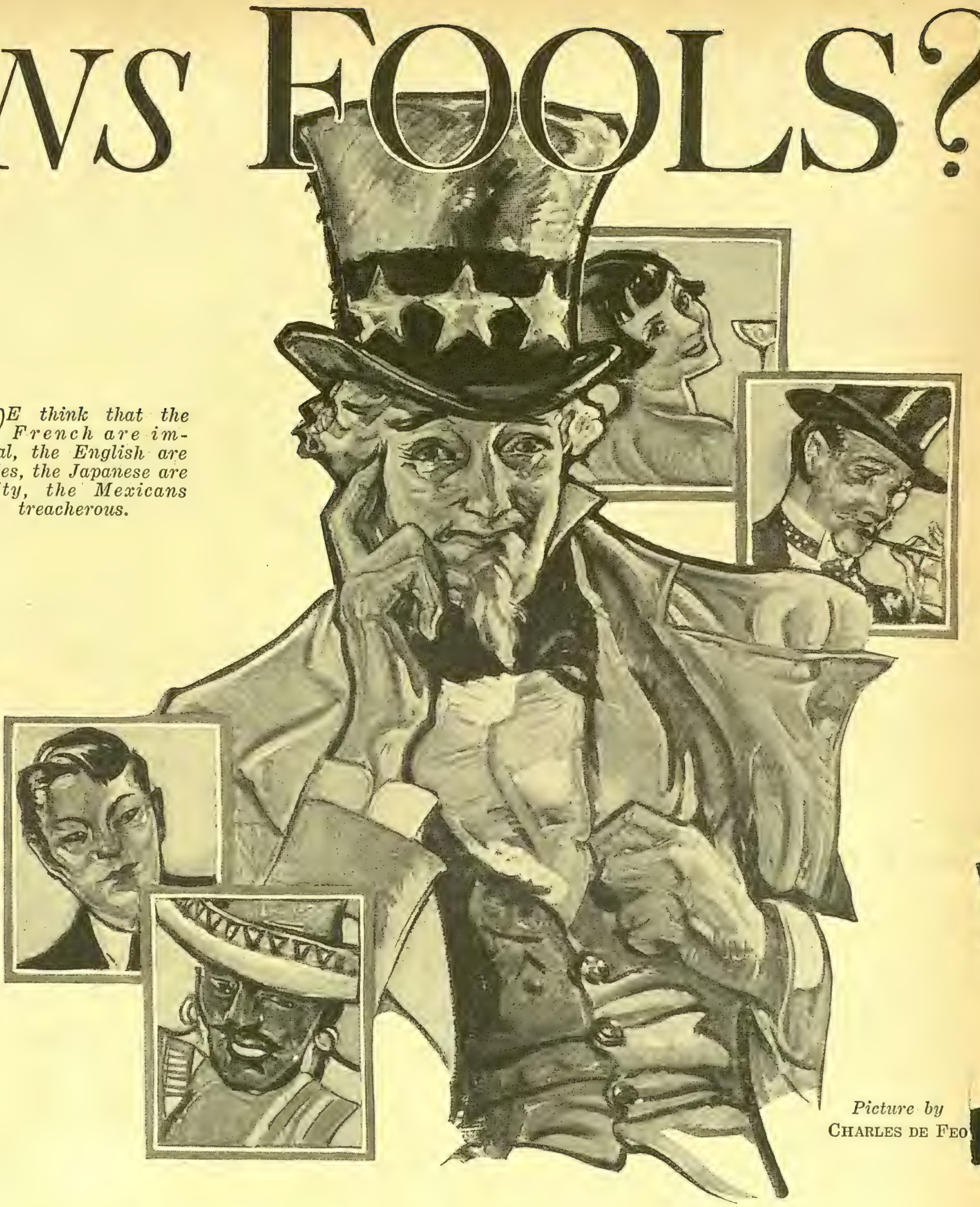
Then we washed our dirty tariff linen in public so long and so loudly that every nation in the world decided that it was entirely safe, right, and proper to take a crack at American trade.

Professor Irving Fisher of Yale, one of the country's economic experts, about the time of the big crash of October, 1929, told us that stocks could and should go on higher. The entire administration made a margin clerk out of the United States Government by issuing a series of cheery statements that business was fundamentally sound, when anybody could see that it was fundamentally sour.

Early in 1930 one official White House statement said that the depression would end in sixty days, and one of the biggest lumber companies in America lost over a mil-

ANS FOOLS?

WE think that the French are immoral, the English are sissies, the Japanese are crafty, the Mexicans treacherous.



Picture by
CHARLES DE FEO

lion dollars right then and there. The directors wanted to close plants, reduce production, cut down expenses, but the chairman said no. He said that it was impossible that a man like the President should issue such a statement unless it were true, and persuaded the board to keep going at high speed.

BY the middle of 1930 the country learned that all of its business and political leaders had been fooled on Soviet Russia. Russia wasn't "an economic vacuum," and communism was working well enough to put immoral Red wheat, oil, and timber in competition with the sanitary American products. And what had our leaders to say to *that?* They said that the Russians were persecuting the Church, that they were cruel, treacherous, inefficient enemies of mankind; and when the Russians sacrificed their wheat for what it would bring in order to pay for the machines ordered from America, the Secretary of Agriculture roared that it was a gigantic Bolshevik plot to destroy American civilization.

Finally, in May, 1931, when the International Chamber of Commerce met at Washington, it was just plain depressing. A heavy-looking gang of low-browed Babbitts talked for days, and not one of them had any sensible suggestion for ending the stupidest panic in history. All they could say was, "Keep the government out of business." American business lost its chance right then and there. It is now a job for American politics, and the Lord knows that our politicians have few enough ideas.

Our politicians keep on telling us the same old bed-

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]

time stories. Senator Watson told us that the Smoot-Hawley Tariff would bring back prosperity in less than thirty days. The administration denied that there was bad unemployment at a time when six million men were tramping the streets because Wall Street never learns that the higher they rise the harder they fall. Witness the loud cries from Washington that there must be no wage cuts, when there are wage cuts, and when everybody knows that lower prices must bring lower wages. Read the stuttering Treasury statements which gradually let on that the Treasury deficit would total up to more than a billion dollars; and witness the silly promises that there will be no tax boosts, when every six-year-old child knows that big deficits bring bigger taxes.

Two years of business depression, of unemployment, of wage cuts, of banks bursting like popcorn, of veterans playing catch-as-catch-can with the Treasury, manufacturers playing leapfrog with the tariff, and politicians playing squat tag with public office. Two years of yelping at "Soviet dumping," of government millions sunk in tons of wheat that can't be sold at a profit, of misery in the midst of plenty, of poverty and despair in the richest country in the world, and here are the happy thoughts with which our leaders meet the test.

It's cruel to quote a Secretary of Agriculture who says that "the average man in America is economically better off today and has wider liberties and broader opportunities than in any previous decade in our national history," at a time when six million men are looking for work and can't get it. Who but a senator would ask whether the anarchists could blow up the Senate through a radio loud-speaker? Who but a candidate for the Senate would yell that "hooch and high heels are driving the nation to perdition"? If a Secretary of Labor was right when he said, "We already know how to break depression when it comes," why wasn't the present depression broken when it did come?

Liberty is offering

$100 Apiece

for **Short Short Stories**

THEY must be short enough to be printed in a single page of Liberty—the shorter the better, but in any case not over 1,200 words. One hundred dollars apiece will be paid for any accepted and published.

All rights in such stories as are bought will be the property of Liberty, but any possible proceeds from book, picture, or dramatic rights will be divided with the authors on a fifty-fifty basis.

Otherwise the customary rules for submitting manuscripts will apply. Use one side of the paper only, and if possible use a typewriter, though legible handwriting will not be barred. All manuscripts are sent at the owner's risk. If you want rejected ones returned, inclose a stamped and addressed envelope—NOT MERELY STAMPS.

And when you send them address them simply to SHORT SHORT STORIES, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 1926 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Authors and Authoresses!

Please remember that if you do not inclose a stamped and addressed envelope with your manuscript we cannot return it to you or write you concerning its destiny. We are receiving an enormous number of short short story manuscripts, and it has become necessary to enforce this rule very strictly.

We cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning these stories.

Of course, no one cares when Representative Hamilton Fish declares that "the life of an American policeman is worth more and is more important than all the lives of all the communists combined." We laugh when Huey P. Long of Louisiana announces that "When I get to Washington I'll make pot likker the national drink." And we've got used to such gems from Calvin Coolidge as, "If we do not get what we want, we probably get more of what we ought to have." But what are we to think when the President, in an official proclamation, says that we are especially favored by God and bids us be thankful because other people are having a worse time than we are?

IF that sounds pretty feeble stuff to feed the troops in the face of a whopping panic, what are we to think of the Happiness Boys of the business world?

And next year our politicians, business leaders, and newspapers will try to work us into a lather over a Presidential election. We shall be asked to vote Democratic on account of prohibition and the tariff. We shall be told to vote Republican in order to save what is left of prosperity or to prevent socialism.

In spite of our foolishness, we shall know it is the bunk and shall vote for Hoover because we think he's trying hard and means well, or for the other guy because we're bored with the Republican Party. Half of us won't bother to vote at all, because we know that it won't make any difference.

Why get hot about the tariff when everyone knows that the Democrats voted for it and won't change it? Why vote about prohibition so long as the damn' thing doesn't work? Right now in Washington you can buy perfectly good Maryland whisky for less than prewar prices. Grain alcohol is twelve dollars a gallon and you can fill your cellar with lawproof wine or brew high-powered beer without the police horning in.

A Republican victory won't change this. A Democratic victory can't make us any wetter. The real issue of 1932—hard times—will be kept in the back yard. We aren't considered intelligent enough to decide what to do about unemployment; how to make Wall Street wag its tail before Election Day; how to get rid of the roller-coaster type of prosperity; how to keep the American people well fed, fat, and happy. The party or candidate who tries this on the public will be branded as un-American, radical, communistic, socialistic, or what have you.

IT'S a pity, for in spite of poor leadership the American people have shown a surprising power to make intelligent decisions. Few nations can boast of having conducted an orderly election in the middle of a long and painful Civil War, as we did in 1864, when we voted down the sentimental peace talk of the Democrats and backed up Lincoln. The political instinct that led us to vote down Bryan in 1896, 1900, and 1908 is a pretty good showing for national common sense, for Bryan was an expert rabble rouser and he picked his issues more cleverly than most of us pick race horses or oil stocks.

When we reëlected Wilson in 1916, it was not really because he had kept us out of war—most of us knew that sooner or later we should have to go in—but because we had too much sense to swap horses in the middle of a World War. In 1920, when we took Harding, it was not because we liked the Republican gang, but because Wilson had entangled us too directly with European politics and we had to call it a foul ball.

In 1928 we didn't elect Hoover because Al Smith was a Catholic or because we thought that prohibition was a noble experiment, but because, of the two men, Hoover was by far the better trained for the job and was backed by much the better-trained party.

Administered by a lot of mental hit-and-run drivers and in the presence of a head-on collision between the Russian Five-Year Plan and the American installment plan, you'd expect a bunch of morons like the American people to turn in a riot call, barbecue their politicians, and take the bankers for a ride. But they didn't. In the worst panic of our national history, we've had no Coxey's Army, no big riots, no big strikes, and no martial law.

The American people has kept its temper and kept its head, and made monkeys out of the panicky hundred-percent patriots who have acted as though high wages were all that stood between the country and bloody revolution. The American people may be foolish, but they don't act like fools in an emergency.

Wouldn't it be nice if we could say the same for the leaders of the American people?

THE END

The Maroon Condor

A Short Short Story

By

H. D. OLIPHANT

who is a native of Connecticut and was educated at Andover and Dartmouth. For twelve years he was headmaster of a boys' school in Maine, but recently has been engaged in newspaper work and in fiction writing.

(Reading time: 5 min. 29 sec.)

HONEST John Penfold, newly raised to the detective grade, was having a day off—a rainy Sunday. He was spending it in Doris Hutchin's apartment. Some girl, Doris—tallish, a figure that could make a three-ninety-five gown look like a Paris creation; a face that could make any hat look chic.

Her employer, old Golden Rule Hall, distributor of Condor motor cars, liked to have Doris lean over him while she explained figures he didn't understand.

Not hard to gaze at, thought Detective Penfold.

"How about a little trip, next Sunday, kid?" he asked.

"In your flivver?" she murmured. "Why don't you get a bigger car, Johnny? One of the new Condors. Gee! There's a maroon roadster with a gold stripe that's a marvel. You could buy it, now that you've been promoted."

So Detective Penfold dropped in at the Condor showrooms; and got mad. That was old Golden Rule's fault.

"You know, Mr. Penfold," he said, "the Golden Rule is my motto. On that basis I am glad to make you an offer—particularly glad since you are a friend—shall I say a special friend?—of my secretary, Miss Hutchin. No offense—just my little joke. I shall be glad to offer you two and a half—in hundreds, of course—for your present car."

"Two hundred and a half!" bellowed Penfold. "Why, you're crazy. She's been only nine thousand miles. She's worth four and a half of anybody's money. I don't want a Condor at that price. I may look easy to you, but I ain't a sucker."

Greasy old snake, thought Penfold to himself as he went out the door.

He stalked off to report for work, disgruntled at the world. When orders were read, he found himself detailed to the station house.

"Raid on," Carney told him. "The federal officers were in with the chief just before we came on duty."

At ten o'clock the party started in a police car. Mackworth, the prohibition agent, was in charge. He explained his idea.

"This is *my* raid, and I'm after just liquor, nothing else. I've got a straight tip on a beer flat—blanket warrant. Search every room carefully."

THEY piled out of the car and into a building. Penfold took the second floor. He rapped on the door of a front apartment. "Open up!" he commanded. "We're officers." Cautious movement inside—a sound of gentle scurrying. The lock was turned; the detective entered. Holding the door was a dark girl in a kimono, with a small roll of bills in her hand.

"How much?" she said briefly.

"Nix on that," replied Penfold. "I got to search your apartment; got a warrant an' everything, if you want to see 'em."

Living room, kitchenette, bath, yielded but a pint of gin.

"What's in there?" asked Penfold, pointing to a door. "Bedroom?"

The girl nodded. He entered. No booze in sight. He pulled open the door of a closet and looked in. He pulled aside the dresses in a last perfunctory glance, and stood petrified as a curious thing happened. One of the dresses from a corner of the closet put forth a sleeve, so to speak, and plucked him by the arm.

"Mr. Penfold," a voice whispered.

Penfold stared, moving into the closet so as not to obstruct the light. There was old Golden Rule, the Condor agent, coatless, vestless, collarless, his hair rumpled, his face chalky white in the semidarkness.

"Mr. Penfold," he said again; "don't expose me—don't let them know I'm here. I couldn't stand it." His voice chattered in a sibilant whisper. "She asked me to come—the first time. I didn't think there was any harm. I'll never come here again if you'll let me off."

Penfold was too much astonished to speak. The C man redoubled his pleas.

"You wanted to trade in for a Condor, Mr. Penf You wanted four and a half allowance on your old I'll give it, Mr. Penfold. I'll give you five hundred— [illegible] hundred." A pause. "A thousand." The detect slowly shook his head.

"Mr. Penfold, I'll give you twelve hundred allowance pursued the agent, his face a river of perspiration. "On let me off this time, and—" A desperate silence, then plunged on:

"I'll swap you even. You may pick anything I've go right off the floor. But don't arrest me—a court appear ance would ruin me. That roadster in maroon and gol Mr. Penfold, it's yours. I'll swap you even. But not [illegible] word about—about—this."

The detective thought a minute. Old Golden Rule could not be still.

"Even, Mr. Penfold; even. It's worth it to me. I'm—I'll be—glad to do it."

HUSH money, thought Penfold. But it was being forced upon him. After all, it was not his fault that the old boy was in the closet waiting for a trolley car, or whatever it was. If he wanted to make a present to a detective, why not? There was no bribe in it, for Penfold was officially after booze. He looked at old Golden Rule, who was sweating in anxiety. The look was decisive. He couldn't bring himself to accept a favor from such a man. If he were going to shake down anybody, it wouldn't be such a contemptible, abject, pulpy creature as old Golden Rule.

"You got me wrong, feller," he said. "I ain't for sale—not for any maroon Condor. I'm out for booze, not vice. You ain't so anxious to swap cars now, are you? Go on home before somebody else runs you in."

The detective ignored the pulpy, moist hand thrust out to him in gratitude, closed the outer door carefully, and reported to Mackworth.

"No booze in there," he said.

"The boys have found it—floor above. Good haul. As soon as the wagon comes we'll be on our way."

The next evening Penfold was called to the telephone.

"That you, Johnny? It's Doris."

Her voice had a curious note of complacency, almost triumph. She continued:

"You know that trip, Sunday, we were talking about? . . . Well, it's on. In my new car. . . . Sure, in the maroon Condor. . . . Yeah, with the gold stripe. . . . Old Golden Rule gave it to me today. . . . What *for?* . . . Why, because he likes my work—the way I send him lots of prospects. . . . He said so himself. . . . Well, you needn't be so skeptical, and everything. . . . No, there aren't any strings to it—you ought to know that. . . . I told 'em you'd call around Sunday and get the car. . . . Well, maybe you'd rather ride in the flivver, but *I* wouldn't."

"She ought to give it back," mused Penfold, as he hung up; "but try and make her."

THE END

Vox

Little Debate About a Big Man

ALBANY, N. Y.—I'd like to knock your head off for that article, "Is Franklin D. Roosevelt Physically Fit to Be President?" by Earle Looker. Listen—if you could get a man with a good brain and mind like Roosevelt has, what in *hades* difference would it make about his walking with a cane?—*Freckles.*

EAST AURORA, N. Y.—I've just finished reading Earle Looker's article Franklin D. Roosevelt, and I must owledge the fact that it is the fin- most comprehensive investigation r made in regard to the physical fit- s of any future Presidential nominee. *Joseph A. Ritz.*

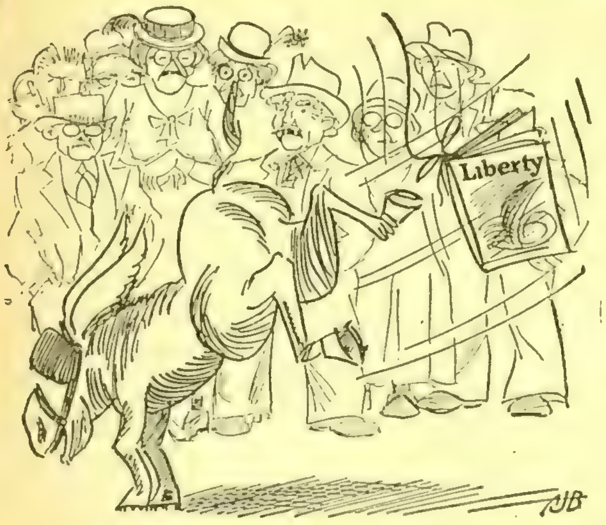
CANTON, OHIO—In your July 25 issue u had an article by Earle Looker, "Is ranklin D. Roosevelt Physically Fit to e President?"

In this strenuous age we need a Presi- ent in the White House presidenting venty-four hours a day, and what bet- guaranty could be asked for, or nted, than a President elected because of his physical fitness rather than solely because of his political views?—*Catherine Fuelling.*

Suggestion Overruled. There Is No Greater Expert than Our Readers

CHICAGO, ILL.—Sometimes I'm hit by an idea so brilliant that it dazzles me (even if it doesn't seem so hot to anybody else). The other day, one of these bright thoughts struck me—and here she be:

Why don't the beefing Vox Poppers (who sure do give me a pain) delegate their kicking to an expert? I mean, turn all their kicking over to a mule, and let him do it for them? He begins his kicking in his cradle (ha-ha!) and keeps it up all his life, and practice makes him perfect—which is more than can be said about most of the feeble knocks you receive.



Once the complaining Poppers had turned their job of kicking over to Old Hard Hoofs and Long Ears, and got it off their minds (if any), they could go about their business with a load off their chests. It sure would make sweeter men and women of them.—*Just a Man with an Idea.*

More About an Editorial

CLEVELAND, OHIO—Have just finished reading your editorial, "Religion Should Not Meddle with Politics." I am surprised at your ignorance of the subject as regards the "Italian controversy."

Have you read any of the Pope's denials that he or his religious societies are in any way meddling in politics? Please look into the matter.

You are right when you say that the country is suffering from religious interference, in enactments by churches —but not by Catholic churches.

You must understand that if there is anything about Fascism which the Pope thinks is contrary to faith or morals, he is bound in duty to warn his children against it.

Many think Fascism is a creed of hate.

Watch Mussolini fall!—*Ellen F. Green.*

EL PASO, TEXAS—Your editorial, "Religion Should Not Meddle with Politics," could have been improved upon in one way only—namely, it should have been printed on a separate sheet of heavier paper, loose leaf, so that it could be framed and hung in every home not only in the United States but throughout the world.

If men and women, and even children, for that matter, would read such writings occasionally this would be a better world to live in.

Thank you.—*Charles I. Auer.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—Your editorial of July 18 gives me a pain in the neck.

Why don't the Italian government keep their hands out of religion, as you so well state religion should keep out of politics?

In the United States a man or woman or child, to be a good Catholic, must be a good citizen.

If he is not a good citizen he is not a good Catholic; so you see the nation really comes first.

Now, be good enough to get your old thinking cap on and write a new editorial more in keeping with fair play.—*Chester Bostweek.*

BALDWINSVILLE, N. Y.—The single editorial in Liberty surely does carry a punch.

Even those among the select and high can barely convey what they have to say as easily and nicely as this weekly editorial.

I admire, especially, your courage in covering the subject "Religion Should Not Meddle with Politics."

Some periodicals would be afraid to print what they think. They might think a lot, but still they would be afraid.—*D. M.*

Bawling Us Out on Baseball

GADSDEN, ALA.—After a careful and expensive investigation conducted by me personally (in no way aided by the Wickersham Committee) I find one major mistake in your otherwise perfect magazine. You have a sports department that is as weak as Stribling in the fifteenth round.

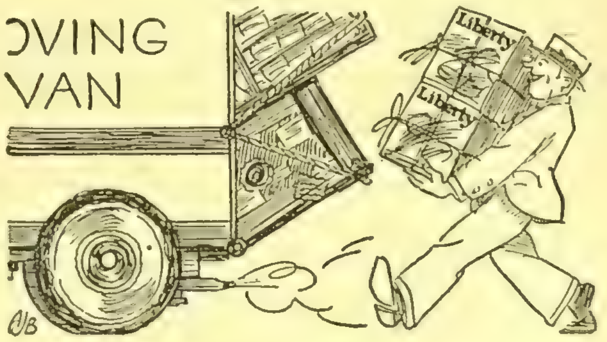
Of the three big sports of the summer months you only covered one in top-notch form, and that was golf.

You had that covered by the two great champions Glenna Collett and Bobby Jones, and that was fine, but what about baseball?

That great sport was almost neglected.—*Bill Abney.*

Found! A True Sense of Values

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—If you'll come right close, Mr. Editor, I'll whisper a secret in your shell-pink (?) ear—something that will tell you just what I think of Liberty.



You don't want to hear it? Aw, come on—be a sport.

What I wanted to whisper is this. I'm moving. The old van came around the other day for my furniture. Did I let the moving men transport the stacks of Libertys that I've been saving for the past two years?

The answer is *no.*

I didn't trust that there van or them there furniture smashers to carry my Libertys.

I took care of 'em myself, by golly.—*R. E. M.*

But a Little Blue, What?

BOSTON, MASS. — Throw all your gangster stories in the tide.

When a guy is loafing he needs something to pep him up, and hearing about these beer runners, etc., going around with pockets full of federal lettuce don't help much.—*Boston, but not Blue-Blood.*

Ha-Ha!

LOUISVILLE, KY.—Liberty's editor is dead, but he won't lay down. Ha-Ha! —*Frank U., Jr.*

Pop

Nice, Fresh Letter from Figi

MONTEBELLO, CALIF.—Be pleased to accepting this humble person's most colossal thanks for services rendered by your delicious magazine to Japanese market gardening gentlemen of Montebello.

During past season some gardeners, wrapping each head lettuce in page torn from Liberty magazine, feel great astonishment by having shipping charges reduced 25¢ per crate. Produce gentleman he explain like this: "Everything inside pages of Liberty is so fresh that it not needing any refrigeration."—*Figi Nikizima.*

Do You Mean to Say You Thought?

MADISON, W. VA.—Why not take an inventory of those who buy Liberty to ascertain your aristocratic audience? Then bar all those readers who do not have the social standing of your authors. What's left? Well, I thought so!—"*Dicky.*"

It's a Gift

TROY, N. Y.—Liberty, I think you have the best little magazine in the world. In it is reading for young and old, married and unmarried, pessimists and optimists, lovers and women-haters, and what not. How do you do it for five cents?—*W. B.*

The Big A in Mr. Hughes' Art

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Permit one who had the good fortune to be "over there"—one who deeply appreciates a gripping, moving short story which actually possesses that elusive quality of realism—to congratulate Liberty and Llewellyn Hughes on his excellent writing. To skillfully, successfully spin vivid tales of the Hughes standard is an art. Llewellyn Hughes is, therefore, an artist. Liberty, in retaining his services, qualifies as a patron of art.

To a Patron of Art
EDITOR

His "Heartbreak" was corking. His "Heir Unapparent" maintained his high tone.

More power—and encores—to him!—*Lloyd H. MacMorran.*

Please Excuse Nicolas, Miss Christie—It's Just His Enthusiasm

OAK PARK, ILL.—Grab on to Agatha Christie! But don't choke her. Just put her in a cage, give her a desk, a typewriter, and ten thousand sheets of paper, and make her go to it, writing exclusively for you.

Her serial, "The Peril at End House," was about the best mystery story I've read in Liberty. I think it's about time to introduce Monsieur Poirot in the movies. All I can say is that Liberty is good. And Agatha Christie gets the cookie!—*Nicolas Sothras.*

He Says Please Not to Bring That Up

SIOUX CITY, IOWA—What Liberty needs is forty questions instead of the usual twenty to make the publication worth five cents. Let the editor of Twenty Questions give this a little thinking.—*H. L. Williams.*

Tapering—

CHICAGO, ILL.—I ain't not got no aspirations not to be no author, nohow, but I just writ the world's shortest, best, most interesting short story. I ain't no piker, neither—cause I give it three chapters instead of only two. Look:

I—
We—
I

Here's a smashing story of romance and Reno—all in four letters.—*Ben.*

—Off

ST. JOSEPH, MO.—I saw in Vox Pop of one of your recent numbers quite a bit of confusion about your short short stories. Seems like some of your readers are trying to get them down to two words. Put me down as one who is strictly against that. Blamed if I'm willing to compromise on two words. I'm holding out for a *blank* on the short short story page.—*A Popper.*

Good Old George!

NORWOOD, OHIO — The increasing number of Libertys sold each week is proof a fool is born every minute—and I'm one of 'em!—*Geo. F. Shanks.*

"Truth" Goes Mr. Bercovici One Worse

NEW YORK, N. Y.—You print Konrad Bercovici's article about conditions in Roumania.

In that article he made it appear that Roumania's millions are suffering because of the tyranny and plunder of the royal family, whereas everybody knows that the life blood of that unhappy country is being sucked by money-lenders who charge the peasant thirty to fifty per cent, and for whom the royalty and aristocracy are simply an expensive smoke screen.

Give us the facts, or else admit that you are afraid to tell the facts.—*Truth.*

Yeah, You'd Like New Sets Till They Did

TUCUMCARI, N. M.—Sending in Limericks reminds me of the story about the sick man who was told by the doctor that he had done all he could for him.

"Is there anything else you want?" the doctor asked.

The sick man looked at him.

"Yes," he said; "I'd like to have another doctor."

Another set of judges might give me first prize.—*A Western Union Ham.*

For Mr. Hopper

ALBANY, N. Y.—Congratulations on your story by James Hopper: "Three Million Per Cent." We all like love tosh, western stories, and railroad tales, but that was different.—*A Reader.*

O. K.

BEDFORD, OHIO—There's only one thing surpasses Liberty—and that's Liberty's broadcast.

Snappy!

Best hour on the radio.

Entertaining from beginning to end.

Makes you feel as though you would like to listen the rest of the evening.—*Z. R. M.*

Thanks, We've Got a Wrist Watch

ST. JOSEPH, MO.—Your magazine used to arrive here on Friday. Then Thursday. Now it gets here Wednesday afternoon.

Keep it up until you get to Monday, so we can get Liberty, the family wash, the grass, and a headache all out of the way on the same day, and I'll buy you a wrist watch.—*Ramsey.*

We Like This, and We Don't

CLEBURNE, TEXAS—Why not let this guy Charles McGuirk, the author of "In His Hand a Rose," take up a little space in Liberty every week?

I've read better stuff—but not in Liberty.—*W. Mabry.*

GOLD STAR

The Story of a Little Man's Big Moment

By Valma Clark

(Reading time: 25 minutes 54 seconds.)

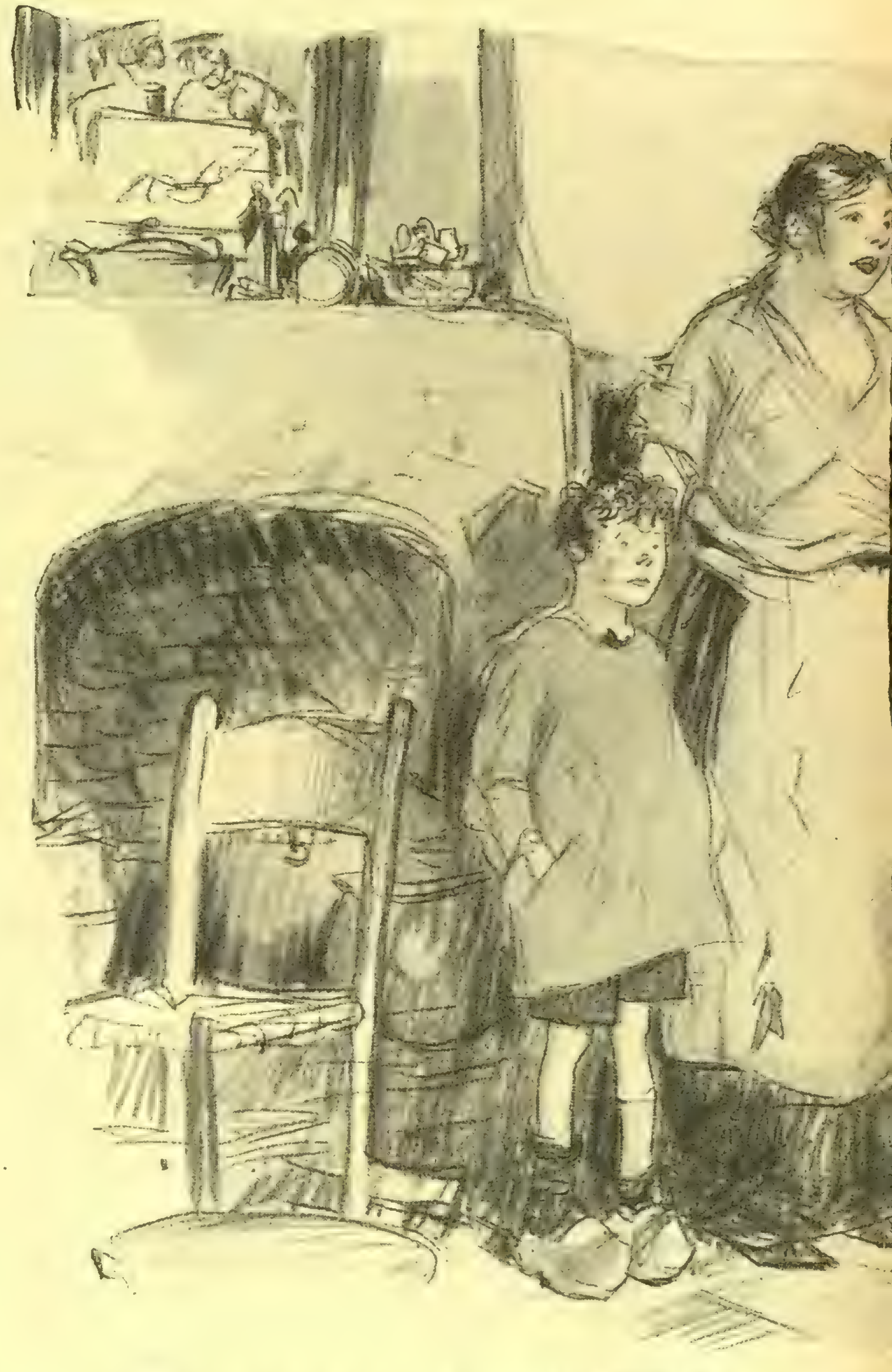
HE was one of that little band of accompanying relatives to Gold Star mothers in the pilgrimage to their sons' graves referred to flippantly in Gold Star Army parlance as "spare parts." Aaron Crowder was neither a brother nor a cousin to a Gold Star mother —he was merely a husband to one. This made him, of course, a Gold Star father. But the very term is anomalous; it is an afterthought, just as Father's Day is a postscript to Mother's Day and not very widely recognized or very whole-heartedly celebrated.

Yet here he was, a little unidentified man at the tag-end of processions of mothers wearing, with prideful humility, the significant badge of their tremendous sacrifice. . . . He might have been remarked standing rather pensively apart from shipboard groups of mothers who exchanged tearful reminiscences of dead sons. Or as a rather incongruous solitary passenger of one of those great *de luxe* gold-starred busses drawn up at the curbstone, where he patiently awaited, his imitation Panama hat tipped against the sun, beside a French driver to whom he could not talk, for the twenty-odd mothers to return from their shopping forages. . . .

A sole representative of his unsung and unglorified brotherhood, he was there at the fringes of this important band of womanhood, in the rim of dusk beyond their spotlight. The mothers, when they remembered him at all, mothered him and disciplined him. So that Mrs. Crowder, who had been equal to the job in her own person for thirty-odd years, had the assistance of twenty-odd females in managing him! And Aaron Crowder felt as though he had merely exchanged his four grown daughters for a mass meeting. And he thought again how when Stella said, "You're only a man—you can't have any idea how I feel about losing Jem!" the truth was that Stella herself could have no faintest notion what it was to a father to lose his only son—his single support in a family of women. . . .

At the moment Mr. Crowder was in the unusual act of rebelling from Mrs. Crowder's régime and dominion. The scene occurred on the Grand Boulevard, before the Hôtel de Paris, from which their particular group was in cumbersome process of loading into the gold-starred bus for an afternoon's jaunt to Versailles.

Stella had been directing operations. Any casual group quickly finds its guiding spirit, and Mrs. Crowder, by sheer force of personality and capability, was recognized as the chairman of this party. "Did you bring your goggles, Mrs. Mahoney? . . . Better put Mrs. Stark on that outside seat, Mrs. Crisp. You're sniffling right now, an' she'll block the wind from you. . . . Father, you can take that seat by Mrs. Crisp," she continued, again segregating Aaron from the pretty young English nurse who had been assigned to their group.



SHE told a story which left the Crowders dazed. And, in final proof, she produced the boy—Jem's boy and hers!

Mr. Crowder muttered something. Mrs. Mary Crisp was mother's chief runner-up for managing honors. Not that she stood any chance—Lord, no!

"What did you say? Move along, Aaron!"

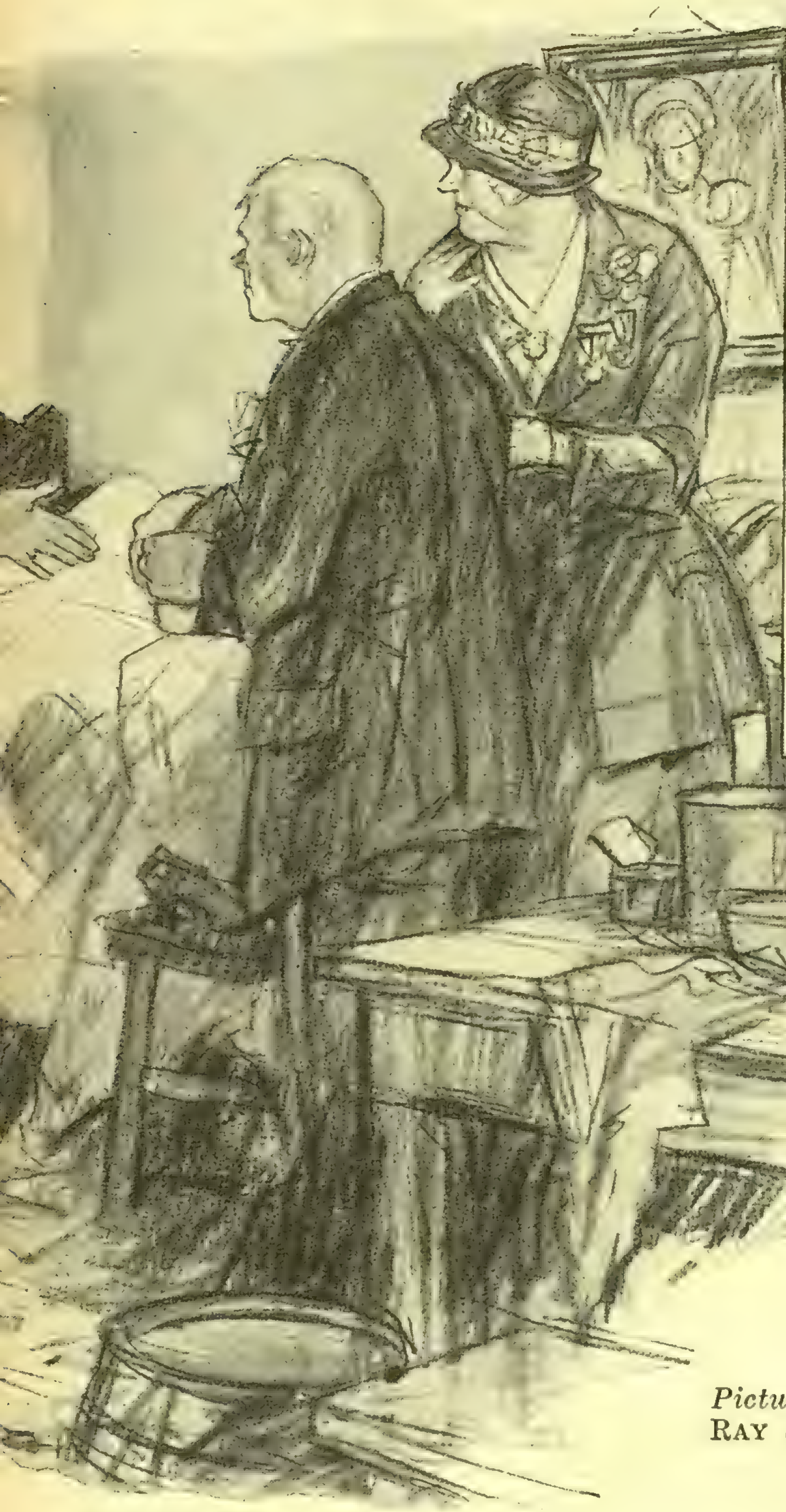
"I said I'm not going," announced Mr. Crowder.

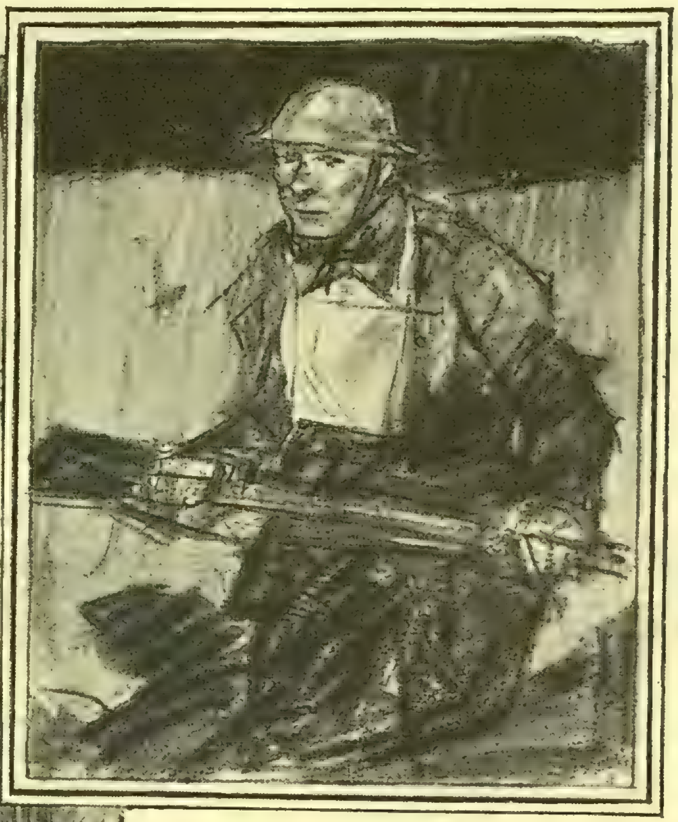
"Nonsense! Don't hold up the party!"

Mr. Crowder stood firm. He was smaller than his wife, and the suit of Sunday blue serge, which he was wearing week days on this trip of a lifetime, being a size too large —as though the frugal habit of buying clothes big enough to grow into held even after the growing stopped—made him look even smaller. But he had bold black eyes and an adventurous curved nose, which might indicate that obedience to mother was less from meekness than from an acquired technique of living with Mrs. Crowder.

That lady had a figure like one of her own risen biscuits. But if her body was cumbersome, her tongue, by crickety, was nimble enough! Her round, florid face, with a worker's shine on it, bloomed from beneath a black hat laden with pink phlox—a home product and Trumansburg's answer to the Paris millinery challenge. Beneath

FATHER





Pictures by
RAY SISLEY

it she had white hair which, if it had lost its wheat-rust redness, had not lost its zestful kink. Altogether Mrs. Crowder was a figure to take the eye of sophisticated Parisian crowds in and about the smart hotel where an indulgent government had booked accommodations for its mothers. . . . And did take it, here and now, traffic being practically suspended while the curious tarried to see how the little man would come out in his conflict with the large Gold Star mother.

MRS. CROWDER said: "Why ever wouldn't you want to see the kings' palace?"

Mr. Crowder said: "The kings are dead."

"That's why it's educational," urged Mrs. Rose Stark, a plump woman with her hat in her hand.

"Shame on you!" Mrs. Crowder began.

"I should think," Mrs. Crisp took the words from her mouth, "that you'd feel you owe it to your government to take advantage—"

"You're forgetting," said Mr. Crowder dryly, "that the mothers get their way paid, but the fathers pay their own."

Stella then brought up her final and unassailable argument. It was built upon a monstrous legend of a Jem who never had existed except in a sorrowing mother's imagination. "This is a pilgrimage, Aaron Crowder, an' I should think you'd want to see the sights Jem must've seen on his last leave in Paris! Jem never would have missed those old palaces of the kings."

The shroud which his wife had woven over the lively memory of their son was usually sacred to father. But this time he looked Stella squarely in the eye and said: "He never mentioned any kings' palaces in his letters."

Mother's large face quivered; she at once retreated. "If you won't come, you might go look at those catacombs an' buy me a picture post card or two to show the neighbors. I doubt I get time myself."

Mrs. Mahoney, from behind her goggles, joined in: "Buy me some post cards, too."

Mrs. Crisp appointed him as her proxy to view the city from the top of the Eiffel Tower, since heights made her dizzy; Mrs. Stark commissioned him to purchase a pipe for her brother Eli. The pretty English nurse smiled at him, the handsome young officer who was acting as guide to the party winked at him. And so, amid a parting flurry of protests and instructions from the mothers, Mr. Crowder was abandoned for the afternoon to the city of Paris.

"BY God," said Mr. Crowder, who had been rarely in his life profane—"by God, if something would just show her that he's my son as well as hers! That I got an understanding of Jem like Stella never had. She's getting so she overlooks the laws of nature. A boy's got to have two parents, hasn't he?"

No catacombs, no Eiffel Tower, no smokers' shop should see him on this free day! Jem had had a five-day bust in Paris before that final return to the trenches. How had Jem passed his leave? The two letters which he had written them from Paris had been discreet and careful missives, but into them had crept twice the mention of a Café du Dome. It was a reference which Stella had doubtless forgotten, since it did not fit into her idealized version of their son. . . .

What a flaming brand the boy had been! He had had a way with sling shots and later a way with girls. Many a time had his father been called upon to save him from the consequences of petty crime—and, as he grew, from complications, harmless enough, involving pursuing damsels.

"Like father, like son," Stella would accuse them both, when these evidences of wildness came to her attention. She had admitted Aaron much more frequently, during Jem's life, to their parenthood. Aaron dallied now with the temptation to retrace Jem's lively trail on that last fling over Paris. But he had the countryman's timidity

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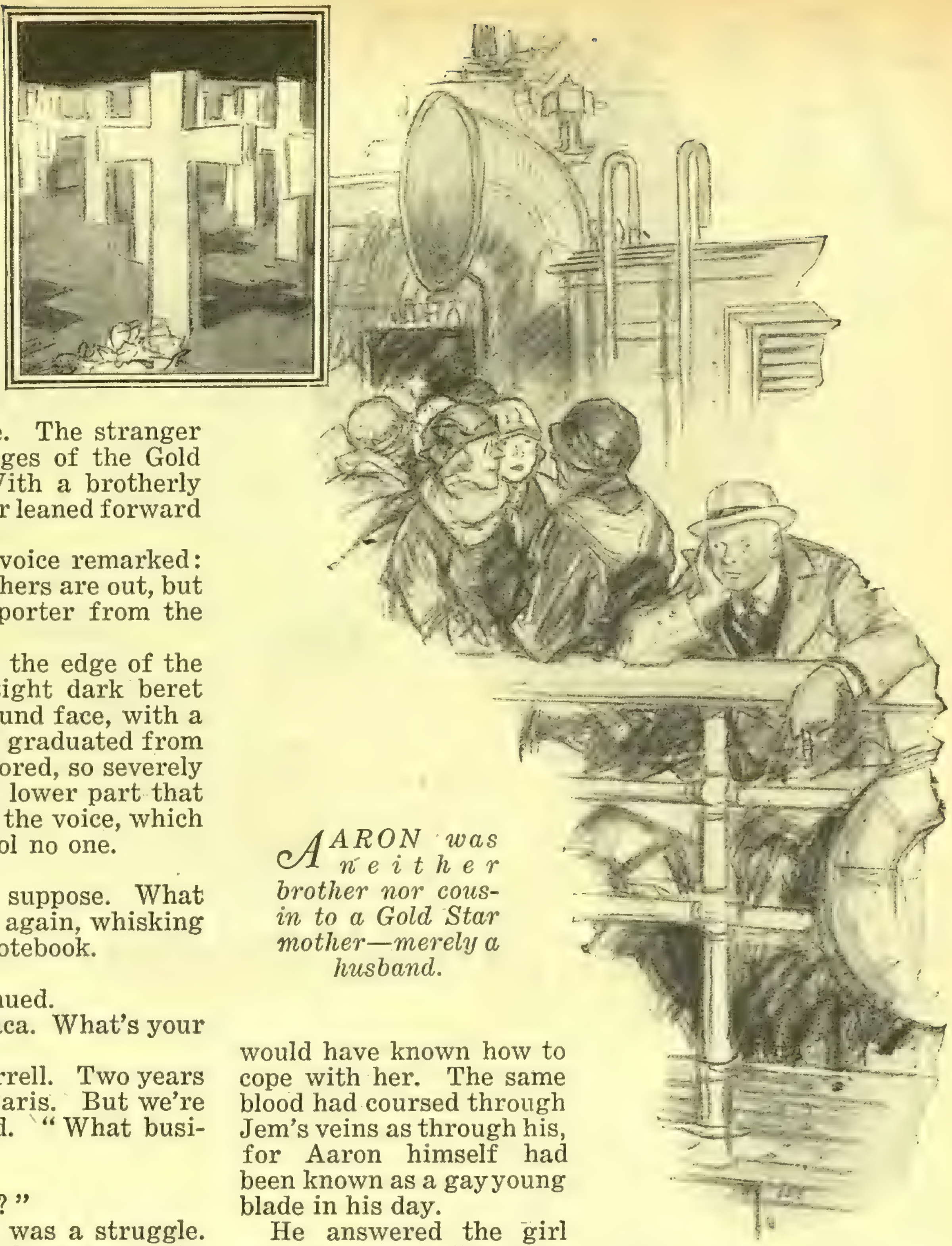
GOLD STAR FATHER
Continued from page forty-three



AARON was neither brother nor cousin to a Gold Star mother—merely a husband.

of city ways, and in the end he wandered, unrebelliously enough, back into the coolness of the hotel lobby. He moved to the lounge, in the indirect-lighted gloom of which he sat.

A man seated in the deep chair opposite him was quite obviously studying him. He was not young, not old. He wore a suit of black-and-white check, carefully cut, an overmatched set of socks, tie, and protruding pocket handkerchief, and a black-onyx-and-diamond ring on the little finger. Suddenly it struck Aaron that he had seen this man before. The stranger had, with Aaron, lurked about the fringes of the Gold Star mothers the past day or two. With a brotherly warmth swelling within him, Mr. Crowder leaned forward to open negotiations.

His view was cut off and a feminine voice remarked: "The clerk tells me all the Gold Star mothers are out, but *you* are a Gold Star father. I'm a reporter from the Paris News. Do you mind?"

A youngster, pony size, perched upon the edge of the seat beside Mr. Crowder. Beneath a tight dark beret no hair showed—only a young, fresh, round face, with a skin that looked as though it had not yet graduated from the milk diet. The dark suit was so tailored, so severely plain, that it was only by the undivided lower part that you could tell that it was feminine. But the voice, which was young and high and fluty, would fool no one.

"YOU'RE traveling with your wife, I suppose. What name? Do you mind?" she asked again, whisking out a small silver pencil and a leather notebook.

Aaron indulged her.

"What part of the state?" she continued.

"We're from Trumansburg, near Ithaca. What's your section?"

"I'm from Buffalo. Name, Dottie Ferrell. Two years out of Smith, and on my own here in Paris. But we're interviewing you, not me," she grinned. "What business did you say?"

"I'm a retired farmer."

"How come you came with your wife?"

"I almost didn't," he admitted. "It was a struggle. It's been a struggle with Stella—Mrs. Crowder—right from the start," he confided, settling to the expansive joy of talking. "Courting her was war. It was Stella's tongue that caught me in the first place. And her tongue's never aged," Aaron chuckled. "No, sir! . . . Jem, when he was born, was just nothing but quarrel between us. He was a row before and after. Stella, see, wanted to call him Jeremiah after her father, and I wanted to call him John—John Tibbett, after my father and my grandfather."

"And what did you call him?" the girl prompted.

"Jeremiah James."

"What's the James?"

"Stella's grandfather." Aaron twinkled . . . "Stella had him *her* son. To see him, he was all Reed: hair that kinked, the color of rusty nails, snappy blue eyes, fair skin. But under the skin he was Crowder, all right, and my son. He knew it and I knew it.

"He certainly was fireworks in the house and out. No radio with the loudest speaker has ever made up to us for the noise Jem made. It leaves a gap. The house was always overrun with kids. His gang, fellows and girls, had a peculiar whistle, three notes—up, down, and up—that I still imagine I'm hearing."

"He must have been one swell kid," said the girl's fluty voice. "I'd have liked to know him."

Aaron watched her light up, still with that indulgent amusement for the child's unconvincing pose of adulthood. Over a cigarette, Miss Ferrell widened her already wide brown eyes at him. She was, it struck him, not only a cute kid but a nice kid. A flirt from purely charitable motives, to make an old codger feel smart and spry. Jem would have liked the way she was a flirt; would have known how to cope with her. The same blood had coursed through Jem's veins as through his, for Aaron himself had been known as a gay young blade in his day.

He answered the girl with conviction: "And my son would have liked you. Jem and I liked the same kind of people."

"Thanks," she said. "That's a sweet compliment."

"According to his mother, he would have married a slow, nice girl named Martha Harden. But he never would have. He'd have brought home some sweet, wild kid, a stranger, one of these days. Someone that'd give the neighbors plenty to talk about, and that would have settled, then, and made him a smacking good wife, and run him like his mother runs me."

"Where is his grave?"

"THE Aisne-Marne. He'd got in the Yankee division, and was in the Belleau Wood fighting in the summer of 1918. Killed July tenth. We didn't get word till nearly two weeks later. It was evening and I was helping Stella weed in her flower garden when the message came. We shared that. Seemed like the ax was buried. But later, womanlike, she got to blaming me for the whole World War. I was practically responsible for Jem's death! . . .

"It isn't as though I couldn't well afford this trip to France. But it seemed like even the government backed up Stella in her opinion that it was the fathers' place to keep the home fires burning while the mothers gallivanted over Europe. I've got money to spare—got plenty of it right with me in travelers' checks—but Stella is one of those women of a thrifty state of mind and she's never relinquished the economy argument."

"Shush!" warned the girl. "You don't talk in loud tones about your assets in the tourists' Paris, especially around doubtful characters. That black-and-white-checked bozo with the finger ring looks like one to me. He's been listening in. Let's move. How about the bar and a beer?"

Aaron followed the girl's lead down the stairs to the cooler, dimmer, and even more modernistic setting of the Bar Viel. A waiter took her order couched in glib French.

It may be mentioned here that Aaron had two beers, in a gesture of defiance. Stella had maintained, all their married lives, that alcohol was never cooling; but he had always protested that there was nothing that quenched a man's thirst on a hot day like a good glass of beer with a cuff on it.

"Go on, do!" begged the girl. "Truly, you're an answer to prayer. You're a whole new slant on the Gold Star mothers!"

Mr. Crowder, pausing for one instant, may have heard the faint echo of his wife's oft-repeated gibe: "Just show me the girl or woman that can't make a fool of you, Aaron Crowder!"

But the need to talk was too potent for him.

He bared his heart and his soul to this girl whose paid job was listening. He gave her side lights on Stella, on matrimony, and on the four daughters. But chiefly he dwelt upon the son, Jem. And if Aaron Crowder had had any experience with the writing creative in a human being, he could have seen, by just looking at the girl Dottie Ferrell as she sat listening, the copy growing in her eyes. . . .

"What's your opinion of France, Mr. Crowder?" she asked, winding up the interview.

"Well, Stella can tell you my opinion of that better than I can myself." He twinkled. "She feels quite strongly on the subject. Personally, I kind of like the difference of it all, but I'd never dare admit it to Stella. I'm broad-minded like that—but Stella calls it weak-minded." He grinned.

"I DON'T want," he said with belated conscience, "that you should get a wrong idea of Stella. I sometimes think that where you see perfect peace in a family you see a marriage that didn't take. It's a sign not so much of—well, love—as of—"

"Apathy," supplied Miss Ferrell, putting up pencil and notebook. "And so true love will have its unmistakable sign: the brandished rolling-pin; the black eye. . . . Hello! Here's our friend again! When did he arrive?"

She indicated the man at the table behind them. He was practically eclipsed behind a spread newspaper, only the sartorially elegant black-and-white-checked legs emerging.

"You mean he followed us? He's not listening now."

"Too obviously not listening. What's his game, I wonder? . . . Well, I'm glad to have met you—and Jem," Miss Ferrell smiled. "I think you're a lamb. I'd much rather braid your nice white hair in pigtails, but I've got to write you up. Don't hold it against me!" She gave him a handclasp that was a joke in its masculine vigor, and left him.

He drifted back to the lounge. A cute trick, that girl. . . .

Mrs. Crowder, in spite of the fact that she was well announced by a strong rustle of taffeta, caught him in the fatuous state of grinning to himself. She said at once: "What have you been up to, Aaron Crowder?" She was at once—morally, physically, and verbally—backed by twenty sister women.

"When in doubt, don't tell," was Aaron's masculine rule, learned from living with women.

"Did you get to the catacombs?" she demanded. Aaron merely denied it.

"To the Eiffel Tower?" Mrs. Crisp took up the catechism. Aaron smugly owned to neglect of the Eiffel Tower.

"Don't tell me," panted Mrs. Stark, whose cherished finger wave had drooped in the heat—"don't tell me you didn't buy the pipe for my brother Eli!" But Mr. Crowder did tell her.

All evening Aaron refused to talk. Alone with Stella in their room, he emerged from the conjugal third degree still triumphantly noncommittal. Stella was not the only member of the Crowder family who could appear in print!

SINCE they were leaving early in the morning for the cemetery, the party arose in good time. But Mr. Crowder was ahead of the mothers. He bought his paper. Yes, by George, there he was! A whole front-page column to himself, under the headline, *One Gold Star Father in Paris*. . . . Stella had never rated more than a paragraph among the other mothers.

Mr. Crowder settled himself to read. . . . And as he read a first doubt burgeoned finally into the healthy, full-sized fear of one man at the mercy of twenty-odd women. *Had* he said all that? Even while indignantly denying it, Mr. Crowder knew the sentiments for his own! That girl Dottie Ferrell had converted him into a true-story confessional. She quoted him *verbatim*. She opened up, through him, the whole issue of Gold Star fathers *versus* Gold Star mothers. In short, Aaron did not need to draw very heavily upon his native shrewdness to realize that the mothers, singly and collectively, would resent his blazoned interview.

As they swarmed upon him, he thrust the journal behind him, deep into the crevice between the seat and the back of his chair. Could he, Aaron questioned as he swallowed bitter French coffee, keep twenty-odd women from contact with that article in the twenty minutes before they got under way? He doubted it. The mothers, having tasted fame, were forever watching jealously for their fresh emergence in print. Mr. Crowder quailed before the vision of himself marooned in a bus with twenty indignant women. But he could not gracefully retreat from this trip to

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

tough beard ?

Same as FUZZ TO MENNEN

MENNEN doesn't care:—no matter how tough the beard—how wiry the whisker—it's nothing but young fuzz to *this* lather! For Mennen is the one shaving cream *specially made* for tougher-than-average stubble.

Mennen contains specially processed tristearin $(C_{18}H_{35}O_2)_3C_3H_5$. That ingredient builds up a unique—a "tough beard" lather.

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MENNEN TALCUM FOR MEN
MENNEN SKIN BALM
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MENNEN SHAVING CREAM

GOLD STAR FATHER
Continued from page forty-five

the cemetery, which was the goal of the whole voyage.

It would, of course, be Mrs. Crisp who produced the fatal journal! She and Mrs. Stark shared it.

"'Gold Star Father in Paris!'" gurgled the plump Mrs. Stark. "Whoever—?"

"Why, it's *Mr. Crowder*," pounced Mrs. Crisp.

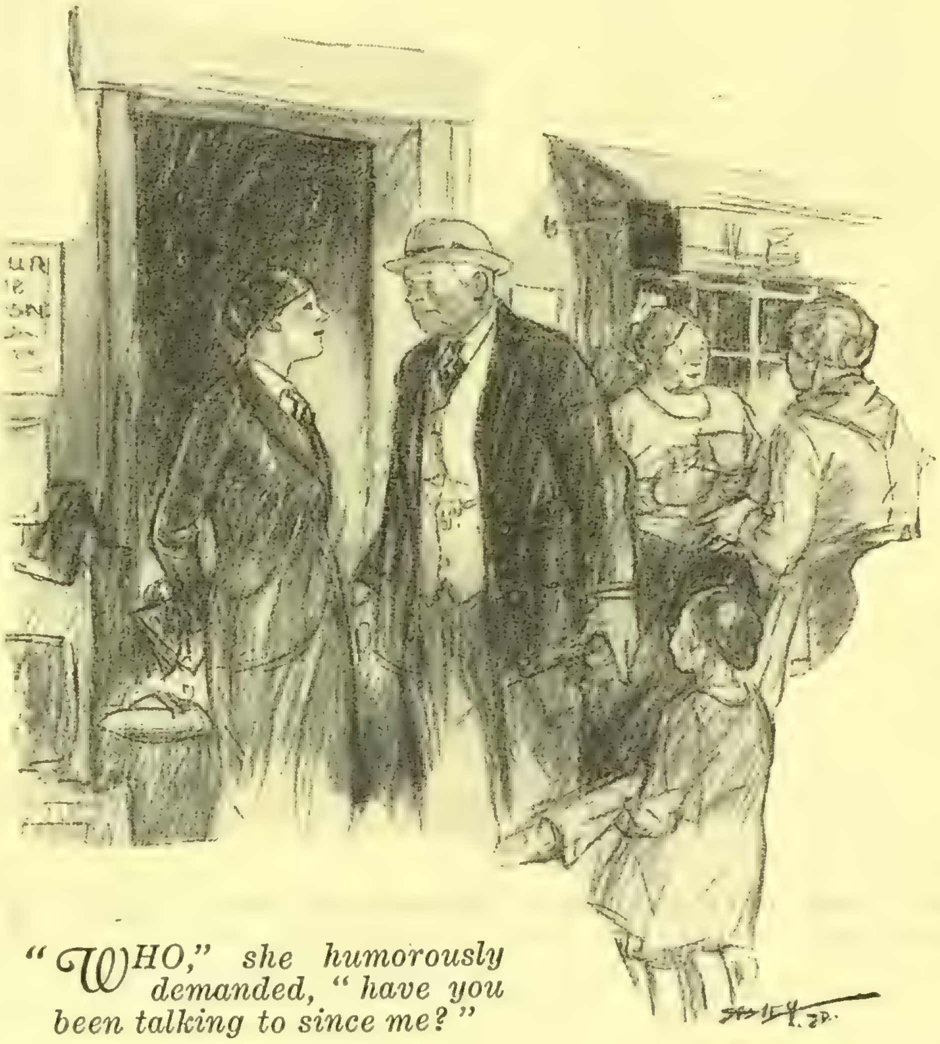
Aaron pulled down his imitation panama and made an abortive gesture of turning up his coat collar. As the two women eagerly consumed the printed word doubt was born and grew into conviction within them. "Why, he's running down us Gold Star mothers! Look, Mrs. Crowder, it's Mr. Crowder in the paper here, talking against *us!*"

"So that's what he was doing yesterday afternoon!" said Mrs. Crowder ominously. "Talking for print! Let me see!"

"Let's see! Let's see!" chorused the other mothers. But the paper was passed up to headquarters.

"'He said,'" read Mrs. Crowder in a platform voice which carried above the throb of the motor, "'That there is something special and sacred in motherhood, I am prepared to believe. But can't there, too, be something special and sacred in fatherhood?' Did you say that, Aaron Crowder?" "Blasphemy" was the word which Stella's manner suggested.

Mr. Crowder cleared his throat and gazed upward.



"WHO," she humorously demanded, "have you been talking to since me?"

"LISTEN to this!" shrilled Mrs. Crisp, competing for floor space. "'And as I looked at him and listened to him, I could not but believe that his was the plaint of all Gold Star fathers against all Gold Star mothers. That little mute, bereaved band—'"

"'Mute'?" questioned Mrs. Murphy. "Did you mention 'mute'? It seems to me he said a-plenty!"

"'Men who wear no badges, who find no solace in groups. Tired men who wield the hoe while their wives wave the flag—'"

"'Wield the hoe'!" Stella snorted. "It's eight years come fall since Aaron's retired from the hoe. But did *I* ever retire from the skillet?—I ask you, Aaron Crowder."

"'And it came to me that Mr. Aaron Crowder, in making this pilgrimage to his son's grave, was the proxy for all those other Gold Star fathers who have perforce stayed behind.'" (That gentleman looked as though he could do with the support of the brotherhood.) "'Who can say that, as the grief of the Gold Star fathers is not less, their understanding of those late-living sons is not greater?'"

"It's a woman," Mrs. Crowder concluded to the bus at large. "Don't you tell me, Aaron Crowder, that the one you did all this talkin' to was not a woman." (Mr. Crowder didn't.) "The woman isn't living who can't make a complete, addlepated fool of him. Anyhow, I'm glad to know how you feel toward me, Aaron Crowder. Glad to have it printed for the whole world to read."

"You'd think, to hear it, he was speaking for all the husbands," Mrs. Crisp took it up. "But I want to tell you now, he's not speaking for Mr. Crisp. Mr. Crisp doesn't begrudge *me* my trip to Europe."

"Doesn't dare," muttered Aaron.

It was the last word he spoke, in all that morning jaunt over the French countryside, until they turned in the long graveled drive leading to the cemetery. He was blackballed by common consent.

But the petty feud with the solitary male in their midst was forgotten now before the supreme experience which was upon the mothers. And Aaron, relaxing in grateful oblivion, caught the contagion of their emotion. Below a thinly wooded hill, ghost-colored and suggesting misted rain even on this summer-bright day, lay the cemetery, the curved rows of white crosses blossoming with a terrible regularity from an unnaturally green sod—and one of those marble crosses Jem's!

AARON trailed closely in Stella's wake, ready to support her should she need him. Over the green sod marked with neat signs, "Please Keep Off the Grass," the two took their way, following their guide.

The man indicated a cross and considerately withdrew. But even before Aaron's eyes took in and carried home to his heart the carved words, "Jeremiah James Crowder," they registered the spray of fresh flowers, calla lilies, which lay upon Jem's grave, distinguishing it from its uniformly unhonored neighbors. Surprising tribute to a lad thirteen years dead in a foreign country where he had, supposedly, had no close human ties! . . . What Aaron had expected to feel he did not feel, because of a strongly mounting curiosity.

Stella and Aaron questioned each other, and eventually they questioned the warden of the cemetery. That kindly American could, and did, give them information. The spray of flowers had been brought there only that morning by a young Frenchwoman, who had left her name and address with him in case anyone requested it. He wrote it on a slip of paper, which he gave to them. Were they the Château-Thierry or Saint-Quentin group? Château-Thierry—good! That was the young woman's town. . . .

Mrs. Crowder, unfortunately, took the busload of women into her confidence. They waited at the hotel, almost as impatient for the solution of Mrs. Crowder's mystery as was that lady herself, while father and mother, following the explicit directions of the hotel proprietor, adventured forth.

The hours that followed had, even as he lived through them, the miragelike quality of a bad dream. They arrived, down a damp, dark alley, at a cellarlike room which was surely the dirtiest and the most poverty-stricken that the Crowders, in a wholesome life, had ever encountered. The object of their search, this woman, Lise Bodin by name, spoke a broken English which was amazingly adequate to the situation.

She told a story which left the Crowders dazed. It was a tale of faithful and undying love for their son Jem. How she had followed him to the front; had lived in an evacuated farmhouse to be near him. How she had been with him when he died. How she had settled here in this town to be near his grave. And how she had gone hungry—yes, hungry—to keep the pretty flowers on Jem's grave. Her so-dear Jem! And now this was the dear mother and father of her dear, dear Jem!

She knew the facts of Jem's life as only one who was near to him could have known them, and she produced them in corroboration of her story. And, in final incontestable proof, she produced the boy—Jem's boy and hers!—an unprepossessing urchin of a dozen years or so, whose blue eyes stared out vacantly at Aaron from a pallid, unhealthy little face. Nothing about him to recall their Jem, except the hair, which was indubitably rust-red and curly!

Aaron, shuddering to his soul, saw by the sickness of Stella's face that she was convinced. The woman arrived at the crux of her tale: " It is not for myself I ask, but for my little Jem. I ask that the mother and the father of my b-ee-g Jem give me the money for the bread, the clothes, the school . . ."

Now suddenly Aaron's shrewdly sharp black eyes narrowed on the woman. She was a big creature, heavy-bosomed, sluggish of figure, dressed in clothes which were ragged to a point almost theatrical. While she had not been able to buy bread, she had been able to buy rouge, for her high, prominent cheek bones were accented by two orange spots, and her black hair showed the faint ridges of a waning marcel.

With his eyes half shut, Aaron tried to picture her as she might have been twelve — thirteen — years ago. Abruptly Jem, the living Jem, was alive in Aaron's heart again. This woman was not Jem's woman, and his own senses—which were Jem's senses—told him so. The woman was a liar—but how to prove it?

He saw abruptly that he must get Stella back to the hotel and to bed. He made excuses, assuring the woman that he would certainly want to do a great deal for her and for the boy. . . .

Stella said brokenly: " How could he, with Martha waitin' for him at home! "

Aaron looked at her curiously, suddenly sorry for his wife that she had known Jem so little. He said slowly: " He was a reckless boy, but he was never a coward. Always stood by his mistakes, once he'd made them."

VALMA CLARK

who has been writing fiction since 1920. She formerly lived in Rochester, N. Y., but now makes her home in Paris. The Gold Star Mother pilgrimage gave her the idea for this story.

HE shielded Stella from the curiosity of the other mothers, but knew by the sharpened look on Mrs. Crisp's face she scented trouble for her rival and would ferret out the story. Abandoning his wife to the grateful privacy of their own room, he sought out the proprietor of the little hotel and explained that he must talk by telephone with a Miss Ferrell, who was with the Paris News. The accommodating little Frenchman negotiated it for him. Why, since he wanted to shun publicity, Aaron should have chosen Dottie Ferrell, he could not have explained.

Her fluty, high voice came through to him almost at once. He told her who he was; he told her, cannily, that there was a story for her at Château-Thierry. With modern dispatch, she said merely: " Coming. Hold everything." And she arrived by the next train.

He walked her out into the town to get her away from the curious eyes and ears of all the mothers, and he told her the situation in full.

" Who," she humorously demanded, " have you been talking to since me? "

" Nobody."

" Sure? Well, then, that bozo in the black-and-white checks. . . . His face had a haunting, police-recorded look. . . . And that calla-lily game I seem to have met up with before. . . . Last summer . . . a mother from Iowa. . . . Leave it to me! "

THEY were at dinner in the hotel's small, overcrowded dining room. Aaron knew, from the respectful and pitying isolation in which he and Stella found themselves, that the story had already spread. Mrs. Crisp had probably lost no time in investigating the address which Stella had previously showed her. Aaron caught her penetrating, whispered retort to Mrs. Stark's " Imagine his marrying a French girl! "—" She doesn't claim he *married* her." . . .

Dottie Ferrell breezed in. " Starving. Anything left? It's all right—the woman's a fraud. She blew into town yesterday. Rented that room; rented the kid — I talked to his mother. She planted these calla lilies and just sat down and waited for you to call round. That bird in Paris was her confederate, I'd hazard. Probably just a little side racket they work between big deals. Little risk and doesn't require many props. The prize isn't big, but worth while. They picked on you, no doubt, because that 'Mr. and Mrs.' on the steamship list argued you must have a few hundred to spare, else father couldn't travel with mother. I confronted her with the evidence and she's evacuated."

Stella's hand found his. " But how —how did you ever guess it, Aaron? "

Aaron's eyes found hers. " Because I knew our Jem. But, mother—*mothers*," he twinkled, " meet Miss Ferrell of the Paris News."

" The one that interviewed you? " suspicioned Mrs. Crisp.

" The same," admitted Aaron.

" It's a swell story," said Dottie Ferrell, widening her brown eyes at Aaron shamelessly.

" Don't tell me, Aaron Crowder," gasped his wife, " that she's going to print it! "

" Without the names," the girl reassured her.

" Well! Just show me the woman, Aaron Crowder, that can't make a fool of you! "

" *That one* didn't," Mr. Crowder pointed out. Thus it began again—the strife of devotion.

THE END

TREAT THAT CORN SAFELY

"Can I sink it?"

No . . . if the sub-cellar part of your mind is groaning, "Ouch! Confound that corn!"

Corns scare away the birdies. You've got to be on *easy* feet to play your game. And the answer to *that* is—Blue-jay corn plasters. Simple little felty-soft pads that you can wear *while* you play. Instantly relieving the pressure and chafing that cause the pain. Quickly—and mildly—medicating the corn for early removal.

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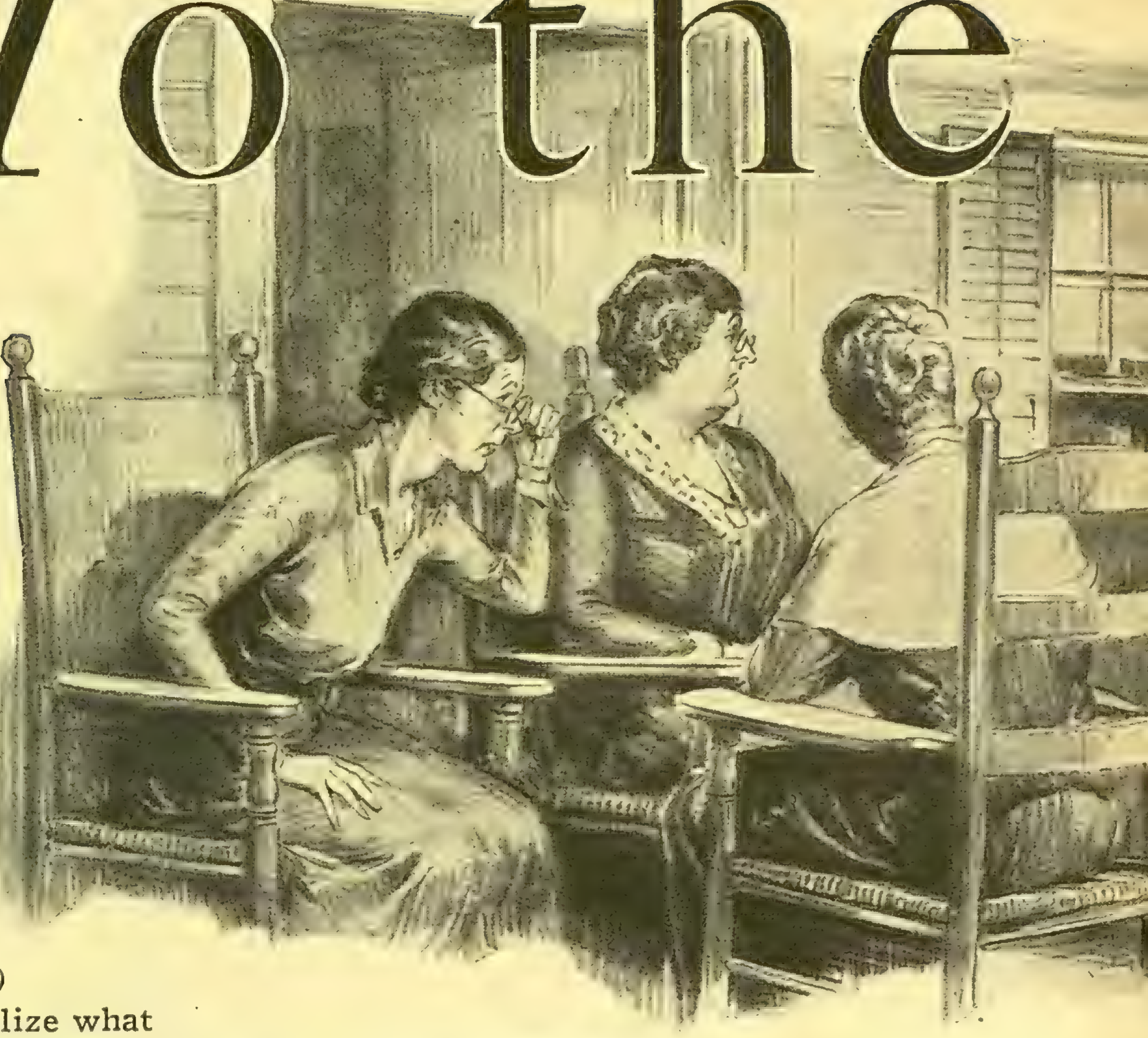


By

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and descendant of the first czar of Russia.

(Reading time: 8 minutes 28 seconds.)

A STRANGE case has just made me realize what a grave undertaking it is for a mature man to marry a young girl.

The situation involves two women friends of mine, two sisters whose father died some months ago. When I met them the other day they looked tired and harassed.

"We're worn out," they told me. "You see, we have a baby to attend to now."

"Baby?" I didn't understand. I knew there was no baby in their family.

"It's mother," they explained. "Mother *is* a baby, you know. She hasn't a single interest or diversion of her own. To keep her contented we have to amuse and entertain her like a little child."

The story of this widow's married life, happy though it was, contains a tragic element, I think. At eighteen she married a man of thirty-two. By the time she was twenty—still very much of a child in many ways—both of her girls were born. Enjoying her gay and childlike irresponsibility, her grown-up husband treated her almost as he treated his baby girls. He loved to tell people, "I've got three kids at home."

As the children grew their father encouraged them to study, to read, to develop independent interests. Never did he make an effort to help his young wife "grow up" in the same way. He preferred to have her sit her life out at his feet, admiring him.

Later on the children became his companions on terms of mental equality such as his wife could not attain. So, when he died, he left her, *still a baby*, on her own daughters' hands.

Rather a terrible thing, it strikes me. Surely the mental and spiritual development of a young wife should be just as important to her husband as her material welfare.

SUNBURN gets to be one of our touchiest problems at this time of year. Oh, those grilled shoulders, those roasted arms, that barbecued back! Friend or foe, woe betide anyone who rubs against them!

Every healthy vacationist wants to come home with a dark alluring tan, but it pays to take a few precautions against severe burns. Too much sunburn suffering can spoil a great deal of vacation fun. So go easy on the exposure during the first few days. Take your sun cure gradually, and cover up when you're lying around wet after a swim.

A little vinegar rubbed on your body will save your skin from being scorched to a crisp.

But if you *do* get cooked like a broiled tomato, there is a simple inexpensive home remedy worth remembering.

Smear your burned spots thickly with raw white of egg. Remain as quiet as possible until this congeals. Then take it off gently, and you'll find most of the soreness gone.

HOW to handle about twenty guests at a buffet supper or garden party is a question which has been bothering one of my readers. It isn't the menu that puzzles her; what she wants is advice about keeping everyone amused and happy.

"At parties of this size," she writes, "the nice but quiet people always seem to get left out of the gayer groups."

That's what afflicts most parties, isn't it? But in this respect, I think, informal buffet suppers are the easiest of all gatherings to manage.

First, let me suggest doing away with the nervous balancing of plates, cups, napkins, etc., on laps and knees. It is far better to mobilize all your small tables (and those of your neighbors if necessary). Have tablecloth, napkins, salt and pepper, relishes, etc., ready in sets for each table.

These can be quickly arranged when wanted, and your supper will be served and eaten in comfort.

You'll find your duties as a hostess considerably lightened if you have in mind some general plan about the grouping of your guests. Mix the duller ones among the brighter ones, the silent among the talkative.

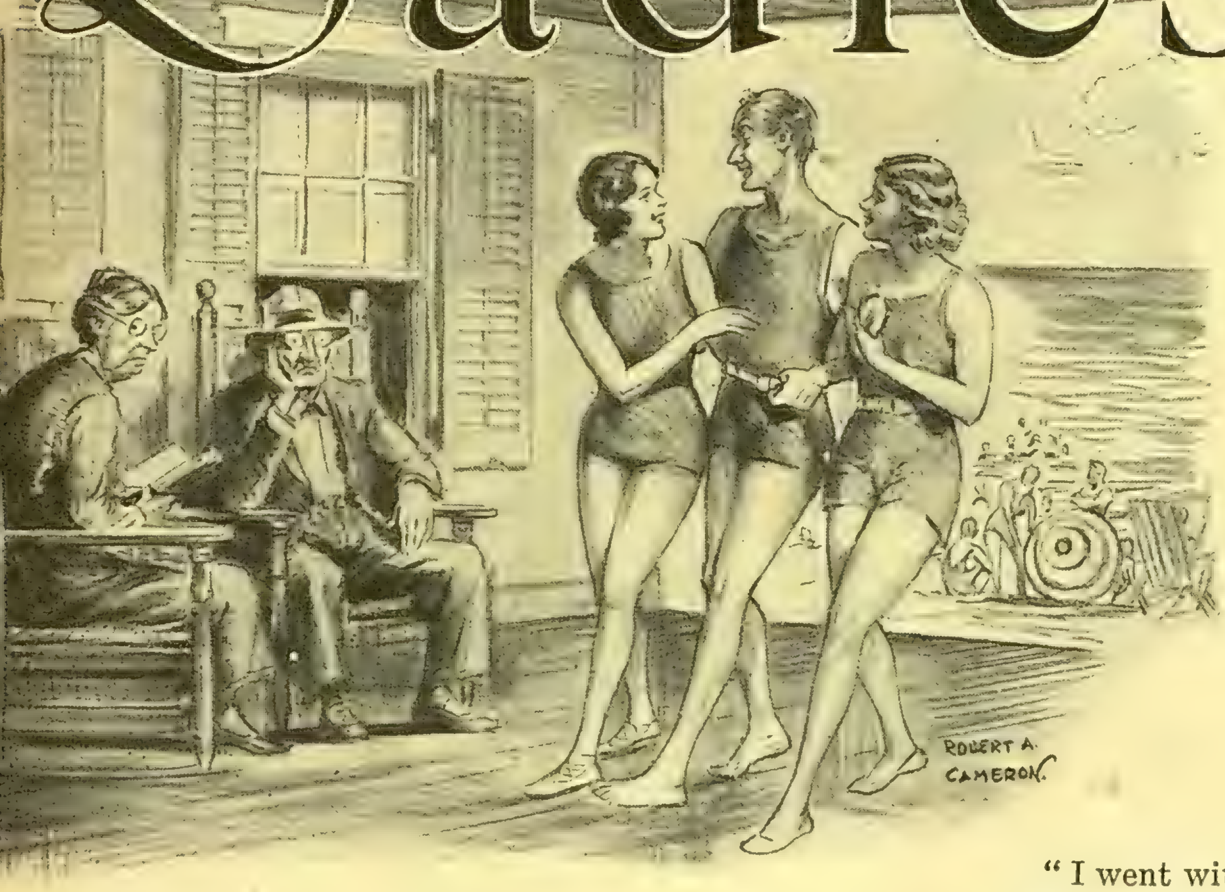
It is quite all right for a hostess to say, "Mr. A, won't you look after Mrs. B? Come sit over here at this table."

The pleasantest buffet supper of my experience seemed at the start as though it were doomed to be a dreadful bore. But when supper was served, in came the host disguised as a fat French chef. Gabbling broken English, he trotted from table to table, joked, talked about the food, broke the social ice.

Soon everyone was laughing, eating with zest, having a high old time.

Ladies!

Picture by **Robert A. Cameron**



OPAL lovers are all excited. A report from Australia claims that the largest opal in the world has just been found there.

But American gem experts are skeptical. "Australia," one of them told me, "has only black opals. The finest and largest opal in the world is the Franz Josef opal in Budapest. That one is a real milky opal."

Australian black opals have a dark ground in which red, green, and bluish firelights glow, while the Hungarian opal has pink and golden lights burning in a milky white ground, and is considered a finer stone.

No bad-luck superstition clings to opals in Hungary, as it does elsewhere. On the contrary, the opal is Hungary's national stone, and Hungarian babies wear opals in their tiny earrings—to insure good luck.

A romantic legend dating back to the fourteenth century takes the curse off all opals in Hungary. According to this legend a great warrior named Hunyadi prevented the Turks from overrunning Europe by way of Hungary.

For leading charges and for carving Turks, Hunyadi, it's said, always used a marvelous golden sword incrusted with opals. He was mightily victorious—hence the opal's splendid repute to this day.

If you acquire opals do not forget they are very sensitive to extreme temperatures. Don't put them in the ice box so the burglars won't get them. They fly all to bits when exposed to severe cold.

HARDBOILED talk is losing its popularity in this country. That's the opinion of Jesse L. Lasky, Paramount chief, with whom I discussed the subject recently. Mr. Lasky said:

"When Ruth Chatterton made her first talking picture we received hundreds of letters protesting against her *highbrow* manner of speaking. That was a year or so ago. Now our public *demands* refined voices and emulates them."

I am sure it is true that anyone who desires improved speech can learn a lot from the talkies and from the radio. A little careful listening when trained speakers are on the screen or the air will soon take effect upon your own enunciation.

It's surprising how many improvements of speech may be picked up in this way.

FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD Judy Acheson is an American Alice in Wonderland who goes to far romantic places and writes books about them. Already she has written one about her adventures in Constantinople. Now she's doing another on her experiences in Soviet Russia.

Judy's father is Barclay Acheson, of the Near East Relief. With him on his professional travels went Judy and her mother. In Russia, Judy palled around intimately with all sorts of Communist kids. She attended their schools, played their games, learned their ideas. Their slant on the outside world comes out clearly in a story she tells.

"I went with some of them to see a Harold Lloyd picture," says Judy. "The film showed a comic fight in which Harold Lloyd's shirt got torn off. One of the Russian kids turned to me and said: 'See that, now! That proves how scarce clothing is in America. They're fighting to see who gets his shirt!'"

DRESS styles are beginning to offer us more personal independence. This year the dresses worn by fashionable women at the smart French races were seen to differ among themselves as much as *eight inches* in length. Even the lengths of tailored costumes and of floating chiffons are now being varied in Paris to suit the particular figure of the wearer. This is a great advance, I think, for nothing can mar a woman's appearance more effectually than an unbecoming length of skirt.

The best road to smart appearance follows an adaptation of current style to individual requirement. Worth noting, I believe, is the fact that two of the world's best dressers—Mrs. Reginald Fellowes and Mlle. Chanel—both take special pains to avoid such fashions as they find unsuited to them personally.

Rather than wear various ultrasmart models which do not become them, both these women prefer to find *one* really becoming model, then have it repeated in different colors and materials.

ITALIAN dinners are widely popular in this country, but when getting up an Italian dinner we nearly always stick to spaghetti, to minestrone soup, to ravioli. Why not branch out, be more epicurean? Spaghetti is just an everyday stand-by in Italy. There's nothing *special* about it.

Real Italian gourmets at this time of year flock to Umberto's Restaurant in Rome, where they eat thin pink slices of cold ham with purple-ripe raw figs. They split the figs lengthwise, adding to them a few drops of tarragon vinegar.

After that a big dish of *fettucini*, which means *flat* noodles, plainly cooked with a large lump of sweet butter and plenty of grated Parmesan cheese stirred into it at table. No meat sauce should be served with this. Finish the meal with white grapes served in a chilled glass bowl with nuggets of cracked ice in between the bunches. Food-wise Italy calls this a perfect summer dinner—and I am inclined to agree. Don't blame me, though, if you don't like it when you try it. Blame the Italians.

Sensible way to lose

FAT

Woman Loses 15½ pounds in 2 Weeks!

A half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water every morning before breakfast and going a little lighter on potatoes, fatty meats and pastry, provides a GUARANTEED safe, quick and pleasant way to obtain slenderness.

Mrs. M. C. Taylor of Lewisburg, W. Va., writes: "I'm not quite 5 feet tall and weighed 175 lbs. I've been taking Kruschen 2 weeks and now weigh 159½ lbs. and never before felt so strong and energetic".

Kruschen is a superb combination of 6 SEPARATE minerals which help every gland, nerve and body organ to function properly—that's why health improves while ugly fat disappears. An 85c bottle lasts 4 weeks and is sold in every drugstore in the world.

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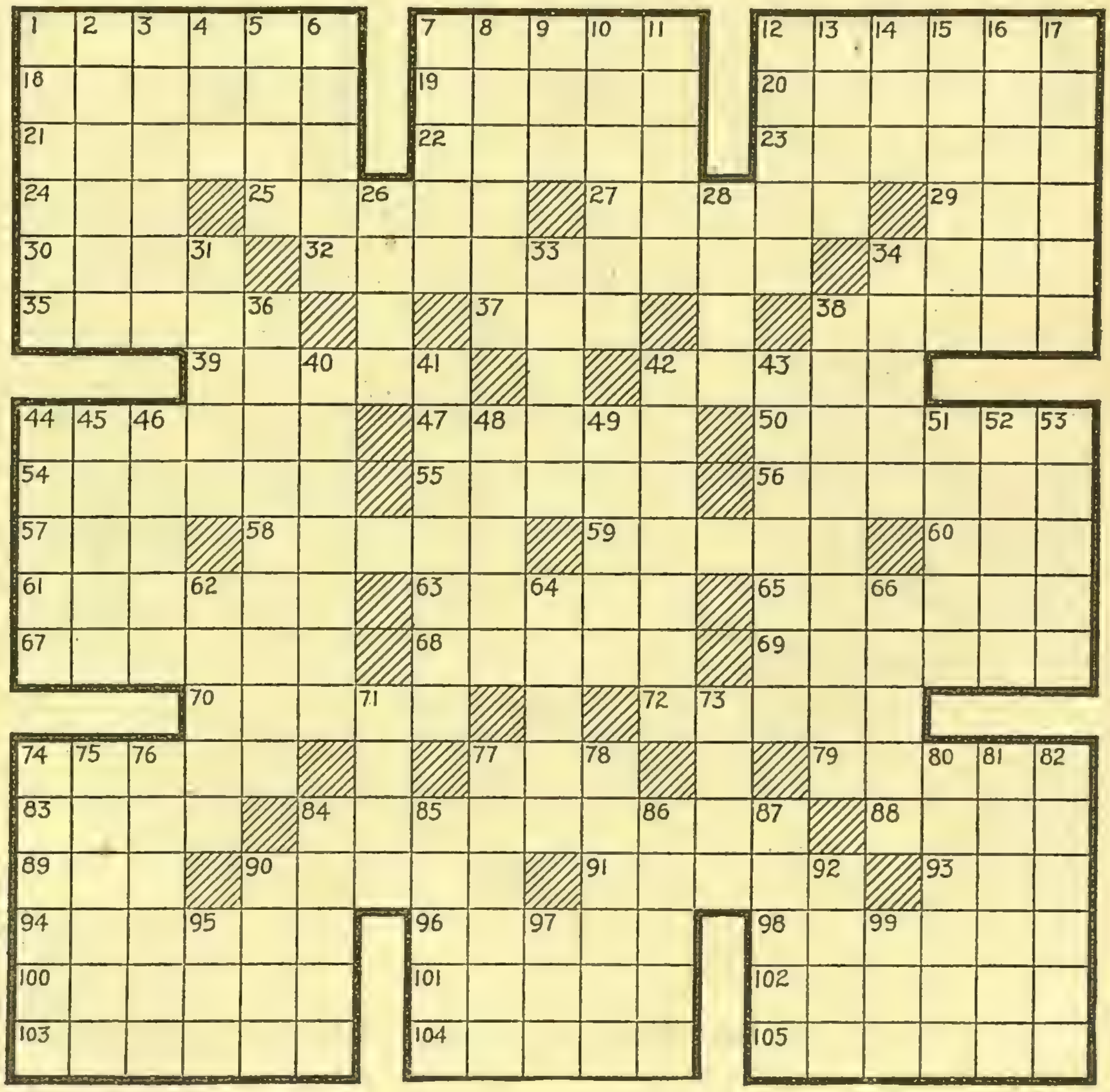
Two New Puzzles:



HORIZONTAL

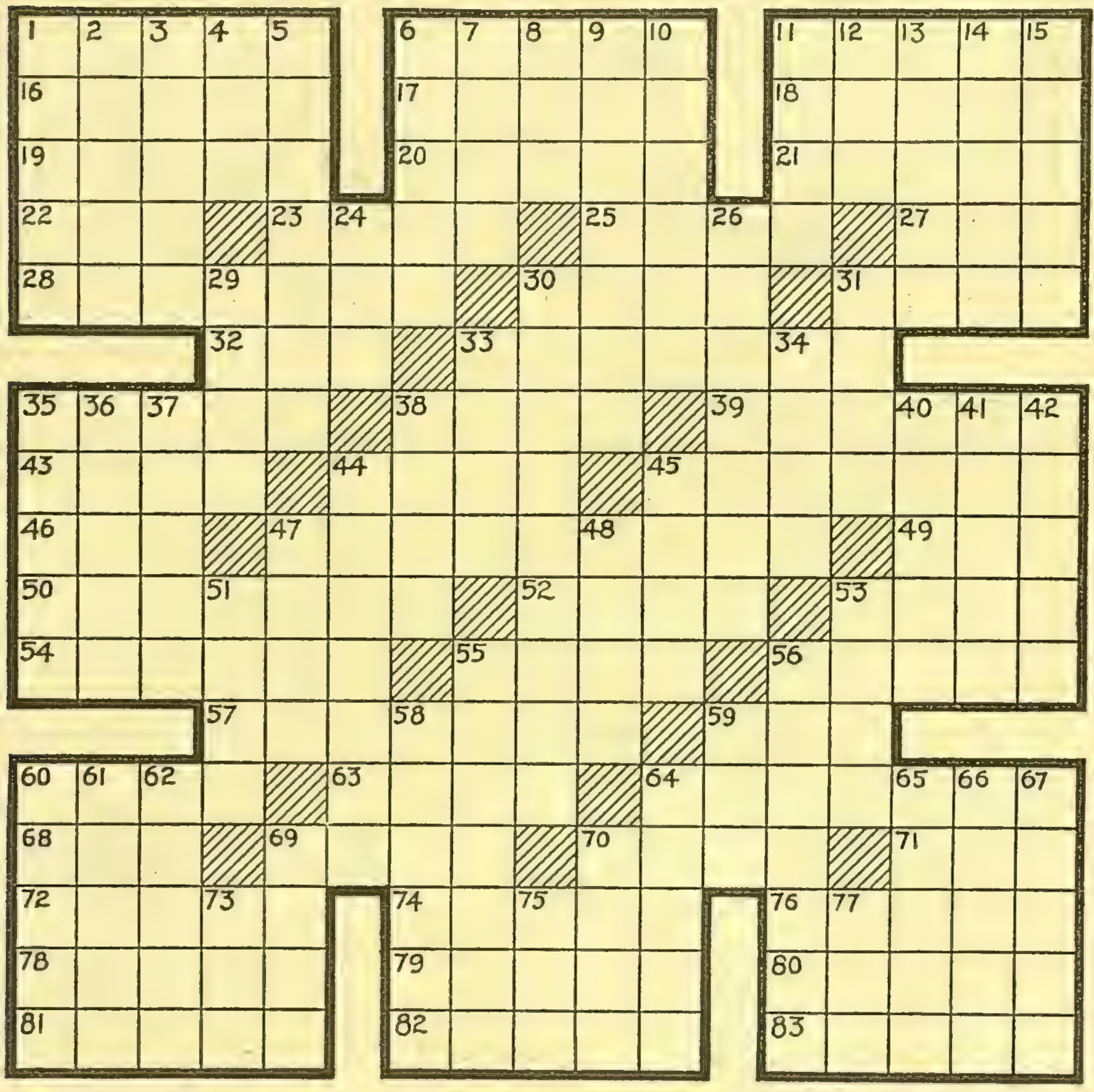
1 Star in the constellation Gemini
7 Employers
12 Antics
18 Slanting
19 Saccharine
20 Imitation pearl
21 Contours
22 Ax handle
23 City in Canada
24 Measure of weight
25 River in Africa
27 Sultan's decree
29 Horse
30 Therefore (Latin)
32 Wanting vigor
34 Culmination
35 Ceases from action or motion
37 Sooner than
38 Liberated
39 Measure of thread in weaving (plural)
42 Equines
44 Behind a vessel
47 A game
50 Chooses; takes up
54 Did odd jobs
55 Hell
56 Fame
57 Product of electrical decomposition
58 Seaweed used as food (plural)
59 Pertaining to a part of the palate
60 Portuguese coin
61 American Negro poet
63 Guide
65 Spent unnecessarily
67 Chargers
68 Intended
69 Olympian deity
70 Bamboolike grasses
72 A falcon
74 Masts
77 Furthermore
79 Fops
83 Small
84 Freed from anxiety
88 Man's nickname
89 Beverage
90 Horny indurations
91 Beverage
93 Because that
94 A fish
96 Jewish priestly blessing
98 Compound of boron
100 A bird
101 Sends forth
102 Expiates
103 Island in Venice
104 Import; meaning
105 Short intermission

VERTICAL

1 Condiment container
2 On land
3 Insults with vulgar language
4 A toy
5 Unobscured
6 Plant exudation
7 Court attendant
8 Deflect; turn aside
9 A fish
10 Subject to abuse
11 Square meter
12 Strings
13 Toward the sheltered side
14 Domestic animal
15 Make evident
16 Reëntitle
17 Displayed publicly
26 Trappings
28 Vipers
31 Otherwise
33 Mistook
34 Criminal burning
36 Serenatas
38 United in a league
40 Sanction
41 Division or separation (plural)
42 Declares
43 Territory in Borneo
44 Sour substances
45 Yell
46 Metric measure
48 Hurry
49 Cardinal number
51 Ottoman court
52 Between
53 Deceptively inferior
62 A fruit
64 Merits or deserves
66 Perennial plant
71 A ruminant
73 Old
74 Stationary member of a motor
75 Cuban hutia
76 Genus of ferns
77 Take upon one's self
78 Old silver coins
80 Describe accurately
81 Wears away
82 Pressure; strain
84 Round-up
85 A mountain range
86 Wash
87 Exclude
90 Young equine
92 Fixed routine
95 A military officer (abbreviation)
97 One's relatives collectively
99 Fabulous bird

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page fifty-four

Take Your Choice

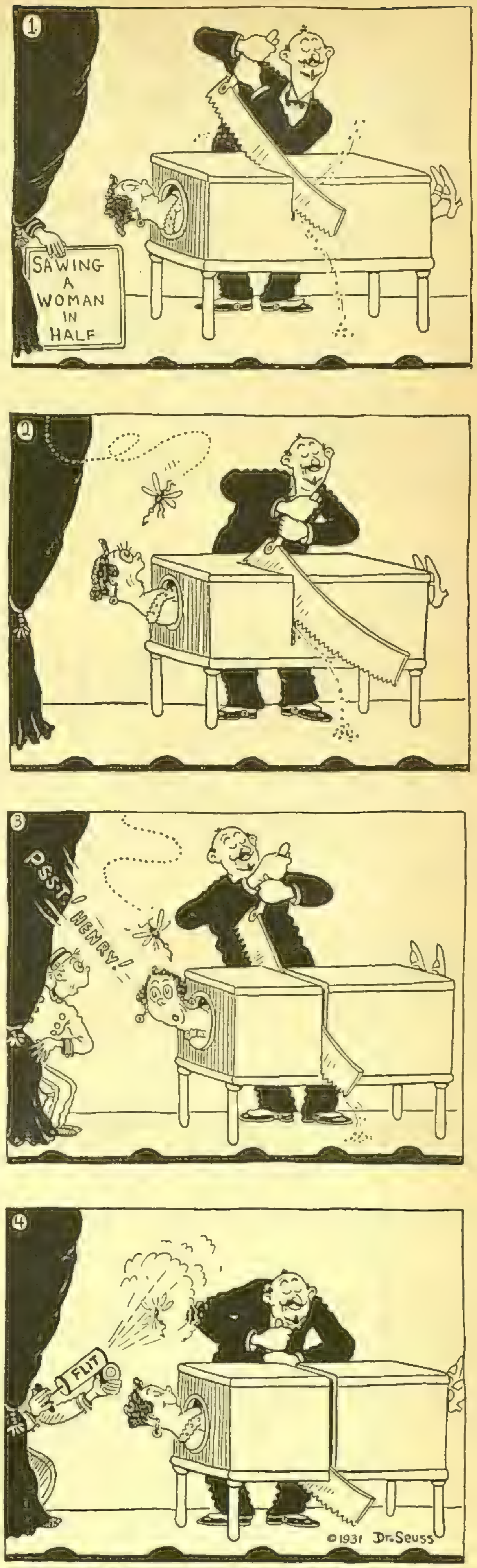


HORIZONTAL
1 Narrow strip of flexible material
6 Commerce
11 Affected with sharp quick pain
16 Commonplace
17 Of a more uncommon nature
18 Esteem due or paid to worth
19 Pointed
20 Inking device on a printing press
21 English spy in the Revolutionary War
22 To frost
23 Lean; spare
25 Requited
27 Utilize
28 Reform
30 Tear
31 Pay attention
32 A metric measure of area
33 French coin
35 Heavenly bodies
38 Billows
39 A kind of tea
43 Light or lively movement of the feet
44 Sound made by a domestic animal
45 A putrefactive alkaloid
46 Combining form meaning like
47 Predetermine
49 Beverage
50 Kind or class
52 Man's name
53 A class or order
54 A succession of things
55 Autocrat
56 Mass of ovule-bearing scales of a pine (pl.)
57 Group of three
59 Hawaiian food
60 To influence
63 Lairs
64 Songs
68 Obscured from view
69 Most commendable
70 Market
71 Cut off
72 A snake
74 That which serves as an example (pl.)
76 Abscond
78 Mash tub used in brewing
79 Kind of lyric poem
80 To resume
81 Concluded
82 Hinder
83 Ovules

VERTICAL
1 A step
2 Secure with a small rope, as a sail
3 Freezes into hoar-frost
4 Devoured
5 Hawkers
6 Threefold
7 Luxuriant or vigorous in growth
8 Large flatboat
9 Increases the intensity or depth of
10 Given to wandering
11 A fish
12 Measure of weight
13 Improper
14 Pertaining to Scandinavia
15 Eager desire
24 A simian
26 Foolish; senseless
29 Stringed instrument
30 Takes into custody again
31 Ship's steering apparatus
33 Combining form: resemblance to wax
34 Heavenly body
35 Facing the direction from which a glacier impinges
36 Article of diet
37 Helper
38 Entreats
40 Made of oats
41 A kinswoman
42 Small flies
44 Regulate proceedings
45 A brace
47 A dock
48 A conveyance
51 Municipality
53 Earth
55 A ferrotype
56 Part of a plow (pl.)
58 Formed a nest for
59 Parity
60 Tremble; shiver
61 Give greater breadth to
62 Augmented
64 Meaner
65 Single
66 Drugged
67 Vomits
69 Procreated
70 An inhabitant of ancient Media
73 Woman's name
75 Cooking vessel
77 County in Alabama

If you **MUST** know the answer, you will find it on page fifty-four

ADVERTISEMENT



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9 P. M.
EASTERN DAYLIGHT
SAVING TIME

EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT!

The Fountain of Youth

A New For the Love o' Lil

IT is Sunday morning. Instead of factory whistles at noon and at evening, the town has only the big, deep tones of the church bells, filling the air with vibrations and calling the good folk to church. Telling the parents that their children will be quiet and good for an hour or so; summoning all the boys and girls to Sunday school.

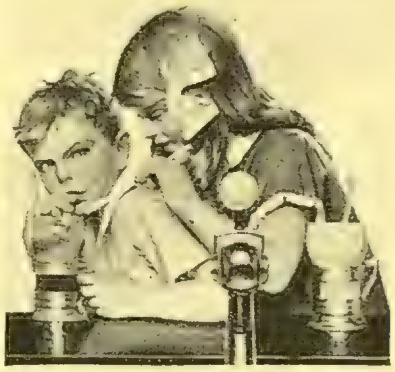
Ulysses is just a little fellow. He has never been to Sunday school before, and he feels frightfully grown-up and important.

As he catches up with Gwendolyn Smithers, he nearly drops the moist dime which Lil has given him to put in the collection, and which he has been squeezing tight in his hot little hand.

"Here, gimme that," suggests Gwen wisely. "I'll take care of your money."

Relieved, U. shifts the financial responsibility and completely forgets the matter in his strange new interests.

Gwen, for instance, is a changed woman.



This week's cover picture.

All dressed up with a crisp new hair ribbon, long curls, and a silk dress all trimmed with frilly ruffles.

Sunday school is kinda fun. Singing all together, with the teacher paddling a small pump organ.

Such a teacher! No wonder all the kids are model pupils.

Miss Greene is little, and smells sweet, and has dimples when she smiles, and a sweet, soft voice as she tells the most amazing stories about animals in the ark, and about a lions' den. . . . Miss Greene has brown eyes big as a tennis ball, and long lashes that flap on her cheeks. . . .

One of the big boys rises and starts passing the plate. In a panic Ulysses remembers his dime. Gwen is sitting five rows away and she doesn't see his frantic gestures!

Ulysses turns red as the collection plate hesitates before him and then passes on, and the kids around him snicker.

He wonders if Miss Greene noticed. . . .

After class, a lot of the boys and girls gather around Miss Greene.

Ulysses hangs on the edge of the group, hoping for a chance to explain to her. But a hand tugs urgently at his shirt, and he turns to be hustled toward the street by Gwen.

"I got your dime," she announces triumphantly. "I only put my own in the plate. Nobody'll blame you; it's your first time at Sunday school. Come on. I know a place where they got five-cent sodas."

Ulysses follows her eager, flying steps toward Shanks' drug store. He half admires Gwen's maneuvering, and he is wondering if each Sunday he could get his dime turned into two nickels before going to Sunday school. If he put one nickel in the collection he'd have one left for a soda!

Perched high on the stools in the drug store, Gwen orders strawberry ice-cream soda, and lots and lots of whipped cream.

Ulysses gets his favorite chocolate. Gwen finishes hers in less time than it takes to drop a coin in a phone slot.

"Lemme just taste the chocolate," she says, helping herself to U.'s drink.

That is the last straw. Ulysses scowls.

Where was Gwen when Miss Greene had talked about a Golden Rule?

(Next week's cover adventure: A Tight Squeeze)

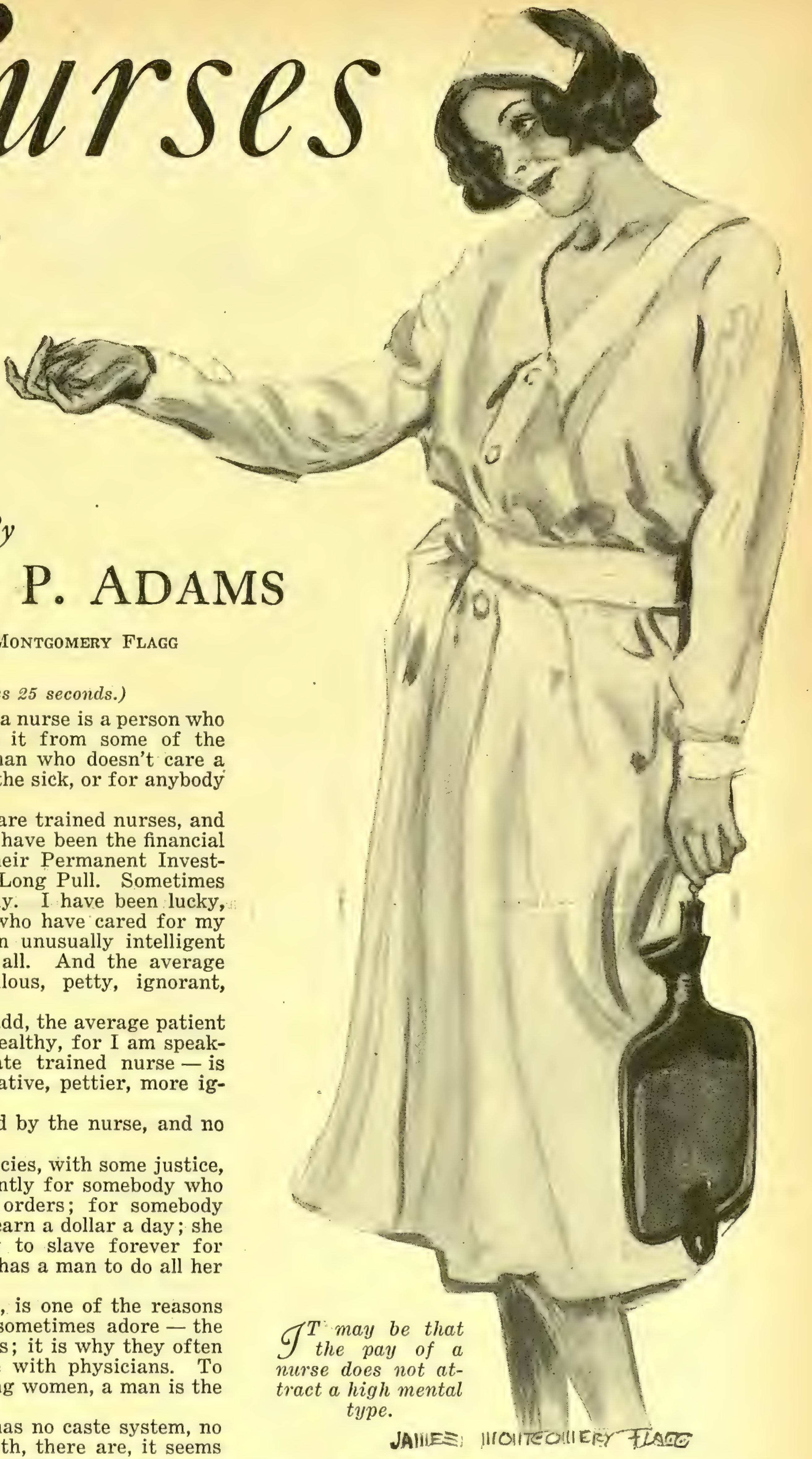
Nurses

An Indignant Complaint—with a Few Second Thoughts

By

FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

Picture by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG



IT may be that the pay of a nurse does not attract a high mental type.

(Reading time: 8 minutes 25 seconds.)

TAKE it from Noah Webster, a nurse is a person who cares for the sick. Take it from some of the patients, a nurse is a woman who doesn't care a damaged whoop in hepsidam for the sick, or for anybody but her vapid self.

Now some of my best friends are trained nurses, and I frequently have been theirs. I have been the financial Gibraltar for many of them; their Permanent Investment; their Quick Profit; their Long Pull. Sometimes reluctantly, but always gracefully. I have been lucky, for most of the trained nurses who have cared for my wife and my children have been unusually intelligent and competent. Most, but not all. And the average is low. Stupid, selfish, garrulous, petty, ignorant, impatient.

In those qualities, I hasten to add, the average patient—especially the comparatively wealthy, for I am speaking only of the so-called private trained nurse — is stupider, more selfish, more talkative, pettier, more ignorant, and more impatient.

The average patient is disliked by the nurse, and no wonder.

Like waiters and cooks, she fancies, with some justice, that she works hard and incessantly for somebody who does nothing all day but issue orders; for somebody who couldn't in the open market earn a dollar a day; she is forced by economic necessity to slave forever for somebody who toils not and who has a man to do all her spinning.

That, the psychologists tell me, is one of the reasons that trained nurses like — and sometimes adore — the husbands of their women patients; it is why they often idolize or fall hopelessly in love with physicians. To nurses, more than to most working women, a man is the symbol of freedom from work.

For in our democracy, which has no caste system, no class divisions, no North, no South, there are, it seems to me, many uncrossable lines. Waiters hate those whom they wait on; cooks hate those whom they cook for; and ever so vice versa. Taxi drivers are more democratic: they hate everybody.

Yet statistics show that most nurses like their work; that the longer they have been at it, the better they like it. I am, though my admirers will refuse to believe it, not the first to have given the trained nurse a thought. My experience has been at variance with what the Committee on the Grading of Nursing Schools has discovered.

That committee, which is full of just, sympathetic, and accurate investigators, asked thousands of private-duty nurses, all over the country, lots and lots of questions. The answers were made anonymously. So that if a nurse said that she hated her patients and her job, it was im-

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-THREE]

possible to identify her; she had no fear that her answers might harm her, and no hope that they might benefit her.

The truth can be approximated that way, and I was astonished to learn that only about half of the private-duty nurses would quit their jobs if they could. In the following table " years out " means the time after graduation. This shows how they feel:

Years out	Per cent who want to stay
0-5	43
6-10	54
11-15	63
16-20	69
21-25	71
26-30	79
31	77

FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

who speaks his mind on nurses in this article, is famous as F. P. A., newspaper columnist and author of volumes of verse.

Now I think that a private-duty nurse has a hard and irksome time of it unless her patient is hovering between life and death. For then it is exciting; it takes all of a nurse's ability, tact, and energy. She feels important, and she is important, for it often is true that the patient's life depends on the nurse more than on the physician. And I have seen nurses do marvelously concentrated skillful work in ten minutes; work that, no matter how well the nurse does it, will not add a dollar to her regular pay. And a private-duty nurse gets the same pay during her first year after graduation as during her twentieth.

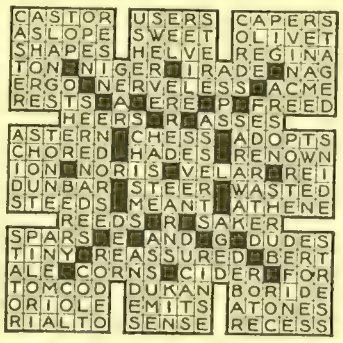
And what does such a nurse actually earn? Well, when my very dear ones have been hospital patients, my bills called for ten dollars a day for the nurse; twenty dollars if there were a day and a night nurse. Added to that there is the jolly little item of two dollars a day for each nurse's meals. The nurse doesn't get the two dollars; the hospital gets it. In one of the best private hospitals in New York the patient is charged two dollars a day for the nurse's meals. Those meals cost the hospital about thirty cents apiece.

Some day I am going to find out why hospitals exact the ultimate nickel from the patient; why a telephone call should cost ten cents, a two-cent newspaper five cents, and laundry charges about one-third more than anywhere else. Sometime somebody who hungers for trouble might write a piece about the Hospital Racket; the Extra Charge. Such an investigator will be told that the hospital in question, charging from eight to thirty dollars a day for a room, actually loses money. He will hear a lot about Rent and Taxes and Vacant Rooms and Overhead and Running a Hotel. I think that most hospitals, if that is true, are badly run. They probably underpay their help, such as elevator runners, telephone operators, cooks, sweepers, chambermaids, etc.

MANY patients are taken to hospitals by husbands, fathers, mothers, wives. In one hospital I was told that not ten per cent of the applicants ask the price of a room or a nurse. Perhaps they are superstitious about it, and think that is like bargaining for life. And perhaps you think that the hospital, like the funeral racketeers, doesn't work that superstition to the most expensive limit. I have known a patient to be charged week after week for a private bathroom, though at no time was it possible for her to rise from bed, nor did the proximity of the bathroom add a scintilla to the comfort or efficiency of the nurse.

What do nurses—most of them—do? They cannot walk near a bed, regardless of the illness or nervous condition of the patient, without kicking the bed, or resting their hands at the foot. Doctors, too, are terrific bed-kickers. Nurses also tell about other cases, usually in their own families, that were much worse than the patient's — or much less acute. They feel that they have to " entertain" the patient.

But what else must they do?



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CASTOR USERS CAPERS
ASLOPE SWEET OLIVET
SHAPES HELVE REGINA
TON■NIGER■IRADE■NAG
ERGO■NERVELESS■ACME
RESTS■A■ERE■P■FREED
   HEERS■R■ASSES
ASTERN■CHESS■ADOPTS
CHORED■HADES■RENOWN
ION■NORIS■VELAR■REI
DUNBAR■STEER■WASTED
STEEDS■MEANT■ATHENE
   REEDS■R■SAKER
SPARS■E■AND■G■DUDES
TINY■REASSURED■BERT
ALE■CORNS■CIDER■FOR
TOMCOD DUKAN BORIDE
ORIOLE EMITS ATONES
RIALTO SENSE RECESS
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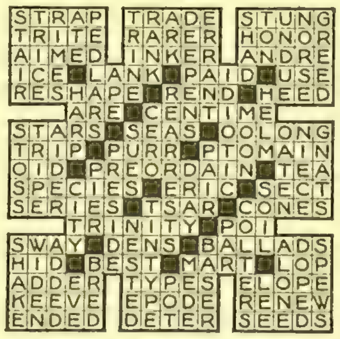
Answer to the puzzle on page 50



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STRAP TRADE STUNG
TRITE RARER HONOR
AIMED INKER ANDRE
ICE■LANK■PAID■USE
RESHAPE■REND■HEED
   ARE■CENTIME
STARS■SEAS■OOLONG
TRIP■PURR■PTOMAIN
OID■PREORDAIN■TEA
SPECIES■ERIC■SECT
SERIES■TSAR■CONES
   TRINITY■POI
SWAY■DENS■BALLADS
HID■BEST■MART■LOP
ADDER TYPES ELOPE
KEEVE EPODE RENEW
ENDED DETER SEEDS
```

Answer to the puzzle on page 51

They must arrive at the bedside on time. If the time is 8 A. M., that means that the nurse has to leave her home in time to get the hospital's seven-thirty breakfast, and be at the bedside, in uniform, at eight; that she must remain at the bedside, in uniform, until 8 P. M. If she goes right home, it may be nine or later when she gets there, having left in the morning at six-thirty or earlier. If she has a not unhuman desire for a fraction of social life, she goes to a movie, a play, a card game, or even to a night club. Then up in time to get to the seven-thirty breakfast, and merry and bright for the patient.

IF the patient has friends or relatives, the nurse must be a semipro gardener. She has to put the flowers into vases full of fresh water; she has to arrange them about the room; she has to keep the cards and letters accompanying fruits, flowers, and books; she has to set the flowers out in the hall at night; renew the not-yet-withered and throw away the withered flowers. I know one patient that asked all her friends not to send her any flowers. " I like to look at them well enough," she said, " but they make so much extra work for the nurse that she takes it out on me."

It may be that the pay of a nurse does not attract a high mental type. Certainly the average nurse is not an educated woman. The statistics show that 48 per cent of private-duty nurses had three years of high school or much less (14 per cent went only to the eighth grade, or even less). Most of the nurses I meet were born in Canada. They tell me that they are attracted to the United States because the pay is so much higher than in Canada.

And you wonder—I wondered, when I got those bills—how much a private-duty nurse earns. Well, they (the Committee on the Grading of Nursing Schools) sent out a questionnaire. That was five years ago, but conditions have not changed appreciably. Forty-three per cent couldn't say how much they earned, because they never kept track. The average annual income of a private-duty nurse was $1,297. That seems to me pretty low, for it means that many trained nurses don't earn as much as that. Nor is that $1,297 net; most private-duty nurses are paying at least their own room rent, if they are not the chief support of a mother or father also.

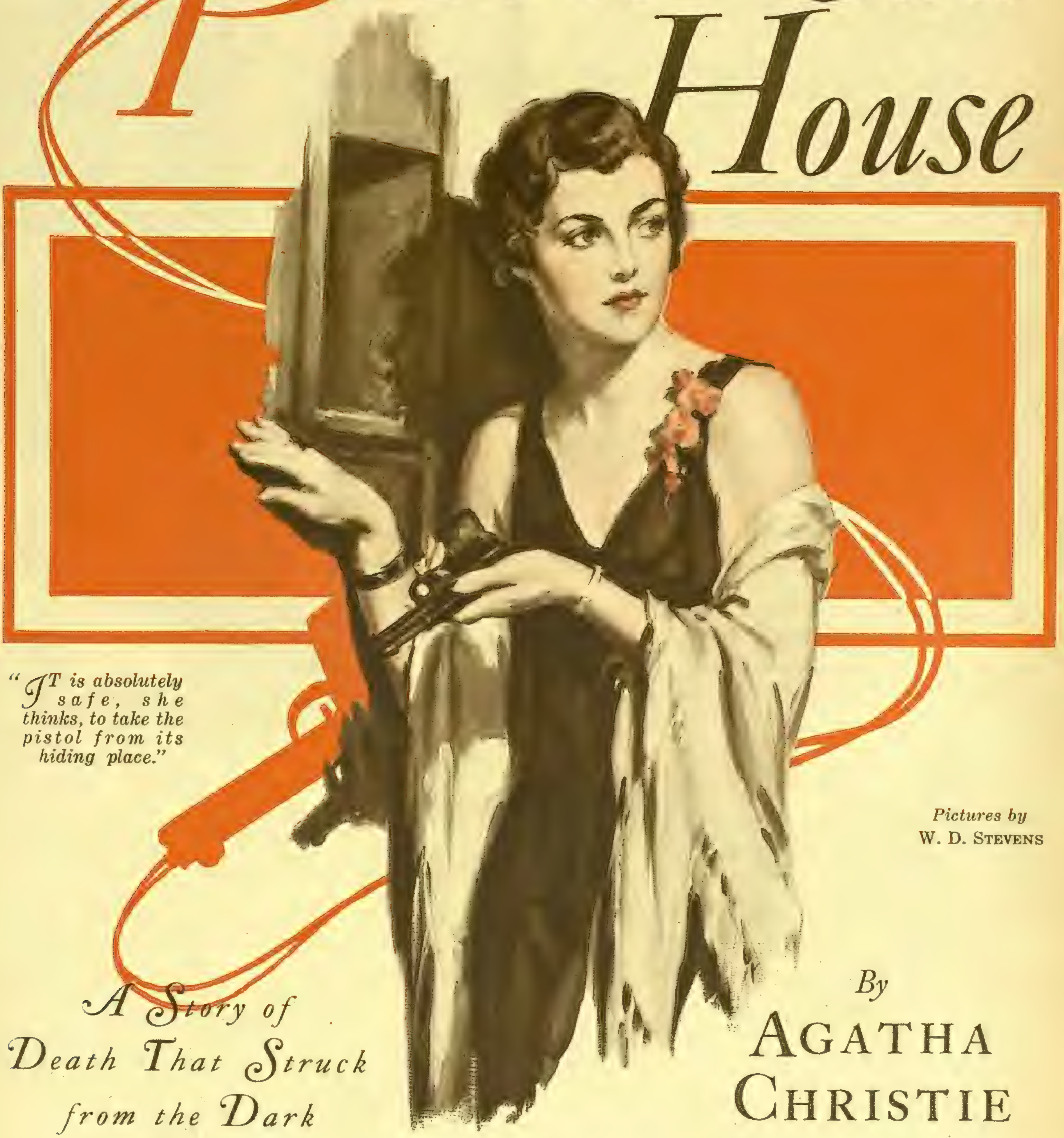
This, I thought, when I began, was going to be a diatribe against the stupidity and selfishness of nurses, but I investigated, and now I am almost pro-nurse. For it seems to me that the trained nurse has a Tough Break; even tougher than she deserves.

So of the Trained Nurse I have to say Yes and No, which is nothing to write a piece about. Balanced judgment is rotten reading. The editorial writer whom people like to read is the fire eater who divides mankind—particularly political mankind—into Devils and Angels.

I can't do it. When I'm near a nurse, as a patient or a paying relative, I don't like her (though this doesn't go for Miss Kathryn M. Newman or Miss Rose Rourke) ; but when I study her, and when my interest in nursing is purely academic, I feel great compassion for her, and I like her, and I would like to make things easier, happier, and more prosperous for her. And then she kicks my wife's bed, or asks for the thirtieth time that hour, " And how is the patient feeling now? " or tells about the movie she saw last night, or asks whether she would like to eat something, instead of bringing something and taking a chance—then the hope surges up in me that the nurse will starve to death. Which if she would do, I would probably take her her dinner, and endow her for life. But I hope that I'll never need a nurse, now that I've gone on record as disliking her. If I ever do, I guess it'd be cheaper for me to End All, by myself. I feel fine today, however, and I don't like nurses.

THE END

The Peril at End House



"IT is absolutely safe, she thinks, to take the pistol from its hiding place."

Pictures by
W. D. STEVENS

A Story of Death That Struck from the Dark

By
AGATHA CHRISTIE

(Reading time: 21 minutes 15 seconds.)

PART ELEVEN—CONCLUSION

FREDERICA took her hands away from her face and said with a queer pathetic finality, "That's all."

Lazarus came quickly to her side. "My dear," he said. "My dear."

Poirot went to the sideboard, poured out a glass of wine and brought it to her, standing over her while she drank it. She handed the glass back to him and smiled.

"I'm all right now," she said. "What—what had we better do next?"

She looked at Japp, but the inspector shook his head.

"I'm on a holiday, Mrs. Rice. Just obliging an old friend, that's all I'm doing. The St. Loo police are in charge of the case."

She looked at Poirot.

"And Monsieur Poirot is in charge of the St. Loo police?"

"Oh, *quelle idée, madame!* I am a mere humble adviser."

"Monsieur Poirot," said Nick, "can't we hush it up?"

"You wish that, mademoiselle?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE PERIL AT END HOUSE
Continued from page fifty-five

"Yes. After all, I'm the person most concerned. And there will be no more attacks on me now."

"No, that is true. There will be no more attacks on you now."

"You're thinking of Maggie. But, Monsieur Poirot, nothing will bring Maggie back to life again. If you make all this public, you'll only bring a terrible lot of suffering and publicity on Frederica, and she hasn't deserved it."

"You say she has not deserved it?"

"Of course she hasn't! I told you right at the beginning that she had a brute of a husband. You've seen—tonight—what he was. Well, he's dead. Let that be the end of things. Let the police go on looking for the man who shot Maggie. They just won't find him."

"So that is what you say, mademoiselle? Hush it all up."

"Yes. Please. Oh, *please!* Please, *dear* Monsieur Poirot."

Poirot looked slowly round. "What do you all say?"

EACH spoke in turn. "I agree," I said, as Poirot looked at me. "I, too," said Lazarus. "Best thing to do," from Challenger.

"Let's forget everything that's passed in this room tonight." This very determinedly from Croft.

"You *would* say that!" interpolated Japp.

"Don't be hard on me, dearie," Croft's wife sniffed to Nick, who looked at her scornfully but made no reply.

"Ellen?"

"Me and William won't say a word, sir. Least said, soonest mended."

"And you, Monsieur Vyse?"

"A thing like this can't be hushed up," said Charles Vyse. "The facts must be made known in the proper quarter."

"Charles!" cried Nick.

"I'm sorry, dear. I look at it from the legal aspect."

Poirot gave a sudden laugh.

"So you are seven to one. The good Japp is neutral."

"I'm on holiday," said Japp with a grin. "I don't count."

"Seven to one. Only Monsieur Vyse holds out on the side of law and order! You know, Monsieur Vyse, you are a man of character!"

Vyse shrugged his shoulders. "The position is quite clear. There is only one thing to do."

"Yes, you are an honest man. *Eh bien,* I, too, range myself on the side of the minority. *I, too, am for the truth.*"

"Monsieur Poirot!" cried Nick.

"Mademoiselle, you dragged me into the case. I came into it at your wish. You cannot silence me now."

He raised a threatening forefinger. "Sit down, all of you, and I will tell you—the truth."

Silenced by his imperious attitude, we sat down meekly.

"*Ecoutez!* I have a list here—a list of persons connected with the crime. I numbered them with the letters of the alphabet, including the letter J. J stood for a person unknown, linked to the crime by one of the others. I did not know who J was until tonight, but I knew that there was such a person. The events of tonight have proved that I was right. But yesterday I realized that I had made a grave error. I had made an omission. I added another letter to my list. The letter K."

"Another person unknown?" asked Vyse.

"Not exactly. I adopted J as the symbol for a person unknown. Another person unknown would be merely another J. K has a different significance. It stands for a person who should have been included in the original list, but who was overlooked."

He bent over Frederica. "Reassure yourself, madame. Your husband was not guilty of murder. It was the person K who shot Mademoiselle Maggie."

She stared. "But who is K?"

Poirot nodded to Japp. He stepped forward and spoke:

"Acting on information received, I took up a position here early in the evening, having been introduced secretly into the house by Monsieur Poirot. I was concealed behind the curtains in the drawing-room. When everyone was assembled in this room, a young lady entered the drawing-room and switched on the light. She made her way to the fireplace and opened a small recess in the paneling that appeared to be operated with a spring. She took from the recess a pistol. With this in her hand she left the room. I followed her and, opening the door a crack, I was able to observe her further movements. Coats and wraps had been left in the hall by the visitors on arrival. The young lady carefully wiped the pistol with a handkerchief and then placed it in the pocket of a gray wrap, the property of Mrs. Rice—"

A CRY burst from Nick.

"This is untrue—every word of it!"

Poirot pointed a hand at her.

"*Voilà!*" he said. "*The person K! It was Mademoiselle Nick who shot her cousin, Maggie Buckley.*"

"Are you mad?" cried Nick. "Why should I kill Maggie?"

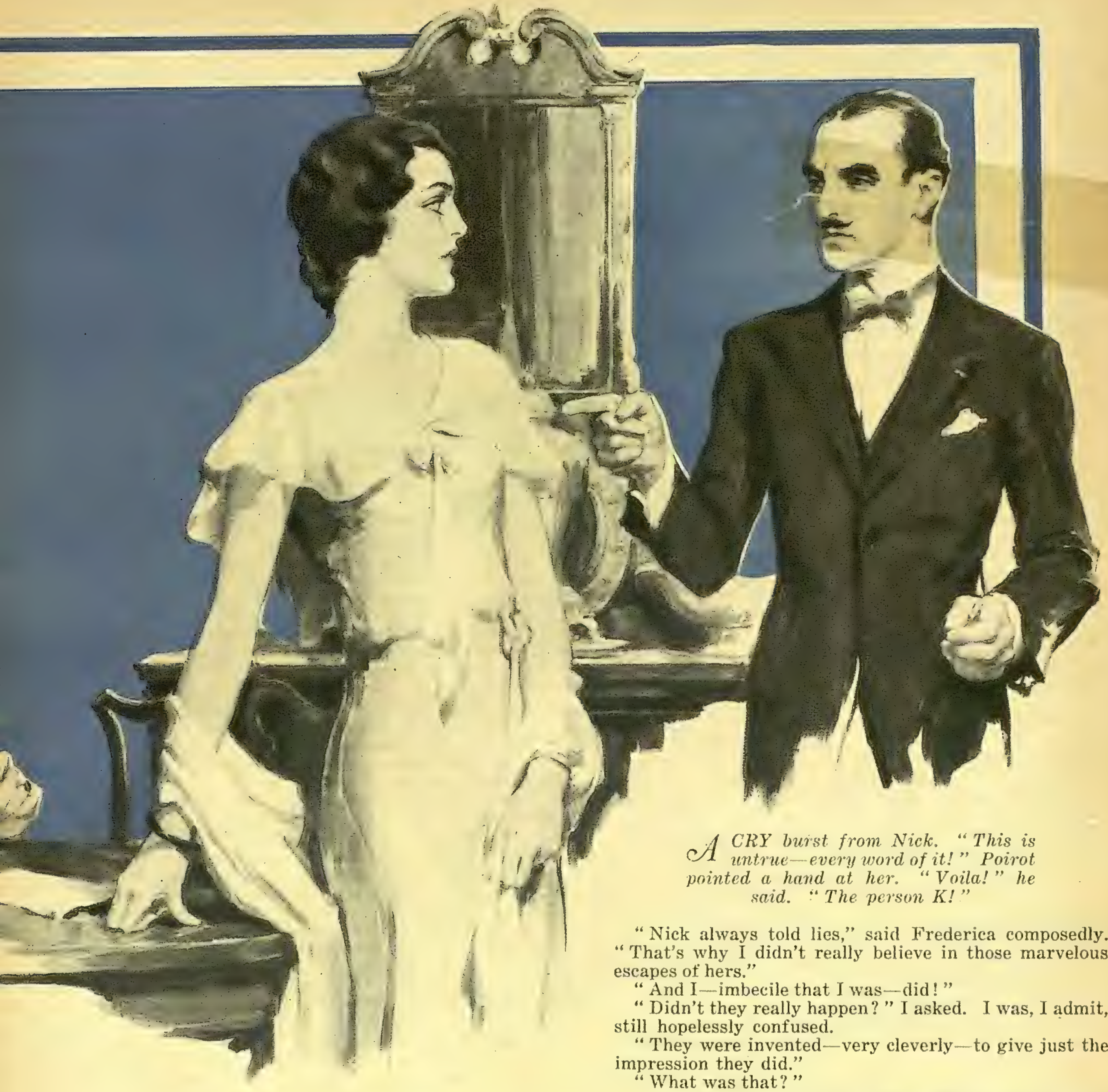
"In order to inherit the money left to her by Michael Seton! Her name, too, was Magdala Buckley, and it was to her he was engaged, not you."

"You—you—" She stood there trembling, unable to speak. Poirot turned to Japp.

"You telephoned to the police?"

"Yes, they are waiting in the hall now. They've got the warrant."

"You're all mad!" cried Nick contemptuously. She moved swiftly to Frederica's side. "Freddie, give me your wrist watch as—as a souvenir, will you?"



A CRY burst from Nick. "This is untrue—every word of it!" Poirot pointed a hand at her. "Voila!" he said. "The person K!"

Slowly Frederica unclasped the jeweled watch from her wrist and handed it to Nick.

"Thanks. And now I suppose we must go through with this perfectly ridiculous comedy."

"The comedy you planned and produced in End House. Yes. But you should not have given the star part to Hercule Poirot. That, mademoiselle, was your mistake —your very grave mistake."

II

"YOU want me to explain?" Poirot looked round with the air of mock humility I knew so well.

We had moved into the drawing-room and our numbers had lessened. The domestics had withdrawn tactfully, and Nick and the Crofts had been asked to accompany the police. Frederica, Lazarus, Challenger, Vyse, and I remained.

"*Eh bien,* I confess it. I was fooled. The little Nick, she had me where she wanted me, as your idiom so well expresses it. Ah, madame, when you said that your friend was a clever little liar, how right you were!"

"Nick always told lies," said Frederica composedly. "That's why I didn't really believe in those marvelous escapes of hers."

"And I—imbecile that I was—did!"

"Didn't they really happen?" I asked. I was, I admit, still hopelessly confused.

"They were invented—very cleverly—to give just the impression they did."

"What was that?"

"They gave the impression that Mademoiselle Nick's life was in danger. But I will begin earlier than that. I will tell you the story as I have pieced it out; not as it came to me, imperfectly and in flashes.

"At the beginning of the business, then, we have this girl, this Nick Buckley, young and beautiful, unscrupulous, and passionately and fanatically devoted to her home."

Charles Vyse nodded. "I told you that."

"And you were right. Mademoiselle Nick loved End House. But she had no money. The house was mortgaged. She wanted money—she wanted it feverishly—and she could not get it. She met this young Seton at Le Touquet, he is attracted by her. She knows that in all probability he is his uncle's heir and that that uncle is worth millions. Good! Her star is in the ascendant, she thinks. But he is not really seriously attracted. He thinks her good fun, that is all.

"They meet at Scarborough, he takes her up in his machine, and then—the catastrophe occurs. He meets Maggie and falls in love with her at first sight.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE PERIL AT END HOUSE
Continued from page fifty-seven

"Mademoiselle Nick is dumfounded. Her cousin Maggie whom she has never even considered pretty! But to young Seton she is 'different.' The one girl in the world for him. They become secretly engaged. Only one person knows—has to know. That person is Mademoiselle Nick. The poor Maggie—she is glad that there is one person she can talk to. Doubtless she reads to her cousin parts of her fiancé's letters. So it is that mademoiselle gets to hear of the will. She pays no attention to it at the time. But it remains in her mind.

"Then comes the sudden and unexpected death of Sir Matthew Seton, and hard upon that the rumors of Michael Seton's being missing. And straight away an outrageous plan comes into our young lady's head. Seton does not know that her name is Magdala also. He only knows her as Nick. His will is clearly quite informal—a mere mention of a name. But in the eyes of the world Seton is her friend! It is with *her* that his name has been coupled. If she were to claim to be engaged to him, no one would be surprised. But to do that successfully Maggie must be out of the way.

"Time is short. She arranges for Maggie to come and stay in a few days' time. Then she has her escapes from death—the picture whose cord she cuts through; the brake of the car that she tampers with; the boulder. That, perhaps, was natural and she merely invented the story of being underneath on the path.

"And then she sees my name in the paper, and she has the audacity to make me an accomplice! The bullet through the hat that falls at my feet. Oh, the pretty comedy! And I am taken in! I believe in the peril that menaces her! *Bon!* She has got a valuable witness on her side. I play into her hands by asking her to send for a friend. She seizes the chance and sends for Maggie to come a day earlier.

"How easy the crime is, actually! She leaves us at the dinner table and, after hearing on the wireless that Seton's death is a fact, she starts to put her plan into action. She has plenty of time then to take Seton's letters to Maggie, look through them, and select the few that will answer her purpose. These she places in her own room. Then, later, she and Maggie leave the fireworks and go back to the house. She tells her cousin to put on her shawl. Then, stealing out after her, she shoots her. Quick, into the house, the pistol concealed in the secret panel (of whose existence she thinks nobody knows). Then upstairs. There she waits till voices are heard. The body is discovered. It is her cue.

"Down she rushes and out through the window.

"HOW well she played her part! Magnificently! The maid, Ellen, said this was an evil house. I am inclined to agree with her. It was from the house that Mademoiselle Nick took her inspiration."

"But those poisoned sweets," said Frederica. "I still don't understand about that."

"It was all part of the same scheme. Do you not see that if Nick's life was attempted after Maggie was dead, that absolutely settled the question that Maggie's death had been a mistake?

"When she thought the time was ripe she rang up Madame Rice and asked her to get her a box of chocolates."

"Then it *was* her voice?"

"But yes! How often the simple explanation is the true one! *N'est-ce pas?* She made her voice sound a little different—that was all—so that you might be in doubt when questioned. Then, when the box arrived—again how simple. She fills three of the chocolates with cocaine (she had cocaine with her, cleverly concealed), eats one of them, and is ill—but not *too* ill. She knows very well how much cocaine to take.

"And the card—*my* card! Ah! *Sapristi!* She has a nerve! It *was* my card—the one I sent with the flowers. Simple, was it not? Yes, but it had to be thought of."

There was a pause, and then Frederica asked:

"Why did she put the pistol in my coat?"

"I thought you would ask that, madame. It was bound to occur to you in time. Tell me. Had it ever entered your head that Mademoiselle Nick no longer liked you? Did you ever feel that she might—hate you?"

"It's difficult to say," said Frederica slowly. "We lived an insincere life. She used to be fond of me."

"Tell me, Monsieur Lazarus—it is not a time for false modesty, you understand—was there ever anything between you and her?"

"No." Lazarus shook his head. "I was attracted to her. And then—I don't know why—I went off her."

"AH!" said Poirot, "that was her tragedy. She attracted people and then they 'went off her.' Instead of liking her better and better, you fell in love with her friend. She began to hate madame—madame who had a rich friend behind her. Last winter, when she made a will, she was fond of madame. Later it was different.

"She remembered that will. She did not know that Croft had suppressed it; that it had never reached its destination. Madame (or so the world would say) had got a motive for desiring her death. So it was to madame she telephoned, asking her to get the chocolates. Tonight the will would have been read, naming madame her residuary legatee, and then the pistol would be found in her coat—the pistol with which Maggie Buckley was shot. If madame found it, she might incriminate herself by trying to get rid of it."

"She must have hated me," murmured Frederica.

"Yes, madame. You had what she had not: the knack of winning love and keeping it."

"I'm rather dense," said Challenger, "but I haven't quite fathomed the will business yet."

"No? That's a different business altogether, a very simple one. The Crofts are lying low down here. Mademoiselle Nick has to have an operation. She has made no will. The Crofts see a chance. They persuade her to make one and they take charge of it for the post. Then, if anything happens to her—if she dies—they produce a cleverly forged will—leaving the money to Mrs. Croft, with a reference to Australia and Philip Buckley, whom they know once visited that country.

"But Mademoiselle Nick has her appendix removed quite satisfactorily, so the forged will is no good—for the moment, that is. Then the attempts on her life begin. The Crofts are hopeful once more. Finally, I announce her death. The chance is too good to be missed. The forged will is immediately posted to Monsieur Vyse. Of course, to begin with, they naturally thought her much richer than she is. They knew nothing about the mortgage."

"What I really want to know, Monsieur Poirot," said Lazarus, "is how you actually got wise to all this. When did you begin to suspect?"

"Ah! There I am ashamed. I was so long—so long. There were things that worried me, yes. Things that seemed not quite right. Discrepancies between what Mademoiselle Nick told me and what other people told me. Unfortunately, I always believed Mademoiselle Nick.

"And then, suddenly, I got a revelation. Mademoiselle Nick made one mistake. She was too clever. When I urged her to send for a friend, she promised to do so—and suppressed the fact that she had already sent for Mademoiselle Maggie. It seemed to her less suspicious, but it was a mistake. For Maggie Buckley wrote a letter home immediately on arrival and in it she used one innocent phrase that puzzled me: 'I don't see why Nick should have telegraphed for me the way she did. Tuesday would have done just as well.' What did that mention of Tuesday mean? It could only mean one thing. Maggie had been coming to stay on Tuesday anyway. But, in that case, Mademoiselle Nick had lied or had, at any rate, suppressed the truth.

“ And for the first time I looked at her in a different light. I criticized her statements. Instead of believing them, I said, ‘ Suppose this were not true.’ I remembered the discrepancies. ‘ How would it be if every time it was Mademoiselle Nick who was lying and not the other person? ’

“ I said to myself, ‘ Let us be simple. What has really happened? ’ And I saw that what had really happened was that Maggie Buckley had been killed. Just that! But who could want Maggie Buckley dead?

“ And then I thought of something else—a few foolish remarks that Hastings had made not five minutes before. He had said that there were plenty of abbreviations for Margaret—Maggie, Margot, et cetera. And it occurred to me to wonder what was Mademoiselle Maggie's real name. Then, *tout d'un coup*, it came to me! Supposing her name was Magdala! It was a Buckley name. Mademoiselle Nick had told me so. Two Magdala Buckleys. Supposing—

“ In my mind I ran over the letters of Michael Seton's that I had read. Yes, there was nothing impossible. There was a mention of Scarborough, but Maggie had been in Scarborough with Nick. Her mother had told me so.

“ And it explained one thing which had worried me. Why were there so few letters? If a girl keeps her love letters at all, she keeps all of them. Why these select few? Was there any peculiarity about them? And I remembered that there was no name mentioned in them. They all began differently, but they began with a term of endearment. Nowhere in them was there the name—Nick. And there was something else, that I ought to have seen at once, that cried the truth aloud.”

“ What was that? ”

“ Why, this: Mademoiselle Nick underwent an operation for appendicitis on February twenty-seventh last. There is a letter of Michael Seton's dated March second, and no mention of anxiety, of illness, or anything unusual. That ought to have shown me that the letters were written to a different person altogether.

“ Then I went through a list of questions that I had made. And I answered them in the light of my new idea.

“ In all but a few isolated questions the result was simple and convincing. And I answered, too, another question which I had asked myself earlier: Why did Mademoiselle Nick buy a black dress? The answer was that she and her cousin had to be dressed alike, with the scarlet shawl as an additional touch. That was the true answer; not the other. A girl would not buy mourning before she knew her lover was dead. She would be unreal—unnatural.

“ AND so I staged my little drama. And the thing I hoped for happened! Nick had been vehement about the question of a secret panel. She had declared there was no such thing. But if there were—and I did not see why Ellen should have invented it —Nick must know of it. Why was she so vehement? Was it possible that she had hidden the pistol there—with the secret intention of using it to throw suspicion on somebody later? I let her see that appearances were very black against madame. That was as she had planned. As I foresaw, she was unable to resist the crowning proof. Besides, it was safer for herself. That secret panel might be found by Ellen and the pistol in it!

“ We are all safely in here. She is waiting outside for her cue. It is absolutely safe, she thinks, to take the pistol from its hiding place and put it in madame's coat. And so, at the last, she failed.”

Frederica shivered.

“ All the same,” she said, “ I'm glad I gave her my watch.”

“ Yes, madame.”

She looked up at him quickly. “ You know that too? ”

“ What about Ellen? ” I asked, breaking in. “ Did she know or suspect anything? ”

“ No. I asked her. She told me that she decided to stay in the house that night because, in her own phrase, she ‘ thought something was up.’ Apparently Nick urged her to see the fireworks rather too decisively. She had fathomed Nick's dislike of madame. She told me that she felt in her bones something was going to happen, but she thought it was going to happen to madame. She knew Miss Nick's temper, she said, and she was always a queer little girl.”

“ Yes,” murmured Frederica. “ Yes, let us think of her like that—a queer little girl. A queer little girl who couldn't help herself. I shall, anyway.”

Poirot took her hand and raised it gently to his lips.

“ It's going to be a very unpleasant business,” said Vyse. “ I must see about some kind of defense for her.”

“ There will be no need, I think,” said Poirot gently.

He turned suddenly on Challenger.

“ That's where you put the stuff, isn't it? ” he said. “ In those wrist watches? ”

“ I—I—” the sailor stammered, at a loss.

“ DO not try and deceive me with your hearty good-fellow manner. It has deceived Hastings, but it does not deceive me. You make a good thing out of it—the traffic in drugs—you and your uncle in Harley Street.”

“ Monsieur Poirot! ”

Challenger rose to his feet.

“ I advise you,” said Poirot, “ if you do not want the facts put in the hands of the police, to go.”

And, to my utter amazement, Challenger did go.

Poirot laughed. “ I told you so, *mon ami*. Your instincts are always wrong. *C'est épatant!* ”

“ Cocaine was in the wrist watch—” I began.

“ Yes, yes. That is how Mademoiselle Nick had it with her so conveniently at the nursing home. And having finished her supply in the chocolate box, she asked madame just now for hers, which was full.”

“ You mean she can't do without it? ”

“ *Non, non.* Mademoiselle Nick is not an addict. Sometimes, for fun; that is all. But tonight she needed it for a different purpose. It will be a full dose this time.”

“ You mean—” I gasped.

“ It is the best way. Better than the hangman's rope. But, pst! we must not say so before Monsieur Vyse, who is all for law and order. Officially I know nothing.”

“ I must be going,” said Charles Vyse, cold disapproval in his attitude as he left the room.

Poirot looked from Frederica to Lazarus.

“ You are going to get married, eh? ”

“ As soon as we can.”

“ Monsieur Poirot,” said Frederica, “ I am not the drug-taker you think. I have cut myself down to a tiny dose. I think now, with happiness in front of me, I shall not need a wrist watch any more.”

“ I will look after her,” said Lazarus. “ My business is in a bad way, but I believe I shall pull through.”

“ It is late,” said Poirot, looking at the clock. We all rose.

Poirot looked up at the picture of old Sir Nicholas. Then he drew Lazarus aside.

“ I ask your pardon, but of all my questions, there is one still unanswered. Tell me. Why did you offer fifty pounds for that picture? ”

Lazarus looked at him. Then he smiled.

“ You see, Monsieur Poirot,” he said, “ I am a dealer. That picture is not worth a penny more than twenty pounds. I knew that if I offered Nick fifty, she would immediately suspect it was worth more and would get it valued elsewhere. Then she would find that I had offered her far more than it was worth. The next time I offered to buy a picture she would not have got it valued.”

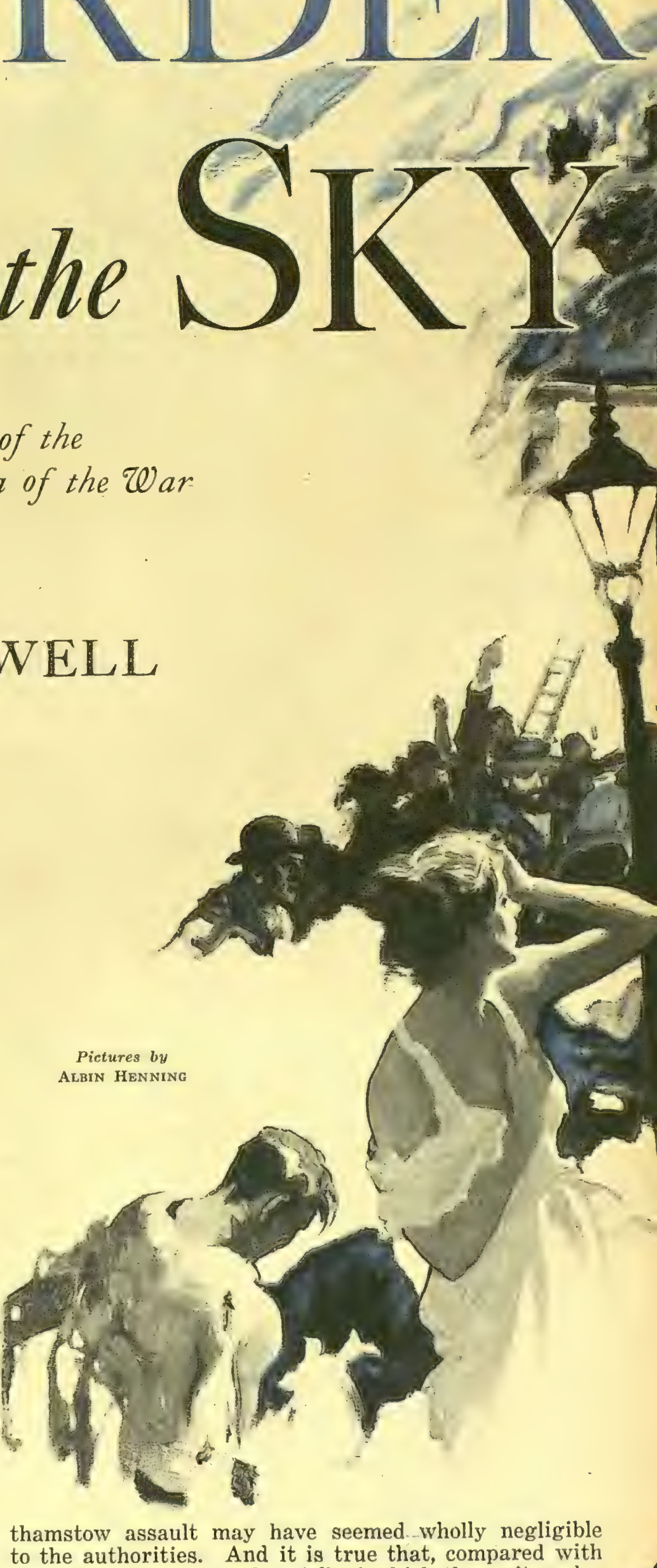
“ Yes, and then? ”

“ The picture on the far wall is worth at least five thousand pounds,” said Lazarus dryly.

“ Ah! Now I know everything,” Poirot said happily.

THE END

The MURDER Ship in the SKY



An Untold Story of the First Great Air Drama of the War

By

PERRITON MAXWELL

Pictures by ALBIN HENNING

(Reading time: 17 minutes 25 seconds.)

INCREDIBLY futile, a gesture as senseless as human mass destruction itself, was the hitherto unrecorded incident of the World War I am here attempting to describe.

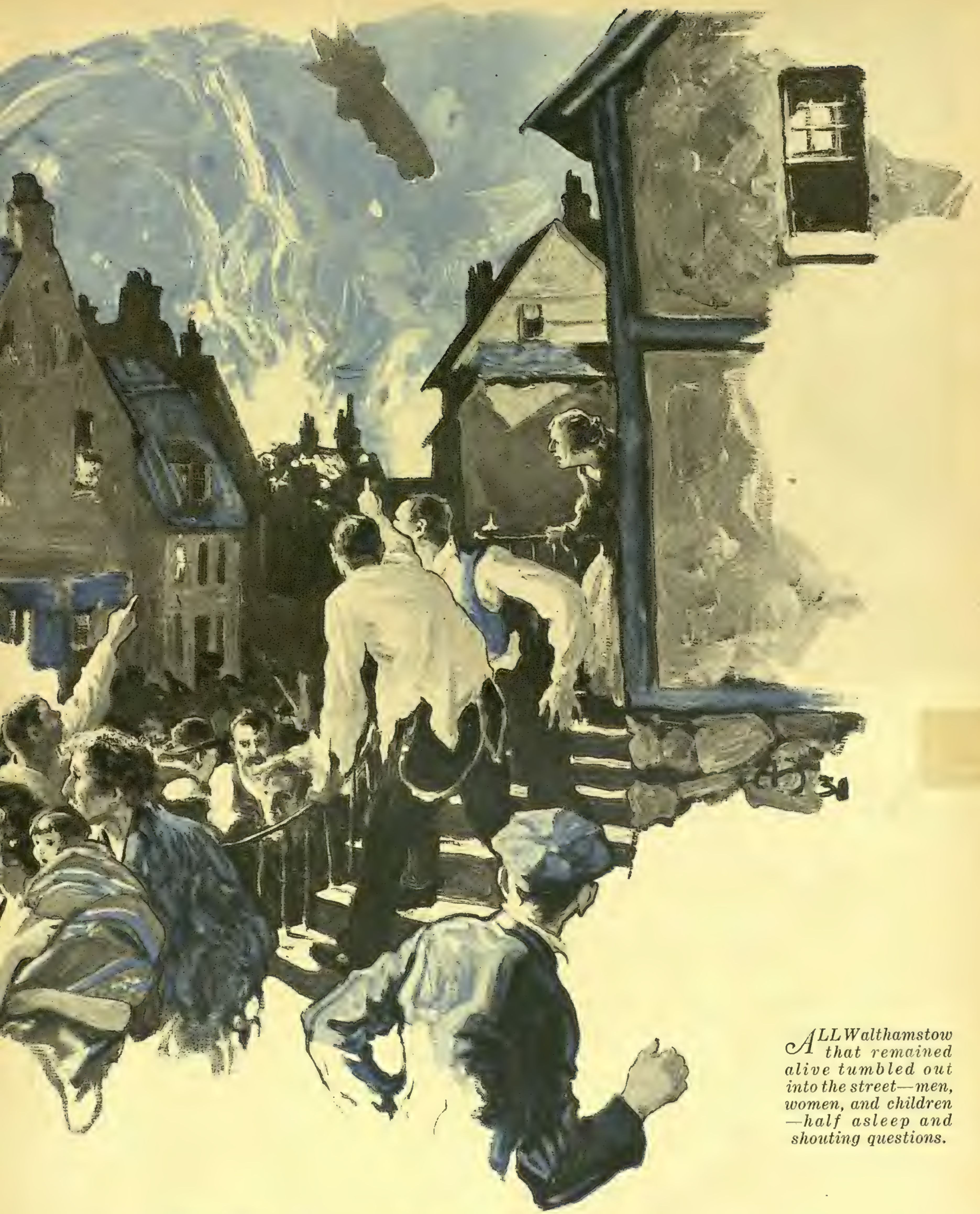
I am recalling it now because in the welter of war books one finds so little said about the truly demoralizing air raids on London, while those made on Paris fill hundreds of pages. The reason for this is, of course, that Paris openly boasted of her enemy's assaults from the sky, while London pretended the Germans never reached the metropolis, much less damaged it, and British censorship was thorough.

What I have to say does not directly concern any of the bombardments of London from aloft, but my story may serve as a curtain raiser to the long series of enemy demonstrations in the ether which culminated in the demolition of an entire city block and a night conflagration which kept the town awake and atingle till dawn.

Two weeks before the first of these Zeppelin raids, which, you may recall, occurred at ten forty-five on the night of May 31, 1915, a far more dramatic and devastating assault from the sky was launched by the Germans on the small and insignificant town of Walthamstow. The latter lies within an hour's train travel of the Lord Mayor's mansion, the gold-laden vaults of the Bank of England, and the heart of the British metropolis.

Historically, the Walthamstow cataclysm should be forever memorable in the annals of the World War, for it was Germany's first effort to strafe England from the clouds. And yet one finds no mention of it in the records, and, of course, no word of the attack was ever printed in the severely censored English newspapers of the period. There must be many now living, however, who can remember the event, though most of the younger men who belonged in Walthamstow when the pioneering Zeppelin cast its ominous shadow on the town's chimney pots soon after disappeared forever into the maw of the insensate military machine.

From a strategic or an aviation viewpoint, the Walthamstow assault may have seemed wholly negligible to the authorities. And it is true that, compared with the later raids on London (all of which the writer also witnessed), it does not measure up in terms of human slaughter or bigness of property loss. But for sheer



ALL Walthamstow that remained alive tumbled out into the street—men, women, and children—half asleep and shouting questions.

terrorism, for naked tragedy, nothing in the long list of the World War's horrors can exceed it.

I had frequently to visit Walthamstow, for on its outskirts was located one of the best-equipped motion-picture studios in England, and I was deep in the production of certain films, later to be used in my story, A Third of Life. It was on my fourth business trip to the town that I became acquainted with old Tom Cumbers.

Tom had held his job as switchman at the Walthamstow junction for something over a quarter century. I usually made a short cut from the station platform along the rails to Tom's sentry box, and thence across a field to the studio; but always there was time for a bit of gossip—of course, about the war. It was at this railway junction that London-bound trains came up from Southend and other suburban cities. An amiable man, with a

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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THE MURDER SHIP IN THE SKY
Continued from page sixty-one

keen sense of his job's importance, Tom Cumbers had few interests beyond the railroad he served. These interests he shared with his frail old wife and the musty four-room tenement that he called home. The latter was one of those thousands of two-storied rabbit hutches of sooty yellow brick, all alike, all incredibly ugly, that stretch, mile upon mile, in every direction from London's tumultuous center and repeat themselves again and again leagues beyond the big capital.

On the nearer edge of Epping Forest—the setting, now become a little thin and dusty, of some of Robin Hood's adventurings — a section of these huddling homes of the submerged, together with streets of discouraged shops and numerous groggeries, constitute the town of Walthamstow. It is a sordid and unlovely spot, but to its 6,000 struggling wage earners it is all of England. There are factories here where every member of the family may find employment—if he or she is greatly skilled with this or that kind of machine, can endure incredibly long hours, and is willing to plod bovinely for eighteen shillings a week. Walthamstow is not the spot you or I would choose for our birthplace, and yet, for all its grime and sweat and dullness, its name is indelibly on the map of Britain and remains in the memory of a few of us, now far beyond its confines, because of what took place on a sweltering night in mid-May, 1915—one of the most witless of Armageddon's many insanities.

FROM eight in the evening till ten the sluggish activities of the town centered chiefly in three places — at the tram terminus, the three or four cinema palaces, and the always popular pubs. Down in his tiny booth beside the "metals," Tom Cumbers coaxed a reeking brier and contemplated the murky sky.

Nothing in nature or in the mind of man gave indication that this night would be different from its fellows. Except that a most unseasonable and unbearable heat had settled upon the place, Walthamstow was as it had always been. At the street corners and in front of the pubs, corduroyed men jawed and yawned and spat. Slatternly women, many of them with wailing infants in their arms, discussed household tribulations and their neighbors' shortcomings. Some, aware of an outside world in conflict, repeated the meager news of the ha'penny press. The huskier men dwelt with personal pride on the good work being done by "our lads" at the front. The second draft had not yet been instituted—that mighty dragnet which reached out and drew in sullen male humanity up to the age of forty-five.

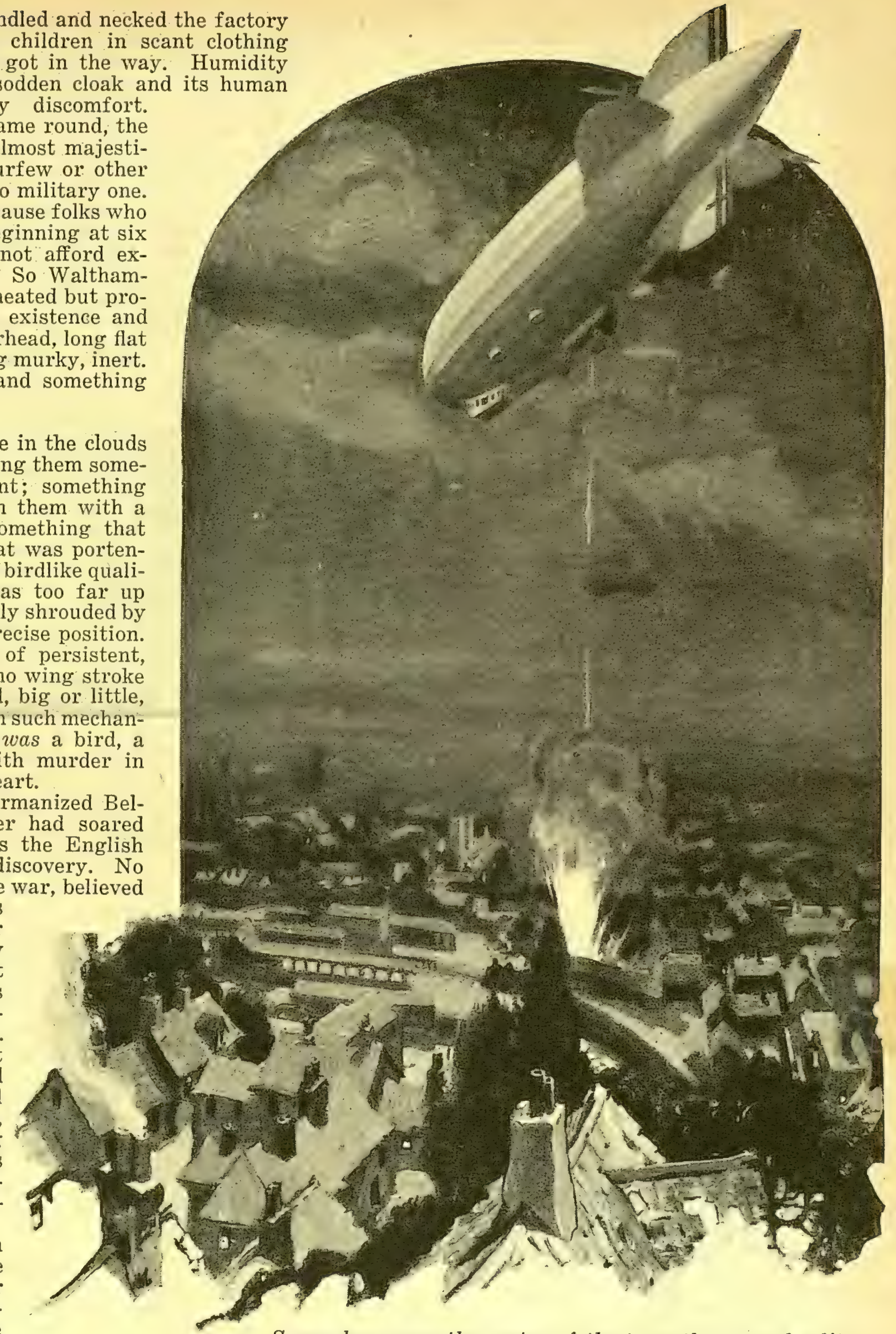
In the side streets and shadowy alleys, youths in khaki, many of them home on brief furlough from the bloody fields of Flanders, fondled and necked the factory girls. Everywhere grubby children in scant clothing scampered and shrilled and got in the way. Humidity enveloped the town like a sodden cloak and its human content stewed in smelly discomfort.

But when eleven o'clock came round, the whole place was suddenly, almost majestically, silent. And for no curfew or other civic reason; certainly for no military one. Walthamstow was in bed because folks who work at bench and wheel, beginning at six thirty in the morning, cannot afford extensive revelries at night. So Walthamstow turned in and slept in heated but profound oblivion of its mean existence and its coming ordeal. Low overhead, long flat ribbons of humid clouds hung murky, inert. Tom Cumbers saw them—and something else.

IF there was no disturbance in the clouds themselves, there was among them something of bulk and movement; something that drilled its way through them with a muffled, whirring sound; something that was oblong and buoyant, that was portentous and menacing for all its birdlike qualities. The noise it made was too far up and the object itself too thickly shrouded by the mists to determine its precise position. It gave forth a breathing of persistent, definite rhythm. This was no wing stroke of a nocturnal bird: no bird, big or little, would advertise its flight with such mechanical pulsation. And yet it *was* a bird, a colossal, man-made bird, with murder in its talons and hatred in its heart.

From its steel nest in Germanized Belgium, the humming monster had soared 8,000 feet and swept across the English Channel with little fear of discovery. No one, in those early days of the war, believed Count Zeppelin's death ships could sail so high, so fast, or so far. This one evidently had penetrated the coast somewhere down Sheerness way and sailed across Southend and Chingford Village. Then, locating Epping Forest (an easy landmark), it had dropped lower and lower, and finally, through the hot haze, had picked out the speeding train, whose locomotive's whistle had shrilled its salutation to Walthamstow station just ahead.

To the close-cropped men aboard the Zeppelin, the string of cars almost under their feet, with windows giving out a side flare and the engine flaunting a headlight and emitting sparks like a golden trail on a black carpet, had proved a providential pilotage. They knew that here was a main line and it must, therefore, lead straight into London—if their guess was correct, to the big Liverpool Street station—to the London of ammunition works on the Thames and Parliament sitting in a tense night session; to Buckingham Palace, where the nation's monarch was in residence.



Somewhere near the center of the town the ground split and roared apart. The world reeled.

But the moist clouds, which aided so materially in hiding the Zeppelin's movements from those below, also worked for its defeat in so far as its ultimate object was concerned, for to keep the guiding train in view the airship was compelled to travel lower and yet lower—so low, indeed, as to make it any moment an easy target for Kitchener's aërial sentinels, supposed to be stationed, with their long-range guns, everywhere in the British Isles. How little, at that early stage of the game, did Germany have to fear from British antiaircraft artillery! It was practically nonexistent outside certain vital points in London. Certainly there was not a gun of sufficient range to bring down either blimp or plane within twenty miles of Walthamstow.

When alert Tom Cumbers had barely glimpsed the death ship in the sky, he had acted with the spryness of a boy on the ball field. His first gesture was to spring for his switch, twist into reverse the cheery green and white lights along the line, and, with a mighty jerk, expose the ruby signal of danger.

The locomotive engineer, after the manner of his kind the world around, was on his job too, and, with a grinding of brakes and a hissing of steam, brought his train

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

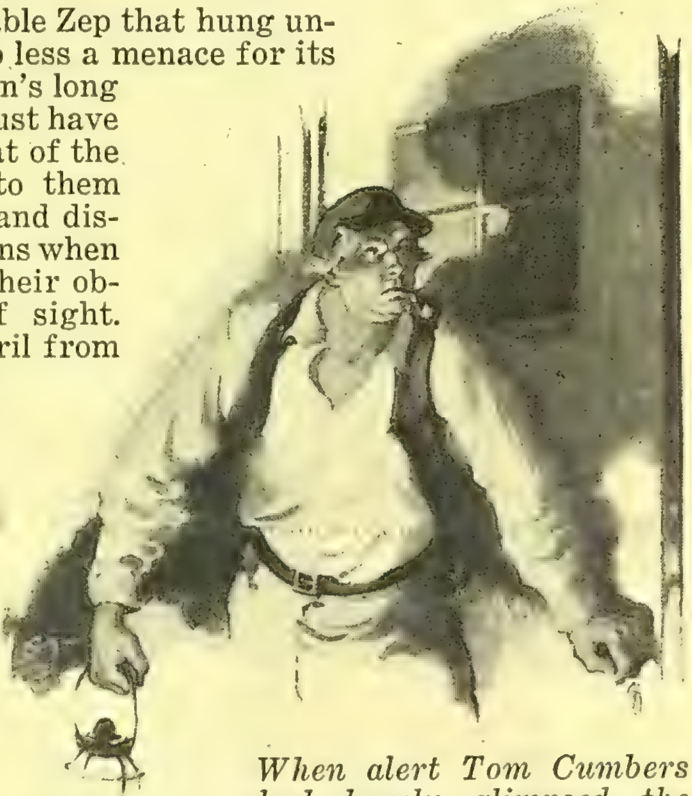
THE MURDER SHIP IN THE SKY
Continued from page sixty-three

to a sudden, panting standstill less than a hundred yards from the interlocking rails and old Tom's booth. A minute more and the darkness had swallowed up every vestige of the train, thanks to one man's energy and intelligence and the perfect discipline of English railway operatives.

Tom Cumbers by his initiative had saved the British capital.

With the vanishing of their fiery guide, the Germans seemed confused, baffled, at least. Their aircraft was none of the best—a far cry to rearward of that Graf Zeppelin which, fifteen years later, was to voyage around the world, doing her last transatlantic lap from Lakehurst, New Jersey, to Friedrichshafen, Germany, 4,200 miles, in a trifle over fifty-five hours.

But the bulky, almost unmanageable Zep that hung uncertainly over Walthamstow was no less a menace for its lack of grace and speed. The airmen's long journey from their Belgium base must have suddenly seemed fruitless. The heat of the night, probably, was as nothing to them compared to the hot surge of rage and disappointment which swept their brains when what had been a clear passage to their objective was wiped swiftly out of sight. Added to this was their belief in peril from British guns and flying scouts. Then it was that their commander (who has never revealed himself nor been revealed by others) must have lost his military acumen and his sense of proportion and of the demands of effective warfare.



When alert Tom Cumbers had barely glimpsed the death ship, he had acted.

Whatever the thoughts and motives of those in authority on that cloud craft, she swung crazily away from the railway line and steered a deliberate course straight over the shabby roofs of sleeping Walthamstow. At less than 900 feet from the ground the Zeppelin unleashed her metal demons of destruction.

All flying men know that even on a night of light fog important buildings may be distinguished from above. They may be only larger patches of black than the ordinary structures that are visible, but no one hovering over London could fail to recognize such landmarks as St. Paul's Cathedral, Scotland Yard, or Westminster Abbey. So, to the crew on England's first Zeppelin visitor, no error but that of military inefficiency can be accredited. The drab brick shacks of Walthamstow could not have been mistaken for anything but what they were.

ALL in all, this invading enterprise seems to have been a footless business. To wreck a defenseless town when, with a little more persistence, the bigger game of London might have been bagged that night, has always seemed to me to smack of the amateur in air fighting; seemed more like the cruel prank of Heidelberg students out on a lark. It was as if William Tell, having missed the apple on his son's head, had, in parental anger, upturned the boy and walloped him with the flat of his broad bow. Had not the Zeppelin's attack on Walthamstow been catastrophic and horrible, it would have been utterly ludicrous.

Like the black mirage of an island, the dirigible poised silent and motionless in space for a breathless minute. There was a wavering pin prick of light in the open carriage suspended from the leviathan's belly, a light that fluttered fore and aft, as of a man with a tiny lantern dashing to and fro, taking orders or giving them. Then, faintly traceable against the night, came earthward a thin gray streak—the trail of a bomb.

Somewhere near the center of the town the ground split and roared apart. The world reeled for those of us who saw. The brain-shattering crash seemed compounded of all the elements of pain and the concentration of a hundred thunderclaps. The blast was malignant, sickening. It did not so much stun as it stopped one—stopped the breathing apparatus and the heart's beat, suspended thought, suspended life itself for a fraction of time. One was dimly aware of existence without sensation. And then came realization of the fact, and quick reaction. The bomb landed fully ten blocks away from where I stood, but I would have sworn it had burst under my feet—or inside my brain, for that matter.

It was hard to believe for a while that drab and defenseless Walthamstow had merited an air raid; such a compliment from the Kaiser's representatives was as unearned as it was unexpected. But there was no gainsaying the hideous fact, the appalling reality of it. And there in the heavens was the rocking Zeppelin, maneuvering for further mischief. The reverberations of the first explosion still rumbled back among the trees in Epping Forest as all Walthamstow that remained alive tumbled out into the street—men, women, children, unclothed and rumpled, swarmed wildly, half asleep and shouting questions. Trembling terror gripped them as they became aware of their peril. Panic distorted their faces, set their bodies to shaking. The dullest among them knew what that black blot in the sky presaged.

"*Gott strafe England!*" had found its first realization in this cheap little corner of Britain.

AFTER the first shock some of us tried to herd the crowd indoors and down into cellars. It was a tough job, for the bewildered throng could not be persuaded that safety lay, not in sight of the Zeppelin, but away from it. The hypnotism of horror lured some of them on to where fourteen houses lay strewn about in smoking chaos; from these the screams and groans of the dying rose and fell. Near by, a gas main suddenly burst with a roar, driving the crowd back, choking with the fumes.

Women frankly hysterical or swooning were roughly swept aside by panicky men; shrieking in uncomprehending fear, children were swept along on the human current or trampled underfoot.

One old fellow stood in the middle of the street in a soiled nightshirt and shook a shrunken fist at the blot in the sky, cursing all Germans in a rich, if too high-pitched, cockney.

I saw a strapping navvy, all muscle and hairy chest, leap over a four-foot iron paling, fling himself face down on a square of grass, and lie there whimpering and quaking.

A fat fellow, who might have been the local butcher, began to climb down from his second-story window by way of the rain pipe, and succeeded only in crashing on his head, clutching a section of the tin tubing.

And yet, I dare say, most of these men would have walked straight into a familiar danger without the quaver of an eyelash. It was the unknown peril, the doubt as to how and whence this hurtling death might spring upon them out of the night, that unhinged their manhood.

And while Walthamstow's walls went down and great flame tongues spouted where homes had stood, while the thick, hot air was tortured with agonized and inhuman cries, the enemy up above let loose another bolt.

The detonation of the second bomb seemed even more terrible than the first, for it struck on the other side of town, which almost immediately began to spout flames and débris like an impromptu volcano. Some fifty persons were mowed down, and no one will ever know how many human belongings inside the houses that crumbled to the second shot were consumed. And it was strange to note the lateral action of the blast where the nose of the bomb hit a resisting surface. Dynamite explodes with either a downward or an upward thrust. Lyddite, nitroglycerin, and other like tools of the devil, act, more or less, in the same set manner. But the furious ingredients of those made-in-Germany bombs hurled upon Walthamstow released an energy which swept all things before it horizontally, in a quarter-mile lightning stab that tore from right to left. At their impact, the shabby villas went down like houses built of children's blocks.

Such houses as escaped demolition had their doors and windows splintered into kindling. The concussion of this chemical frenzy was felt, so it was later reported, in a five-mile circle, like an earthquake. Wherever the scorching breath of the bombs had smote upon stone or metal, it left a sulphurous, yellow-white veneer, acrid in odor and smooth to the touch.

Whole street lengths of twisted iron railing and lamp-posts were heavily plastered with this coating.

The Zeppelin, having released a part of her hellish ballast, was lifted higher; she veered to the north, then returned to a point over the town's center.

At some 1,200 feet she spilled three more bombs in rapid succession—a reckless act, indicating that her men were either frightened or tired of their job and were anxious to return home.

One of the last bombs bored cleanly through a slate-tiled roof, through a dining-room table and two floors, and buried its nose seven feet in the ground of the cellar without exploding.

This dud was later examined by the experts at the British War Office in London with considerable curiosity and doubtless a good deal of profit.

ANOTHER bomb detonated on the rails of the Walthamstow tram line and sent them curling skyward from their riveted foundations like serpentine wisps of paper. Huge blocks of paving were heaved through shop windows, continuing on through partition walls and out into rear yards and gardens. Cobblestones were flung, in several instances, through solid attic shutters, and others were catapulted through a brick wall ten inches thick.

At one spot a hole as big as a moving van was literally burned into the road.

In a side street a fountain of dirty water suddenly sprang into life. This apparition was the result of a central water-pipe puncture made by a slug from one of the bomb's iron entrails.

But, of course, these things were not noted until dawn came and comparative peace had been restored to the town, and men could gauge with some degree of calmness the cost in lives and money of the stupid assault.

BEFORE the clouds swallowed up the hateful visitant as it pointed Channelward, the noise of the Walthamstow bombardment aroused the military guards in some distant town, whose militia, with searchlights and antiaircraft guns, opened an unavailing fire; ineffective, I learned later, except that its returning shrapnel smashed up several local roofs and battered an innocent head or two.

The Germans had mapped a skyward path to London along which, apparently, they felt reasonably safe from gun reach. Their vital mistake was too great a reliance upon the railway whose trains they had figured would pilot them straight to their main objective. They had not considered the possibility of a "lights out" warning and the stoppage of the train—or the intelligence of a Tom Cumbers.

Eight bombs in all were dropped on Walthamstow—two of them ineffective. The sixth bomb released, doubtless unaimed, fell into a field close beside the switch at the railway junction, and it worked a hideous wonder.

It blew into never-to-be-gathered-together fragments all that was Tom Cumbers, signalman and unsung hero.

But wait! I am mistaken. They found one thing—not a bone nor a button else. It was old Tom's left hand, quite intact below the wrist, gruesomely plastered against a grassy bank spotted with daisies.

THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 16

1—It is a small rodent native to the mountains of Peru and Chile.

2—Wreckage of a ship or its cargo found floating on the sea.

3—Colorado River.

4—A nightingale.

5—Ottawa.

6—A wind gauge.

7—Immediately.

8—Radius and ulna.

9—Thanatopsis, by William Cullen Bryant.

10—John W. Davis.

11—That from which the moisture has been removed.

12—The island of Elba.

13—A petty fault.

14—Sirius.

15—The study of serums and their uses.

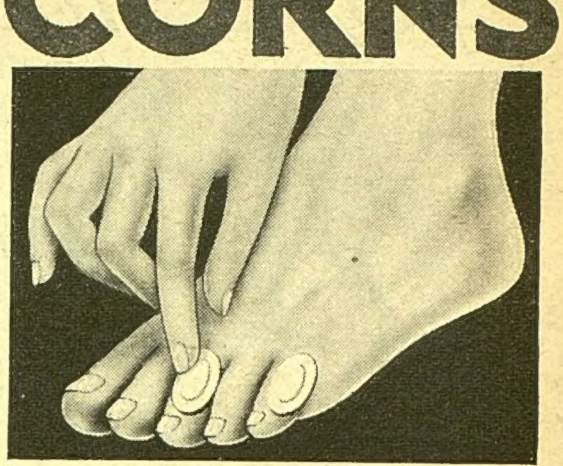
16—Mother-of-pearl.

17—Captain John Alcock and Lieutenant A. W. Brown, in 1919.

18—Slavery.

19—William Green.

20—The act of boiling.



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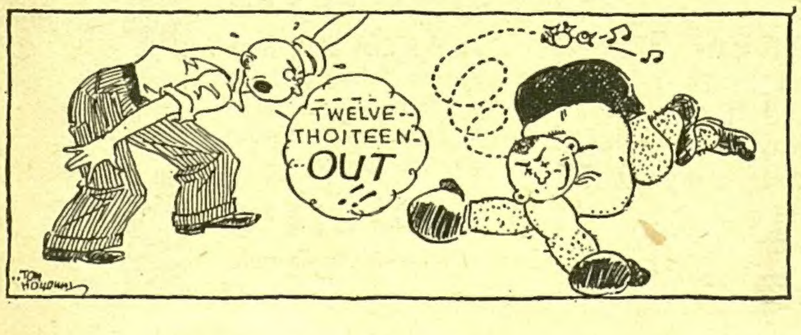
NEED some extra cash? Drop Liberty a line—a Limerick line—a line that will complete the Limerick the first four lines of which are printed below. Your chance to win the $100 first prize is excellent. And besides the $100 prize there are twenty-six other big cash prizes including two of $50 each and four of $25 each. Why not win one for yourself? You can't win unless you enter. But of course you're going to get in on this. Think of the thrill of receiving a check if you win! Easy money, sure enough. Write a last line right now. Read the rules which tell exactly where and how to submit it for a prize.

THIS IS THE LIMERICK



A boxer of promise was Speed;
He knew how to block and to lead.
  But one blow by the champ
  Put him out like a lamp—

……………………………………………………………
(You write the last line)

All last lines for this Limerick must be postmarked on or before midnight August 22. This gives everyone ample time to enter. Results will be published in Liberty dated September 26.

The RULES

Each week the first four lines of a Limerick will be printed in Liberty. Write a line to complete the Limerick, and mail it by first class mail to LIMERICKS, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

You don't have to use the form printed on this page unless you want to. You can copy the printed lines on another piece of paper. Be sure that your name and full address are plainly written or printed on the same sheet. Send in as many last lines as you wish for this Limerick. However, no contestant can win more than one of the prizes in any one week.

For the best line, $100 will be paid; for the second and third best, $50 each; for the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh best, $25 each; and for the next twenty, $10 each. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given each tying contestant. Anyone, anywhere, can compete, except employees of Liberty and their families. Awards will be made on the basis of action, cleverness, and originality. All entrants agree to accept the judges' decisions as final. Because of the mass of clerical work involved no entries will be returned.

WINNERS JULY 18 LIMERICK

(Old Prize Schedule)

$250 FIRST PRIZE

A tree-sitter, Ignatz O'Shay,
Considered his racket O. K.
  Till his foot came to rest
  On a large hornets' nest—
When hornets sit down, *c'est mauvais.*

Hermine Laroche Toronto, Canada

$100 SECOND PRIZE

For hornets get rough when they play.

Jos. Campbell Norfolk, Va.

$75 THIRD PRIZE

Which proves that home-breaking don't pay.

C. E. Larson Vancouver, Wash.

$50 FOURTH PRIZE

For him, my dear friends, let us (s)pray!

Mrs. A. Johnson Clinton, Mass.

$25 FIFTH PRIZE

His hide, not his pride, stung that day!

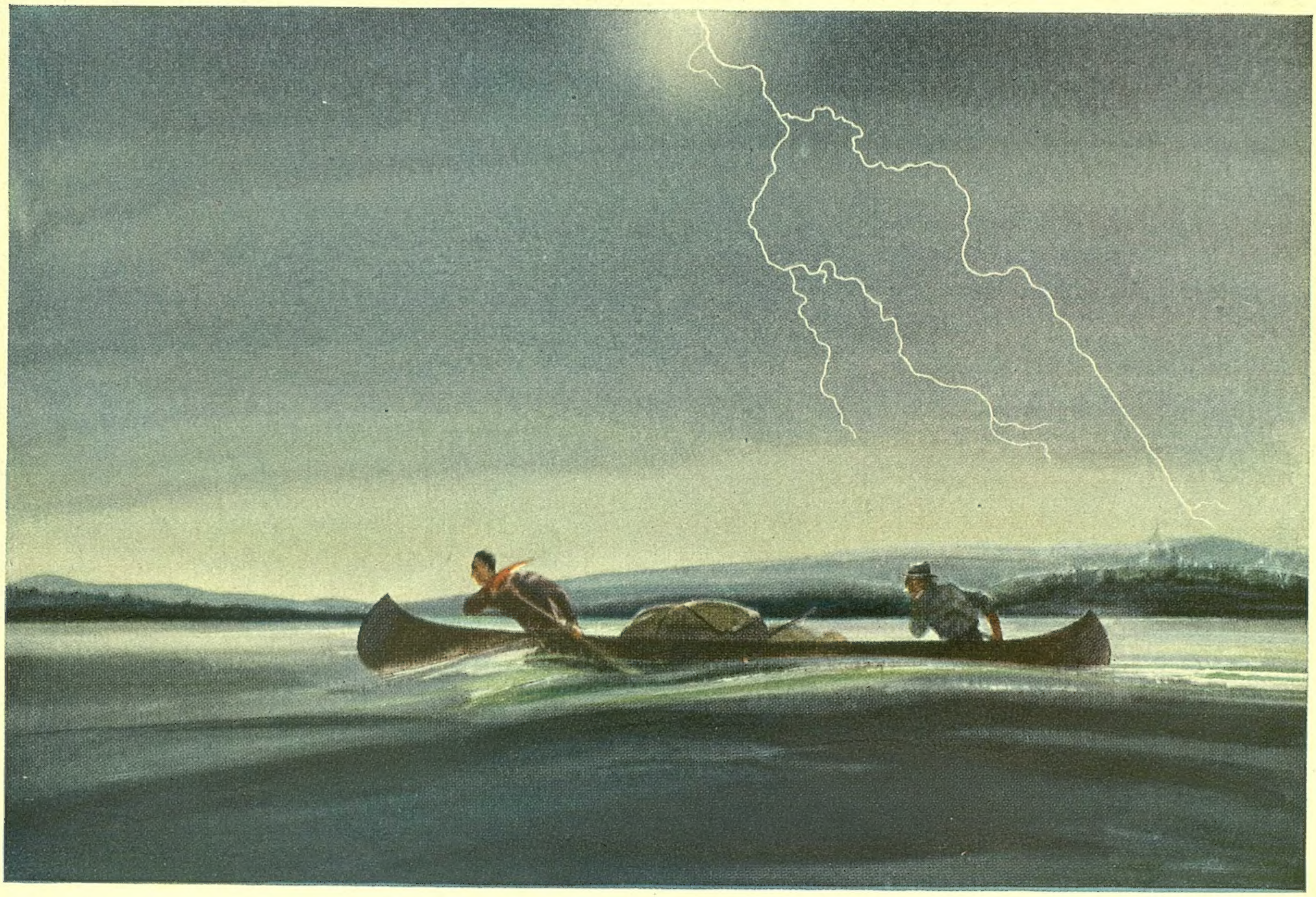
Franz E. Rogers Chicago, Ill.

HONORABLE MENTION

Aubrey D. Hotaling, Orlando, Fla.; Charles E. Poore, Portsmouth, Va.; Myrtle E. Lowder, Mobile, Ala.; Elizabeth Lazar, Cincinnati, O.; Cleveland Larose, Ponchatoula, La.

MORE WINNERS AND ANOTHER LIMERICK TO FINISH NEXT WEEK

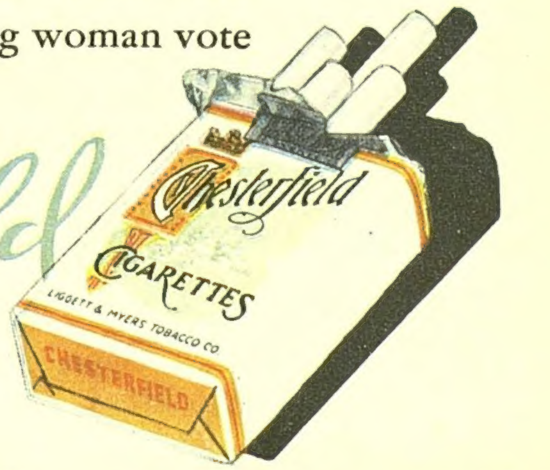
"I've hit the trail to the 'Silent North'



yet you'll find me on the crowded highways"

Measured haste of smoothly swinging paddles. Any minute the storm may break. But even here Chesterfield stands by . . . Ripe mild tobaccos and pure cigarette paper. Every Chesterfield is well-filled. Every Chesterfield burns evenly. *Made* to smoke milder. And to taste better. More men and women—yes, there's a big woman vote—are changing *every day* to Chesterfields.

Chesterfield


Chesterfield
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CHESTERFIELD

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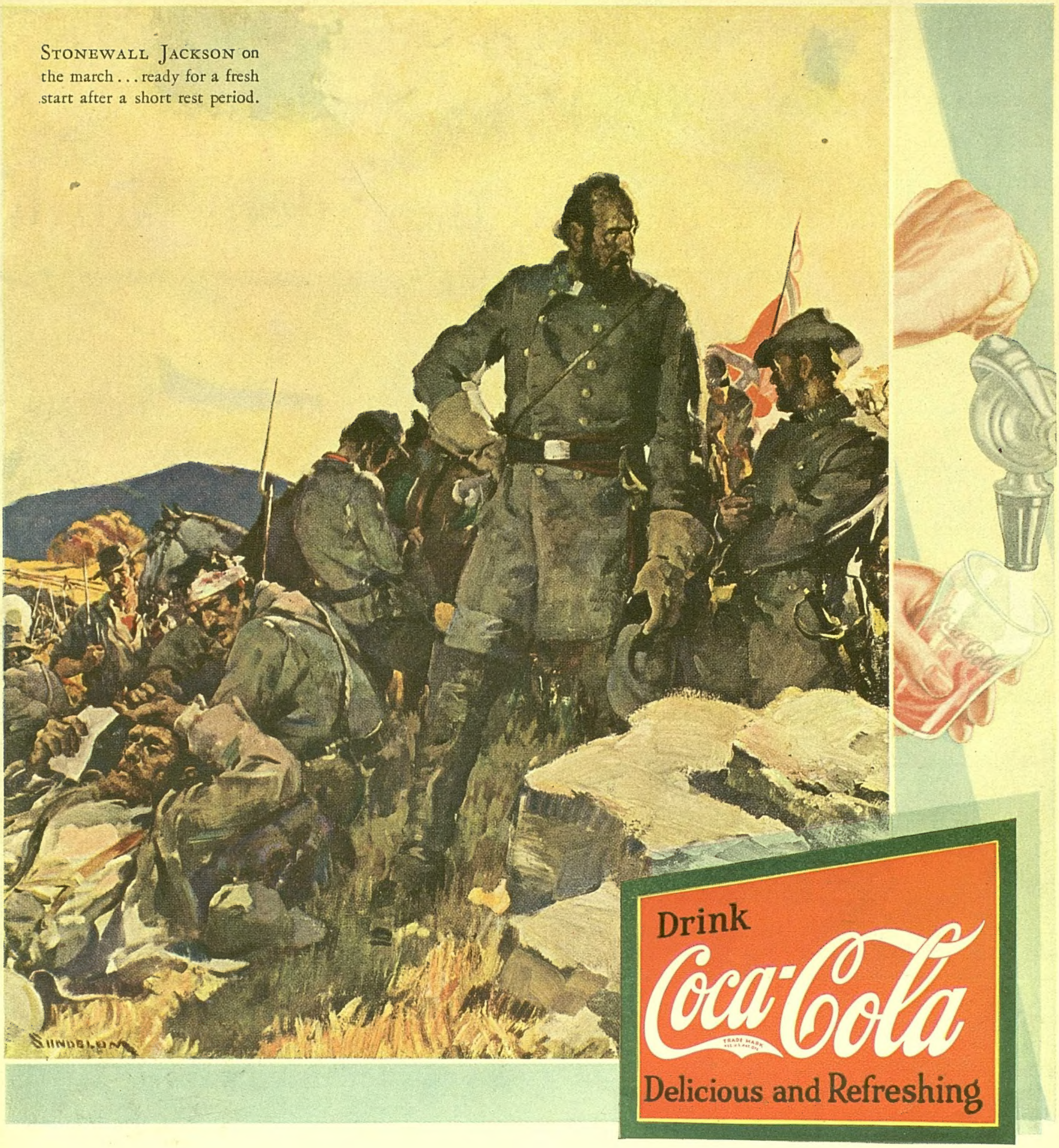
They're milder—smoke as many as you like.



STONEWALL JACKSON on the march . . . ready for a fresh start after a short rest period.

STONEWALL JACKSON TAUGHT US WHAT *the pause that refreshes* REALLY MEANS

Stonewall Jackson always got there first. On the march he gave his men rations of sugar and at intervals required them to lie down for a short rest. Thus he marched troops farther and faster than any other general in the field. Since his day all marching troops have been given a short rest period out of every hour. ᵛ ᵛ ᵛ

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OVER NINE MILLION A DAY ᵛ ᵛ ᵛ IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS